

WHY NELSON EDDY CAN'T MARRY!

Radio Stars

1936
DECEMBER

10

CENTS

THE LARGEST
CIRCULATION OF ANY
RADIO MAGAZINE

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"Intelligent"



SAYS
YOUR
DENTIST



(But the civilized way to build firm gums is IPANA and MASSAGE)

"**R**IDICULOUS," said a prominent matron. "No girl with a spark of intelligence or breeding would behave so badly. She'd be outlawed—every door closed to her!" *That's the social side of the debate.* But just for a moment listen to a modern dentist...

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IPANA plus massage
is the dentist's ablest
assistant in the home care
of your teeth and gums.

RADIO STARS

ETHEL M. POMEROY, Associate Editor

ABRIL LAMARQUE, Art Editor

LESTER C. GRADY, Editor

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Cover by EARL CHRISTY

Radio Stars published monthly and copyrighted, 1936, by Dell Publishing Co., Inc. Office of publication at Washington and South Avenues, Dunellen, N. J. Executive and editorial offices, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y. Chicago advertising office, 360 North Michigan Ave. George Delacorte, Jr., Pres.; H. Meyer, Vice-Pres.; J. Fred Henry, Vice-Pres.; M. Delacorte, Sec'y. Vol. 9, No. 3, December, 1936, printed in U. S. A. Single copy price 10 cents. Subscription price in the United States and Canada \$1.00 a year; Foreign Subscription \$2.00 a year. Entered as second-class matter August 5, 1932, at the Post Office at Dunellen, N. J., under the act of March 3, 1879. The publisher accepts no responsibility for the return of unsolicited material.



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yet she TINTS
her own nails!



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BORN TO DANCE

Starring **ELEANOR POWELL**

with

JAMES STEWART • VIRGINIA BRUCE

UNA MERKEL • SID SILVERS • FRANCES LANGFORD

RAYMOND WALBURN • ALAN DINEHART • BUDDY EBSSEN

A Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer Picture • Directed by Roy Del Ruth

FOR DISTINGUISHED SERVICE TO RADIO



Helen Hayes, superb artist of the theatre and of radio drama.

Helen Hayes, thank goodness, is back again on the air. *Bambi*, her new venture, is infinitely more interesting than last season's *The New Penny*. And when Helen Hayes is given a script worthy of her talents you may be sure her performance will be superb. Last season, if you recall, despite the weakness of her material, Miss Hayes, herself, was delightful.

Few actresses, regardless of their success on the stage or screen, have mastered "microphone technique" as thoroughly as Miss Hayes. She loses none of her effectiveness; in fact, her personality is as vivid on the air as it is on the stage or screen.

It is a pleasure to tune in each Monday night and listen to her in the fascinating rôle of *Bambi*. The standard which Miss Hayes has set in her radio sketches is something all other actresses and actors on the air might well emulate, not only for their own, but for the listeners' benefit, as well. Then, perhaps, dramatic sketches would not be forced to step back and bow lowly, as they now do, for musical programs.

To Miss Helen Hayes, star of Sanka's *Bambi* program, Radio Stars Magazine presents its award for Distinguished Service to Radio.

Estel C. Grady

—EDITOR.



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• Apply your usual skin cleanser. Wipe it off with tissue. Your face seems clean—but is it? Does any dirt remain to clog and blemish your skin?

• Now, cleanse with Daggett & Ramsdell Golden Cleansing Cream. On your tissue you will find *more* dirt—brought from pore depths by this more effective cleansing.

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Enclosed find 10¢ in stamps for which please send me my trial size jar of Golden Cleansing Cream. (Offer good in the United States only.)

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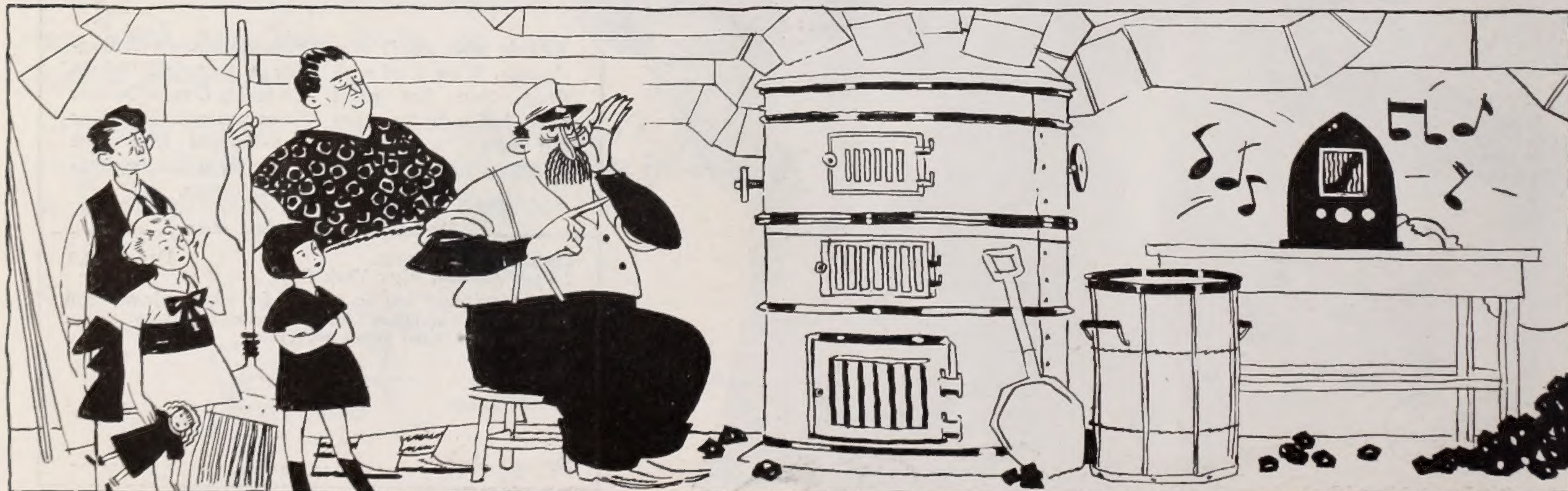
Chuck Gay
Dayton Daily News, Dayton, Ohio

EXPLAINING THE RATINGS

The Board of Review bases its percentages on the assumption that all radio programs are divided into four basic parts: material, artists, presentation and announcements, each consisting of 25% and making the perfect program of 100%. These ratings are a consensus of opinions of our Board of Review and do not necessarily agree with the editorial opinion of RADIO STARS Magazine. Programs outstanding as to artists and material, often suffer from poor presentation or exaggerated commercial announcements. There have been many changes in programs for the autumn months. The Board reviewed as many of the current major programs as it possibly could before this issue went to press.

1. GENERAL MOTORS PROGRAM—ERNO RAPEE.....80.6
NBC 10:00 P. M. EST Sun.
2. CITIES SERVICE CONCERT—JESSICA DRAGONETTE.....80.1
NBC 8:00 P. M. EST Fri.
3. ANDRE KOSTELANETZ — KAY THOMPSON.....78.9
CBS 9:00 P. M. EST Wed., 10:00 P. M. EST Fri.
4. LUX RADIO THEATER.....78.8
CBS 9:00 P. M. EST Mon.
5. WARING'S PENNSYLVANIANS.....78.6
CBS 9:00 P. M. EST Tues., 9:00 P. M. PST Tues.; NBC 9:00 P. M. EST Fri., 9:00 P. M. PST Fri.
6. THE MAGIC KEY OF RCA.....78.1
NBC 2:00 P. M. EST Sun.
7. TOWN HALL TONIGHT.....78.0
NBC 9:00 P. M. EST Wed., 9:00 P. M. PST Wed.
8. ONE MAN'S FAMILY.....77.1
NBC 8:00 P. M. EST Wed., 9:30 P. M. PST Sun.
9. PACKARD HOUR—FRED ASTAIRE, GREEN ORCHESTRA.....76.5
NBC 9:30 P. M. EST Tues.
10. RUDY VALLEE VARIETY HOUR.....75.6
NBC 8:00 P. M. EST Thur.
11. KRAFT MUSIC HALL—BING CROSBY BOB BURNS.....75.4
NBC 10:00 P. M. EST Thur.
12. BURNS AND ALLEN.....74.6
CBS 8:30 P. M. EST Wed., 9:30 P. M. PST Wed.
13. HELEN HAYES.....73.8
NBC 8:00 P. M. EST Mon.
14. CAMEL CARAVAN—RUPERT HUGHES, GOODMAN BAND.....73.6
CBS 9:30 P. M. EST Tues.
15. JELL-O PROGRAM.....71.0
NBC 7:00 P. M. EST Sun., 8:30 P. M. PST Sun.
16. STUDEBAKER CHAMPIONS —RICHARD HIMBER.....71.0
NBC 9:30 P. M. EST Mon., 9:30 P. M. PST Mon., 10:00 P. M. PST Fri.
17. LOWELL THOMAS.....71.0
NBC 6:45 P. M. EST M-T-W-T-F
18. HOLLYWOOD HOTEL.....70.9
CBS 9:00 P. M. EST Fri.
19. RADIO CITY SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.....70.7
NBC 12:30 P. M. EST Sun.
20. THE VOICE OF FIRESTONE.....70.5
NBC 8:30 P. M. EST Mon., 8:30 P. M. PST Mon.
21. GUY LOMBARDO AND HIS ORCHESTRA.....70.0
CBS 5:30 P. M. EST Sun.
22. ALEMITE HALF-HOUR WITH HEIDT'S BRIGADIERS.....70.0
CBS 8:00 P. M. EST Mon.
23. SHERLOCK HOLMES.....69.8
MBS 8:30 P. M. EST Sat.
24. WOODBURY PRESENTS PAUL WHITEMAN'S MUSICAL VARIETIES.....69.1
NBC 9:15 P. M. EST Sun., 8:30 P. M. PST Sun.
25. AMERICAN ALBUM OF FAMILIAR MUSIC.....68.7
NBC 9:30 P. M. EST Sun.
26. PHILHARMONIC SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.....68.2
CBS 3:00 P. M. EST Sun.
27. YOUR HIT PARADE.....68.1
NBC 10:00 P. M. EST Wed., CBS 10:00 P. M. EST Sat.
28. MEREDITH WILLSON AND ORCHESTRA.....68.0
NBC 8:30 P. M. EST Sat.
29. LANNY ROSS PRESENTS MAXWELL HOUSE SHOW BOAT.....68.0
NBC 9:00 P. M. EST Thur., 8:15 P. M. PST Thur.
30. BOAKE CARTER.....68.0
CBS 7:45 P. M. EST M-T-W-T-F
31. BRYAN FIELD-RACING.....68.0
MBS 10:15 P. M. EST Fri.
32. A. & P. BAND WAGON—KATE SMITH.....67.8
CBS 8:00 P. M. EST Thur.
33. SHELL CHATEAU—SMITH BALLEW, YOUNG ORCHESTRA.....67.7
NBC 9:30 P. M. EST Sat.
34. PITTSBURGH SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA.....66.6
CBS 2:00 P. M. EST Sun.
35. SALT LAKE CITY TABERNACLE CHOIR AND ORGAN.....66.0
CBS 12:30 P. M. EST Sun.
36. CAREFREE CARNIVAL.....65.7
NBC 9:30 P. M. EST Mon.
37. LEO REISMAN'S ORCHESTRA.....65.7
NBC 8:00 P. M. EST Tues.
38. WAYNE KING'S ORCHESTRA.....65.0
CBS 10:00 P. M. EST Mon.; NBC 8:30 P. M. EST T-W
39. WALTZ TIME—FRANK MUNN, BERNICE CLAIRE, LYMAN ORCHESTRA.....64.8
NBC 9:00 P. M. EST Fri.
40. LAUGH WITH KEN MURRAY.....64.4
CBS 8:30 P. M. EST Tues., 8:30 P. M. PST Tues.
41. BEN BERNIE AND ALL THE LADS.....64.3
NBC 9:00 P. M. EST Tues.
42. PHIL BAKER WITH HAL KEMP'S ORCHESTRA.....64.0
CBS 7:30 P. M. EST Sun.
43. JERRY COOPER, RAY BLOCK'S ORCH.....64.0
NBC 10:30 P. M. EST Mon.
44. AMOS 'N' ANDY.....63.0
NBC 7:10 P. M. EST M-T-W-T-F, 8:00 P. M. PST M-T-W-T-F
45. EASY ACES.....62.6
NBC 7:00 P. M. EST T-W-T
46. FIRST NIGHTER—DON AMECHE.....62.3
NBC 10:00 P. M. EST Fri.
47. THE FLYING RED HORSE TAVERN.....62.2
CBS 8:00 P. M. EST Fri.
48. RY-KRISP PRESENTS MARION TALLEY.....62.0
NBC 5:00 P. M. EST Sun.
49. FIRESIDE RECITALS.....62.0
NBC 7:30 P. M. EST Sun.
50. HUSBANDS AND WIVES.....62.0
NBC 7:30 P. M. EST Sun.
51. HAROLD "RED" GRANGE.....62.0
NBC 10:30 P. M. EST Fri., 7:00 P. M. EST Sat.
52. MANHATTAN MERRY-GO-ROUND.....61.8
NBC 9:00 P. M. EST Sun.
53. DEATH VALLEY DAYS.....61.8
NBC 8:30 P. M. EST Fri.
54. MELODIA—ABE LYMAN.....61.6
NBC 8:30 P. M. EST Mon.
55. VOICE OF EXPERIENCE.....61.5
NBC 11:45 A. M. EST M-W-F, 7:15 P. M. EST T-T
56. HAMMERSTEIN MUSIC HALL.....61.2
CBS 8:00 P. M. EST Tues.
57. CONTENTED PROGRAM.....61.0
NBC 10:00 P. M. EST Mon.
58. MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR.....61.0
CBS 9:00 P. M. EST Thur.
59. AMERICAN PAGEANT OF YOUTH.....60.8
NBC 12:00 Noon EST Sun.
60. GOOD WILL COURT.....60.8
NBC 8:00 P. M. EST Sun.
61. THE SINGING LADY.....60.8
NBC 5:30 P. M. EST M-T-W-T-F
62. CROSLY FOLLIES.....60.7
MBS 11:30 P. M. EST Mon.
63. GABRIEL HEATTER.....60.6
MBS 9:00 P. M. EST M-T-W-T
64. GILLETTE'S COMMUNITY SING.....60.5
CBS 10:00 P. M. EST Sun.
65. TED MALONE'S BETWEEN THE BOOKENDS.....60.3
CBS 12:15 P. M. EST M-T-W-T-F
66. AMERICA DANCES—LUD GLUSKIN ORCHESTRA.....60.0
CBS 8:00 P. M. EST Sun.

(Continued on page 100)



Christmas Prelude

Already the Christmas spirit hovers near. The holly and the mistletoe. The candle-lighted tree. The gaily-wrapped gifts. Even out in sunny California, Christmas is in the air. Lovingly Frances Langford, of the beguiling voice, trims her tree and decorates her hearth for the visit of St. Nick.

KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL



Try lovely Helen Jepson's formula for keeping youth and beauty. You'll find that it will work wonders for you, too!

Helen, of the girl-graduate complexion, points out a gift compact of her selection—one of the nicest and most practical Christmas presents.

HELEN JEPSON was a very busy person the day I interviewed her—busy as a glamorous Mrs. Santa Claus with a hundred-and-one things to do, but with time to be gracious, charming, and thoughtful of others. Certainly Helen Jepson is beautiful enough to be as torrentially temperamental as the most quixotic opera star, but temperament seems to be an unknown quantity to this young prima donna.

I saw Helen Jepson in the midst of a frantically busy day, which would have been enough to warrant a fit of temperament on the part of most anyone, but she remained serene and poised—her grand sense of humor the complete mistress of the situation. Patiently she posed for pictures, while the photographer gave instructions, the modiste fussed to adjust the line of her gown and various other people stood on the sidelines waiting to get in a question, or suggestion, or a reminder of another engagement. She had to change from a voluminous evening gown into a heavy furred suit, with a special blouse and tricky hat, and then into another suit, with another blouse and hat, and so on. (And you know how you feel after trying on a few dresses when you go shopping for a new frock.) A radio rehearsal of NBC's *Show Boat* program was in the close offing and eyes were on the clock.

Through it all Miss Jepson maintained her perfect calm and finally remarked, with an amused smile:

"Now if some one would just give me a hoop, I'm sure that I would jump through it."

Helen Jepson's serenity, her freedom from jitters and from fuss and bustle in general, form an important part of her formula for keeping young and beautiful. She moves with a gracious lack of haste, and gets things done more successfully than those who involve themselves in an excess of nervous motion.

Later we sat talking in the charming setting of Miss Jepson's lovely apartment. We faced a huge fireplace with a fine marble mantelpiece which, while very impressive, nevertheless looked perfectly willing to hold little Sallie Possell's Christmas stocking. For Helen Jepson is very happily married to George Possell, a talented musician, whose sympathetic understanding has been a great



An attractively wrapped package is as important as impeccable grooming.

help to her in her work and there is three-year-old Sallie Possell, blonde and adorable, who has a white Persian cat named "Dickie." All of which makes a very nice household in which to make Christmas plans.

Sallie's adored mother wore a beautiful negligée, almost formal enough to be a hostess gown (you can see it in her photographs) made on tailored lines, but with a feminine collar of exquisite deep lace. Its heavenly pale blue shade flattered the pale halo of her hair.

There was a package, half-wrapped, lying on a small end-table. Our hostess said laughingly, "That's enough to get me started on Christmas, even though it is two months away. I have a weakness for Christmas, especially now that Sallie is big enough to get a thrill out of it."

Miss Jepson, it seems, has a happy faculty of getting a lot of enjoyment out of her Christmas shopping. She selects her own gifts, when and as she pleases. She is not

By Mary Biddle



the type to delegate all her Christmas shopping to her secretary.

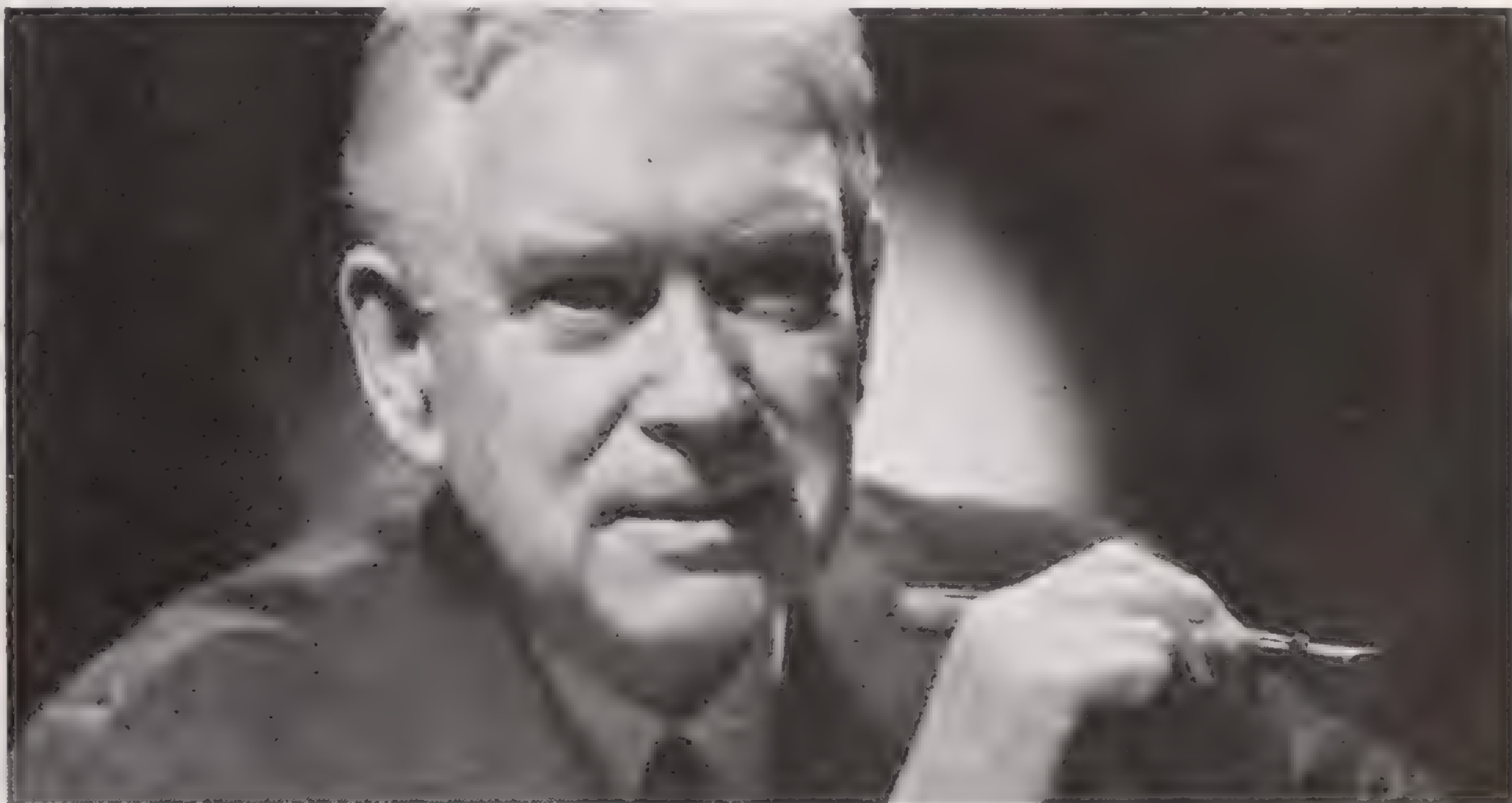
"Oh," you say to yourself, "don't talk about Christmas! Thank goodness, it's still so far off I don't have to think about it." Well, perhaps you, too, would get a lot more out of Christmas if you followed Miss Jepson's plan, and didn't worry about it and didn't rush around trying to do everything at the last minute. Between her radio career and the Metropolitan Opera, Miss Jepson would never have a generous piece of time to devote to concentrated Christmas shopping. Even now she has a schedule that probably would make your schedule, even around Christmas, look pretty full of gaps. So she has a little list and a plan that simplify everything.

The little list will probably carry notations (*Continued on page 74*)



An atomizer addict, Helen frequently makes use of hers.

Let the doctor's judgment guide you in your choice of a laxative



YOUR doctor is a guardian of health. He knows that many things that seem unimportant to you may be vital to your well-being.

For instance, doctors expect a laxative to measure up to certain definite standards before giving it their approval. If your doctor would write down his requirements for a laxative, these are the points he would consider important:

WHAT DOCTORS LOOK FOR IN A LAXATIVE

- It should be dependable.
- It should be mild and gentle.
- It should be thorough.
- Its merit should be proven by the test of time.
- It should *not* form a habit.
- It should *not* over-act.
- It should *not* cause stomach pains.
- It should *not* nauseate, or upset digestion.

EX-LAX CHECKS ON EVERY POINT

Ex-Lax meets the doctor's demands. Meets them so completely that many doctors use Ex-Lax for themselves and for their own families.

For over 30 years mothers have been giving Ex-Lax to their children with perfect confidence. Today, Ex-Lax numbers its users in the millions. They have made

When Nature forgets—
remember

EX-LAX

THE ORIGINAL CHOCOLATED LAXATIVE

it the largest-selling laxative in the whole, wide world.

ONE TRIAL WILL CONVINCE YOU

Try Ex-Lax. Prove to yourself how fine a laxative it is. Ex-Lax is *not* disturbing or upsetting. Ex-Lax does *not* over-act. It does *not* "force" or cause stomach pains. Ex-Lax is mild and gentle. Ex-Lax is thoroughly effective. Ex-Lax is particularly kind to the delicate systems of children. They need this type of laxative as much as you do—or even more.

THE TASTE IS DELIGHTFUL

Try Ex-Lax for a pleasant change from nasty, bitter medicines. Ex-Lax tastes just like delicious chocolate. Children like it, of course, and take it without resistance. . . . All drug stores have Ex-Lax in 10c and 25c sizes. If you prefer to try Ex-Lax at our expense, mail the coupon below.

GUARD AGAINST COLDS! . . . Remember these common-sense rules for fighting colds: get lots of sleep, eat sensibly, dress warmly, keep out of drafts, keep your feet dry, and *keep regular*—with Ex-Lax, the Chocolated Laxative.

TRY EX-LAX AT OUR EXPENSE!

(Paste this on a penny postcard)

Ex-Lax, Inc., P. O. Box 170 MM-126
Times-Plaza Station, Brooklyn, N. Y.

I want to try Ex-Lax. Please send free sample.

Name.....

Address.....

City.....Age.....

(If you live in Canada, write Ex-Lax, Ltd., Montreal)

Beginning with this issue,
RADIO STARS Magazine
exclusively presents a famous
feminine star in a new rôle

KATE SMITH'S



"Who," asks Kate, "doesn't get hungry just thinking about the 'groaning board?'"

OWN COOKING

Hello Everybody! This is Kate Smith—your new Cooking School Director! Yes, I'm introducing myself to you here in an entirely different rôle. But before doing so I want to say that I hope you'll be just a fraction as happy to meet me in these novel surroundings as I am to be here with you.

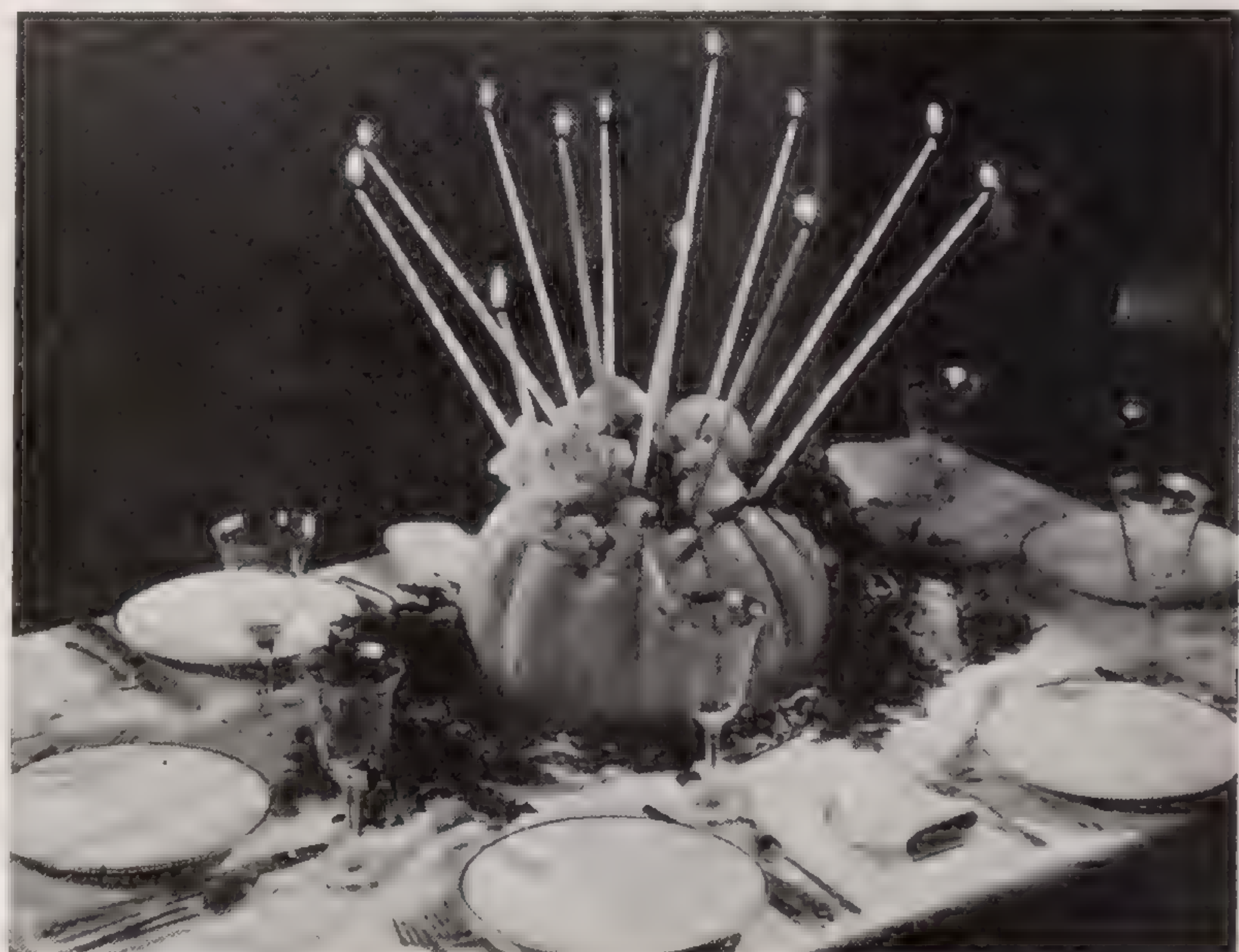
Of course I generally begin my part of any program with a song, don't I? But I can't very well bring the moon over the mountain for you in an article! So instead I'm going to start right off with an explanation—because I think you may be interested in knowing how I happen to be talking to you in print and not over the usual mike and why I am broadcasting from the kitchen range, so to speak, rather than from the stage of Columbia's Radio Playhouse.

Well, you see, folks, it's this way. I'm stepping off the *Bandwagon* on this occasion (and on many subsequent ones, too) to make a "Command Appearance" of my own as guide and mentor of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE's regular monthly cooking department. And I imagine I'll continue to act in that capacity just as long as you'd like to have me do so!

Yes, friends and listeners-in, it seems that Catherine (pardon me, Kate to you) is going to be a busy girl. For not only am I going to have the pleasure of bringing you celebrities and songs over the air every Thursday night for my sponsors, the *A & P* stores, but I'm also going to have, in the columns of this magazine, the fun of giving you my pet recipes and of chatting with you about cooking and menus and good things to eat, to my heart's content. And honestly folks, outside of discussing our always ambitious plans for future radio broadcasts, I

don't know of anything I'd rather talk about than cooking!

But somehow I never seem to get much chance! A lot of the time, naturally, I'm working hard—rehearsing, practicing my songs, interviewing people and being interviewed myself. And at such times I'm simply surrounded by production men and sound men, secretaries, musicians, accompanists; publicity people and announcers; important and prominent men, women of fame—all interested in my broadcasts and in my songs but



Courtesy Will & Baumer Candle Company

Rainbow tapers attractively arranged in a shiny pumpkin filled with fresh fruit.



"I don't know anything I'd rather talk about than cooking," says Kate.

SCHOOL

completely disinterested, of course, in any claims I might make to being a good cook. While the members of my immediate family—my mother and sister—are such marvelous cooks themselves that they take for granted any ability I possess along culinary lines. Well, people always say: "You're never a prophet in your own home town," to which I might well add, "nor a famous cook in your own kitchen!"

"But there are thousands of people who really would like to have copies of all your favorite recipes and would be delighted to hear your menu and cooking suggestions," the Editor of this magazine assured me recently. And in order to prove his statement—in the face of my very natural doubts—he went on to tell me of the heart-warming reception you readers gave those of my recipes which were offered here some months back.

"Our readers loved them all," he went on, while I beamed with pleasure. "They wanted to know how to make your Grandmother's Chocolate Cake and the Parker House Rolls you described and all the rest of those delicious-sounding dishes of yours."

"Well," I (Continued on page 76)

P. S. Print my letter if you like, but don't print my name.



My daughter, Joan, loves parties. She has plenty of friends too. But she never used to invite them into her home. One day I asked her if she was ashamed of it



After I coaxed her, she broke down and told me that the girls at school joked a lot about "tattle-tale gray." And Joan was afraid her friends would notice that my linens and things had it bad.



I was plenty mad because I work hard. But Joan showed me one of your ads about how the wrong kind of soap gives clothes "tattle-tale gray" by leaving dirt stuck in the clothes.



So just to please her I changed and tried Fels-Naptha Soap. And my, the difference it's made! All that gentle naptha along with that wonderful golden soap wash so clean. I've never had my things look so white!

© 1936, FELS & CO.

Banish "Tattle-Tale Gray"
with FELS-NAPTHA SOAP!

NOT A FASHION



"I've always insisted that my men folk wear neat, tidy, good-looking shoes, and I find the laces have a lot to do with it."



"So, when they step out on their daily rounds, you can be sure that Father's, Bill's and Ted Junior's shoes are neatly and trimly laced... with laces that will keep their shape under the hardest kind of wear, and will stay good-looking, month after month."

All over this country families are acquiring the PERMA-TIP habit. There are lots of reasons. Two, not previously mentioned, are the "baked in" tip...as permanent as the lace itself...and the price...5¢ per pair.

At your favorite notion counters... everywhere.



Look for this card on the counter

PERMA-TIP

A Product of
SHOE LACE COMPANY
LAWRENCE, MASS.



Here's her enchanting Iceland cap for cocktails or dinners.



Tiny cow-bell earrings go with her Tyrolean outfit.

HELEN HAYES probably will frown upon being pointed out as a shining example to all modern young matrons and mothers—but that is exactly what she is. The Hayes' schedule for one week puts to shame all of us who bewail the fact that we haven't time to accomplish half the things we'd like to do. For Helen does a multitude of things and still finds time to dash up to the NBC photographic studio for several hours of tedious picture taking. That was what amazed me so when I talked with her the other day.

There she sat, calmly putting on make-up for her camera sitting, just as if she didn't have to go through an even more tedious make-up job every night and twice on matinee days. Any other person would have been fuming and sputtering, but not she. Instead, she gaily chatted about her own wardrobe and that of her small daughter, Mary MacArthur. Most women would consider it a career to be married to the brilliant Charles MacArthur and to be the mother of a growing youngster like Mary. But the remarkable Hayes crowds a very busy life of her own in besides.

You can understand, sitting there talking to her, how this small, animated woman has partitioned off her life neatly so that she keeps Helen

Hayes, the actress, quite separate from Mrs. MacArthur. She thinks that way and she keeps herself completely unflurried and free from confusion. When she leaves Nyack, her country home, and comes in for the theater and broadcast, she leaves behind the shadowy self who competently runs a large house and makes a gay but maternal companion for Mary.

You wouldn't think that she would have much time to bother about clothes, least of all to *design* any for herself, but that is just what she does. Her latest creations may prove a boon to others who have to have dresses that can be put on in a jiffy, without thought for special arranging or superfluous trimmings.

The Hayes existence is very complicated. On Mondays, she has to broadcast from eight to eight-thirty at NBC and the moment that her broadcast is finished, she must rush to the theater and get ready for her first entrance in *Victoria Regina*. Her stage rôle of good Queen Victoria requires that her hair be dressed in Victorian braided loops over her ears. Over this, for the first scene, she wears a long blonde wig. But, the catch is, how to hide the Victorian loops during the broadcast in which she plays the very different character of *Bambi*? "*Bambi*", by

By Elizabeth
Ellis

COPY CAT

Helen Hayes, star of "Bambi," is an individualist in choosing clothes

the way, is the radio serialization of the novel by that name.

But back to the broadcasting problem—Helen decided to adopt a quaint motif for her broadcast clothes in order to make the loop braids look in character. And so she herself designed a group of zipper robes to be worn on Monday night broadcasts. These are afternoon and dinner-length frocks with short puff sleeves, rather peasant in character. They are made in white, black and red faille (always plain colors) and with these she wears, tied over her hair 'kerchief fashion, squares of brightly printed Hungarian silks. One particularly charming 'kerchief has huge red roses printed upon a white background. This she wears tied under her chin. With the puff-sleeved, all-white zipper dress, the effect is quaint and tremendously flattering to the Hayes' size and coloring. Isn't it an original way to solve a clothes problem and create a costume that will charm her radio audiences at the same time?

When she was telling me about



A white lamé gown is Helen's choice for holiday evenings.

these simple but colorful dresses, I thought what a slick idea the same costume would be for busy house-

wives. They could be made in colorful cottons on the same style—the puff sleeves and the zipper fastening from neckline to hem. What a cinch for dressing in a hurry before breakfast! And decorative enough to wear outside the house, as well. Also an idea for school-girls, made in bright, soft woolens or tie silks. And since they require a minimum of trimming, nothing but the colorful zipper fastening, they could be made for a song. It's a tip and I hope you start making one as quickly as I am going to!

I imagine that the inspiration for this "broadcast" costume came to Helen this past summer when she was visiting in the Austrian Tyrol. She loves the peasant type of costume for country wear and she bought a number of native costumes while she was in Salzburg. She thinks they are a little gay for town wear, but perfect for her country home up in Nyack-on-the-Hudson.

Her pet Tyrolean suit is a brown one trimmed with red and green embroidery. (Continued on page 86)

"My pet hate—powder that shows up chalky in strong light"



WE asked 1,067 girls—One of their pet hates in a powder, they voted, is *showing* too much!

And Pond's Powder led all others in "not giving that powdered look." Twice the number of votes of the second favorite. Three times the vote of the third!

"Glare-proof" colors—The reason is in Pond's colors. "Glare-proof," they catch only the softer rays of light—won't show up chalky in strongest light. Special ingredients give Pond's its soft, clinging texture—keep it fresh looking for hours.

Low prices. Decorative screw-top jars, 35¢, 70¢. New big boxes, 10¢, 20¢.

Pond's never
looks powdery—
It clings
—voted the 2 most important
points in a powder



FREE 5 "Glare-Proof" Shades
(This offer expires Feb. 1, 1937)

POND'S, Dept. M-126, Clinton, Conn.
Please rush, free, 5 different shades of
Pond's "Glare-proof" Powder, enough
of each for a thorough 5-day test.

Name _____

Address _____

Ten years ago you heard Mary Pickford and Douglas Fairbanks, then the movies' Royal Family. John Charles Thomas (right) sang into an early model microphone.



B. A. Rolfe was one of the first band-leaders of the old "Lucky Strike" program. You still hear him and his band on the networks. And beyond are Weber and Fields, peerless comedians, who appeared on NBC's first official broadcast.



LET'S LOOK BACKWARD

By Jack Hanley

THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COMPANY is ten years old this November and so lusty an infant, that grew from an idea to a huge national industry in one short decade, has perhaps never before lived. It's a safe bet, too, that no other industry of comparable magnitude has progressed so far in so short a time in the history of science.

You, Mr. and Mrs. America, sitting before your modern radio set and nonchalantly twisting a single dial that brings the news and music of the world into your home, have come to accept radio calmly, as it is today. But let's

reminisce a moment and slip back, in memory, to 1926 . . .

Less than two years before that the reiterated cry of: "*Alabama casts twenty-four votes for U-u-u-nder-wo-o-o-od!*" had become a national catch-phrase through the network broadcast of the Democratic Convention. Conductors on Brooklyn tram lines, when calling out the name of a street called "Alabama," were greeted with a chorus from the passengers of: ". . . casts twenty-four votes for Underwood!" Less than a year before that the new A.C. tubes had been introduced, making receiving sets all-electric and giving the radio industry a terrific

THIS MONTH THE NATIONAL BROADCASTING COM



Anna Case, lovely Metropolitan opera star, who later married Clarence Mackay, also sang on that first broadcast—and how different that studio scene and microphone from those of today!



Jane Cowl, gorgeous and glamorous in those dear dead days, still brings her lovely magic to the air. Milton J. Cross announced when Mary Garden sang.

boost. Before that you kept half a ton of *A*, *B*, and *C* batteries in a maze of wiring behind your radio and one of the danged things invariably ran down just before an important broadcast.

In 1926 you heard the thrilling flash of the *S.S. Antinöe* in distress at sea and the *S.S. President Roosevelt* racing to her rescue in the teeth of a blinding blizzard; Queen Marie, of Roumania, visited America and Her Mercenary Majesty was a nine-days' wonder; Henry Ford closed his factory and abandoned the trusty old *Model T*; Jack Dempsey and Gene Tunney met for the heavyweight championship for the first time; Countess Cathcart was refused entry into the U. S. on "moral turpitude" grounds and Sister Aimee MacPherson mysteriously disappeared, only to turn up eventually with a fantastic tale . . .

Rudolph Valentino died, with a publicity even more spectacular than his life, as women were crushed and police reserves called out to control stampeding crowds about his bier; there was the Veterans' Bureau fraud scandal and contract bridge began to edge crossword puzzles out of the center of the fad field . . . Irving Berlin and Ellin Mackay were married; the Florida boom collapsed with an even greater "boom" and Al Capone's mob cleared \$60,000,000 . . .

You were tired of swinging your legs in an awkward rhythm called the Charleston—"Hey-hey!" But you were, mesdames, bobbing your hair and wearing your

skirts at your knees; you cultivated the "tubular" silhouette with a "boyish form" flatness and waistline around the hips.

You read *Why We Behave Like Human Beings*; you saw John Gilbert in the movies playing *Bardelys the Magnificent* and you hummed or whistled *Mary Lou*, *Give Me a Ukulele*, *Who'll Be the One* and *Hello Bluebird*. When you used both hands to turn the three or four dials on your new neutrodyne radio, you laughed at *Goldie and Dusty*, the *Gold Dust Twins*; you danced to the *Goodrich Silvertown Orchestra* and wondered at the identity of the *Silver Mask Tenor* . . . You heard *Edwin Franko Goldman's Band*, the *Maxwell House* program, the *Ipana Troubadours*, B. A. Rolfe, Ben Bernie and his Hotel Roosevelt Orchestra, Weber and Fields, the *A. & P. Gypsies*, the *Clicquot Club Eskimos* and a host of others.

WJZ broadcast the '26 World Series through its studios in Aeolian Hall and your radio brought you the inauguration of President Coolidge, the news of Byrd's flight over the North Pole, as well as the actual re-broadcast of the dirigible *Norge* directly from the Pole.

And all this was happening before the Radio Corporation of America had formed its affiliated National Broadcasting Company. In November of 1926 the *NBC* was organized—with the red network having *WEAF* as its key station and the blue with *WJZ*—and moved into its new studios at 711 Fifth Avenue, the first building in the world ever to be devoted wholly (Continued on page 98)

RADIO RAMBLINGS



among the stars that beckon us to our dials

George Jessel with Xavier Cugat, Lily Pons and Andre Kostelanetz.

Charming and insouciant as always, Fred Astaire broadcasts.



ROMANCE CORNER

We make no predictions. Whatever happens, we can't even say "I told you so!" However, Dick Merrill, ace pilot who flew to England and back with Harry Richman in *The Lady Peace*, carried with him—along with all those ping pong balls—a photograph of Bernice Claire. Ever since the flying ace met Bernice, a few months ago, he has been a frequent visitor at her *Melodiana* and *Waltz Time* broadcasts. And this past summer Bernice was taking flying lessons from Dick. Was Cupid along?

Popular maestro Albert Kavelin sounds a marital (not martial) note. He recently married Chicago's prize-winning beauty, Virginia Gilcrest.

CITIZEN NINO

That handsome operatic, radio and screen star, Nino Martini, who hails from the Verona of Romeo and Juliet, has filed his first naturaliza-

tion papers to become an American citizen. His resolve was prompted, 'tis said, by another Italian-born operatic star, Amelita Galli-Curci, who has been an American since 1921.

SUCCESS STORY

Charles Butterworth, noted "dead pan" stage and screen comedian, is a native of South Bend, Indiana. He studied law at Notre Dame and was admitted to the Indiana State Bar, but he never practised law. For a time Butterworth was a reporter on a South Bend paper. Later, while working on a New York daily, he presented an original monologue at one of the Press Club shows. After his audience had stopped rolling in the aisles, Butterworth was persuaded to turn his obvious talents to musical comedy. He appeared in a number of Broadway revues before Hollywood lured him away from the stage. And now radio has discovered in the sad-voiced comic exceptional material for the air. He now is the permanent comedian on the Fred Astaire program, heard Tuesdays over the NBC-Red network.

ABOUT BAMBI

Helen Hayes' new show, *Bambi*, proves an ideal medium for the talents of this charming star. Its central theme resembles that of *What Every Woman Knows*, the Barrie play in which Miss Hayes scored sensationally, both on stage and screen. Written by Marjorie Benton Cooke, *Bambi* was a best-selling novel of two decades ago.

Miss Hayes plays the title rôle of Francesca Parkhurst, nicknamed "Bambi." Daughter of a college professor, she marries Jarvis Trent, a talented but penniless playwright. For Jarvis it is a marriage of convenience but Bambi is deeply in love with him—and we can trust her ingenuity and devotion to solve the baffling problems that arise.

NO VISITORS

Out in the Hollywood CBS studios there is a sign: *No Visitors Allowed*, when (Continued on page 96)



Misses Morris, LaVarr and Kays of "The Big Broadcast of 1937."



WASHING WINDOWS chaps hands so, they positively hurt. But Hinds quicker-acting softeners soon soak your roughened skin with comfort. Its creamy texture shows that Hinds works better. . . . It isn't watery!



SORE CHAPPED SKIN
"FEELS GOOD" SOONER WITH

*Quicker-Acting
Lotion*

LEGS CHAP TOO—Smooth away roughness with quicker-acting Hinds. Its special *creamy* lubricants soak chapped skin soft again. To prevent further chapping, apply Hinds before putting on stockings. It softens and soothes those hard, dry "skin cracks" that sting and burn.



(left) **MEN LOVE** to look at—and hold—hands kept smooth and white with Hinds. Skin looks different—so much softer! That's because Hinds goes *into* roughness—doesn't just float on top. Every creamy drop does its part in soothing water-puffed hands—in relieving chapping.



RED SANDPAPER HANDS...how they sting and burn, feel calloused on the palms, rough on the backs.... That's what hard work outdoors does to tender skin! Put softness back again with Hinds Honey and Almond Cream. Quicker-acting—not watery—every rich, creamy drop does good. Hands recover a soft feminine look right away with Hinds. It really works!



FREE *The first One-Piece DISPENSER*
IN THE STORES NOW!

The new perfect one-piece lotion dispenser! Free on the Hinds 50c-size bottle! Ready to use. Nothing to take apart or put together. Works instantly. Simply turn bottle upside down—press—out comes Hinds quicker-acting lotion! Every drop *creamy*—not watery. Every drop works better! Use Hinds Honey and Almond Cream all during the day. It puts back the softness that drying housework takes away. Keeps your hands feeling good, looking grand! Hinds comes in \$1, 50c, 25c, and 10c sizes.

NEW RADIO TREAT—*"Between the Bookends"* brought to you by Hinds at 12:15 pm E. S. T. over WABC-CBS

Copyright, 1936, Lehn & Fink Products Corporation

HINDS is *Quicker-Acting... Not Watery!*
HONEY AND ALMOND CREAM

WHY

Who is the

By Muriel
Bramble

Nelson Eddy, popular artist of opera, concert, radio and the screen, now co-stars with lovely Jeanette MacDonald in M-G-M's "Maytime" and sings over the air in Vick's Open House.



NELSON EDDY CAN'T MARRY!

"Mystery Woman" in the life of this popular singing star?

A MILLION women have thrilled to the magic of Nelson Eddy's voice on the radio; a million women have sighed as they viewed the handsome star on the screen. The darling of Hollywood, the young singer could, did he wish, have his pick of the world's most glamorous beauties. But not for five long years yet may Nelson give attentive ear to the luring whisper of romance. What a strange paradox!

America's *Eligible Bachelor No. 1* must remain single!

Close followers of the tens of thousands of words which gossip columnists broadcast over a million miles of telegraph wires daily, for the eager consumption of a movie-avid land, recall some furtive mention, not long ago, of a "mystery woman" in Nelson Eddy's life. Radio fans have wondered how this personable young man has escaped the inevitable romance which seems always to catch up with a successful radio personality.

Who is this "mystery woman"? Is she a sweetheart whom Nelson wooed in the days of his comparative obscurity, when he was a struggling young singer in Philadelphia? Is she one of the gorgeous beauties of the screen whom he captured in Hollywood and whose identity remains shrouded in secrecy because of box-office expediency? These are the questions countless speculative admirers have asked.

Who is this woman whose influence has moulded the destiny of the great radio singer and screen star? Innumerable interviewers have sought the answer—but always they have come away empty handed.

A visit to Nelson's "adopted" home town of Philadelphia supplied the answer. I sought out Irving C. Hancock, bronzed, athletic, genial young choirmaster of the large and exclusive Church of Our Saviour on Chestnut Street, just off the campus of the University of

Pennsylvania. He laughed heartily when I asked him.

"Mystery woman!" he exploded mirthfully. "That's funny—to anyone who knows Aunt Gert! Calling her a 'mystery woman!'"

Aunt Gert! Was this, then, the prosaic answer to the mystery of the mystery woman? Was she his aunt? Mr. Hancock checked his mirth to reassure me on that point.

"Oh, no, indeed," he said. "She isn't any relation at all, but when Nelson sang in our choir he used to call her 'Aunt Gert,' and the rest of us just sort of fell into the habit. She's really Mrs. Gertrude Evans. You've heard of her, surely."

Anyone in Philadelphia—or pretty nearly anywhere else, for that matter—who plays bridge, knows or knows of Mrs. Gertrude Evans. She is one of the nation's leading exponents of the game, boasts three hundred pupils culled mostly from Philadelphia's exclusive upper crust and has an income well into five figures. From the fortune she accumulated as a bridge teacher, since the death of her Socially Registered husband in 1921, Mrs. Evans advanced the money (estimated at about \$75,000) necessary to finance Nelson's musical studies and launch him on the career which has developed so auspiciously before the microphone and on the silver screen.

It was years ago, long before he became famous, while he was just another promising young singer seeking recognition, that Nelson pledged his word to Mrs. Evans that he would not marry until he reached the age of forty. Fun-loving, gregarious, youthfully effervescent, it required a lot of will-power to keep his word—but Nelson has kept it, despite even the pitfalls of Hollywood.

When he made the promise, Nelson and his mother, a warm friend of Mrs. Evans, (*Continued on page 70*)

The sheep dog, Sheba, is one of Nelson's boon companions and a gift from Jeanette.

A between-scenes shot of Nelson Eddy and Jeanette MacDonald while they were making their second movie, "Rose Marie."



SHOULD A HUSBAND BE

"Marriage can't go against the instinct of generations and be



(Left) Helen Jepson, soprano star of NBC's "Maxwell House Show Boat" at home with her husband, George Possell, celebrated flutist. (Right) With her little girl, Sallie.



"I WAS lucky to fall in love with a man ten years older than myself!"

Helen Jepson smiled at her husband and he smiled back in that quickening, close way that shut out everything but the two of them. Shut out the room, soft in its autumn coloring of rust and pale gold, shut out the deepening twilight and left them in that little world of married lovers that knew no other boundaries than that swift exchange of eyes, that smile.

"You know—" she crossed one slim, silver sandaled foot over the other, "in any marriage where there is an appreciable difference in ages, it always is the younger one, whether it's a man or a woman, who benefits the most. Of course I'm talking about marriages built on love, not those where a young man or woman marries for money or material benefits.

"And once an older man has won a woman she is his for the rest of her life. You see, the things he has to offer are real things. They aren't based on youth and the things that go with youth. On the way he looks in a bathing suit, or the way he plays tennis or the way he dances. They go so much deeper than that. Experience, that's one

of the things he can give her, and understanding and a sense of humor and or, so many things that only time, otherwise, could give.

"A young man can be considered quite a wit with the use of a few wisecracks and a glib tongue and

some stock stories. That's the sense of humor youth starts out with. If it's going to develop into an adult humor, wise and salty and with the God-given talent to laugh at yourself, too, is something only the years can tell.

"George was a man of thirty when I met him. Adult, mature, his characteristics were set in their own pattern. It was a new experience to me, who had only gone out with boys of my own age, to find a man who took himself lightly, who could tell a story on himself.

"I was far too serious for my age. Working towards a singing career and working to keep yourself alive at the same time is pretty arduous for a girl! Selling corsets, as I had to do, from nine until five and rushing to a singing lesson afterwards and practicing for hours, doesn't leave much time for lighter moments. Boys of my own age used to think I was lacking in humor because I didn't throw my head back and howl at their wisecracks. You see, I was too tired to laugh at just nothing at all.

"With George it was different. We were laughing together the first moment we met and we've been laughing ever since. Laughing at things we might have cried over, if he hadn't taught me to see life in the full, mature way he does.

"From the beginning it was like that. There was that day in Chautauqua when George took me canoeing. His sureness as he handled that canoe added something to the love I had for him, something different and new. Funny, isn't it, the way little things can get caught up in an emotion?

"Before that there had been awe and rapture and all the other things that go to make up the love between a man and a woman. This casual competence was such an everyday sort of thing. And yet it thrilled me, in a different way, as much as his music thrilled me. Made me feel protected and cared for and, in her heart, I think that's what

By Elizabeth Benneche Petersen

TEN YEARS OLDER?

happy," says Helen Jepson, opera and radio star

Up in the mountains, in Wurtsboro, New York, the Possells have a farm, where they spend as much time as is possible. The name of their cabin is "Sajepo"—combining the first letters of Sallie, Jepson and Possell. Helen loves the view from the top of the bell tower.



even the strongest, most capable woman wants to feel from the man she loves above all others.

"It was all so warm and sweet. A little moment, important only because of that new closeness that had come between us. A little moment, fragile and tender and perfect, to be remembered always.

"And then suddenly it happened. George paddled to the pier and swung one foot over the side of the canoe as he leaned forward to tie it up and as he did he slipped and we capsized and George found himself standing in water over his head.

"We've laughed about it so often since. The way he struck through the water towards me, swimming desperately to save me from drowning and suddenly seeing me standing in water that scarcely came over my ankles. He had stepped in a mudhole and of course thought we were in deep water. In his frenzy he didn't even remember that I'm a pretty good swimmer myself!

"We spent the afternoon drying out on the pier and I know I would have been horrified if any other man had been with me, for my dress shrank until it came above my knees and I bulged in all the wrong places! I looked as utterly ridiculous as I felt, but I laughed with George.

"It's all those little things that are the biggest part of love. It's not the things you've cried about, or the things you've worried over or the really dramatic things. Just those little things without meaning or plan. Things to be laughed over afterwards and recaptured in that laughter forever.

"We've held on to all those little silly moments, for we haven't had any of the tense, dramatic ones that come to some people. Since we've been married our lives have run so smoothly. There have been no hardships, no worry, no jealousy to test our love. Sometimes hardships draw people closer, sometimes they pull them apart. I know if they had come to us it would still be the same with us as it is now. Because George and I understand

(Continued on
page 72)





Eddie Cantor, with the medal recently awarded him by Radio Stars Magazine "For Distinguished Service to Radio."



Eddie with his devoted wife, Ida, returning from a European holiday.

EDDIE'S ADVICE TO

"WHAT every young man should know?"

Eddie Cantor mused: "I suppose I ought to have a false beard to tug at while I toss out pearls of wisdom! As a matter of fact, though, I don't need the whiskers because I've given the subject a lot of thought. Besides, twenty-five years married to the same wife should set me up as an authority."

It might be well to tell you right now that Eddie Cantor is the easiest person in Hollywood to interview. You ask him one question, grab your notebook and sit back. When he stops talking you've got a story. He's talking now, so let's get back to him.

"The trouble with modern marriage—and don't think I'm preaching—is this: three out of every ten couples, when they're at the altar saying '*I do*,' are looking out of the corners of their eyes, trying to see if there's anything better in the house. Sometimes you almost expect the groom to turn around and wink at that pretty blonde in the first pew!

"That attitude toward marriage is the fault of the divorce laws. Nowadays a divorce is about as hard to get as the morning newspaper. It makes people rush

into marriage just for a lark, because they know if it doesn't work they can buy a little paper that entitles them to try again."

Eddie Cantor, star of many of the lavish Ziegfeld musicals, has worked with hundreds of the most beautiful girls in the world. Many of them have come to Eddie for advice. Some of them took the counsel he offered—others didn't. What about these glamour girls?

"The average showgirl marriage is not successful," Eddie explained, "because the average girl doesn't look for permanency. In the Ziegfeld shows these girls were beamed and courted by some of New York's wealthiest men—everything from playboy to tired business man. When these men offer marriage a girl doesn't, as a rule, expect it to last. She accepts it for the year or two of luxury it can give her. The only thing permanent she's thinking about is the alimony."

"Too many modern girls look at the tags on the men they're going to marry. Instead of looking up his family, they look up Dun & Bradstreet. In comparing two men, she doesn't want to know which can make her happy

By Leo
Townsend

Eddie Cantor discusses what every young man should know

Glamorous Gladys Swarthout lunches with Eddie at a Hollywood festivity.



Bright little Bobby Breen, 'Eddie's talented "adopted son" and great pal.



YOUNG MEN

—she wants to know which has the fanciest price tag.

"When I say 'the modern girl' I don't mean every girl, by any means. I know a number of Ziegfeld girls who have been happily married for years. Whenever I make a personal appearance tour I run into five or six of them. In Boston, or in Philadelphia, for instance, a girl comes backstage to say hello. She was a showgirl, let us say, in *Whoopie* and she left the show to marry. She's still married and she introduces me to a fine-looking son or daughter. Girls like that are smart enough to use show business as a means to an end. A showgirl has an opportunity to meet a number of men she'd never have known had she stayed home and remained the belle of the village. If she falls in love with one of them, her marriage has more chance of success than the average, for she's had enough experience with men to know the right one when he comes along.

"Working for many years with these girls in musicals, I usually could tell in advance which were headed for happiness and which were headed for Reno. The sensible girls knew they weren't going to be beautiful forever and they made their plans accordingly. The girls with that starry-eyed look (Continued on page 64)

"Twenty-five years with the same wife should set me up as a real authority," says Eddie.

about romance and marriage



RADIO STARS

BETWEEN

When they're not on the air—

"Sometimes I don't understand you," says Ginger Rogers to Fred Astaire in "Swing Time," (RKO-Radio) "because you're so aloof!"



A tender moment from "Born to Dance," with Frances Langford sweetly perched on Buddy Ebsen's knee.

Ida Lupino doesn't find Nino Martini aloof in "The Gay Desperado." "Leo Carrillo smiles approval.



RADIO STARS

BROADCASTS

they're happily disporting themselves in the movies



Dick Powell, who plays a Broadway chorus director in "Stage Struck," surrounded by beauties from one of the choruses.

In Columbia's "Meet Nero Wolfe," Lionel Stander's sweetie, Dennie Moore (left), drags him away from gay Joan Perry.



Bazooka Bob Burns plays a love song to Martha Raye in "Rhythm on the Range."

Ray Milland woos Dorothy Lamour in Paramount's film, "The Jungle Princess."





"Now don't shoot the cows, Fifi!" Dr. Maurice Hill, Fifi's husband, gives her a lesson in marksmanship at their Pennsylvania camp.



A happy family party. This gay foursome consists of Maurice and Fifi and Father and Mother Hill. The technique looks good here!

TECHNIQUE AFTER

IF Dr. Maurice Hill ever chances to lapse from husbandly tact, to inform Mrs. Hill that she cannot cook biscuits such as his mother used to make, Mrs. Hill will not act according to time-honored custom by weeping until the mascara runs down her pretty cheeks. Instead, she will simply say, with a disarming smile:

"You bet you life I can't!"

For Mrs. Maurice Hill—Fifi D'Orsay to you—has other ideas concerning the technique designed to make the tie that binds really keep on binding. Making biscuits, darning socks, sewing on buttons, and similar wifely chores have no part in her scheme of things matrimonially.

"Eef Maurice he want zat," she shrugged expressive Parisian shoulders, "he employ ze maid—or maaybe he stay wiz mamma. Non, non! Maurice want a sweetheart. That is the—how you say?—the bottom—non, the foundation, of the marriage.

"That is why it is so important for me—the radio. But I owe the radio the beeg debt! The radio solve the beeg problem for me. You see, now I am married, it is important I do not go for long away from home. Fifi she stay home now. You thenk I go maybe for months away—and leave my Maurice? Not Fifi! She is too smart for that! I want to keep my Maurice. I—"

It was quite obvious that whether you start interviewing radio's chic and charming bride about radio or the situation in Europe or crop control or what have you, sooner or later you end up by interviewing her about Dr. Maurice Hill—and besides, I was intrigued. Here was an oddity!

Brides are supposed to be uniformly trusting.

"But don't you trust Maurice?" I interrupted.

"Oh, yes. Sure. I trust heem. I trust heem—just so far as the end of my nose I trust heem!"

Fifi indicated the tip of her nasal appendage with an eloquent finger. Then she launched into a discourse on the art of holding a husband which Cleopatra or the Queen of Sheba might have listened to with benefit. Fifi's country-women are, of course, noted for their skill at charming the stronger sex—yet it seemed strange, somehow, to hear so much good, plain, American horse-sense issue from this gay, frivolous, naughty-but-nice Fifi, her ingenuously piquant face so serious, her limpid brown eyes big as saucers. And right now, let me tell you that whether you are French or American, if you are a wife, what she had to say is a message for you.

"You thenk I do not have to worry about holding my husband? You bet you life I do!" She waggled a finger prettily for emphasis. "Me, I will not wait till trouble comes. I will keep trouble away. That is what every woman ought to say to herself on her wedding day. It ought to be—how you say?—knock in her head right away queek! When a woman marries, then till the day she die, she must *work* and *fight* to hold her man. Women do not know that. That is why there is divorce all the time. They think they work hard to *get* the man, then that is all. The woman, she have a wedding ring—so she get lazy! She thenk the man will love her always because she is his wife? Pouf! (Continued on page 92)



"The wife she must always show the husband she love heem very much!" says Fifi. "Hug heem! Kiss heem! But only when he is in the mood!"

MARRIAGE

By Ruth Geri

Clever Fifi D'Orsay
bewitching French
actress and singer,
has a word for wives!

Fifi's discourse on the art of holding a husband is one which Cleopatra or the Queen of Sheba might have profited by. "What you have not got, that you want more as anything else," says she.



THIS BUSINESS OF BEING ROMANTIC

AT the Roosevelt Grill, in New York, the Lombardo band is playing. On the dance floor tall, slim lads and dainty débutantes swing by to the romantic rhythm. Romance is in the music, in the air, in their hearts.

For older people, too, romance is recaptured when Guy Lombardo and his Royal Canadians play. The melodic music, in contrast to the "hot" type of jazz, the songs of yesterday and the songs of tomorrow speak in their soft legato tempo of sentiment and love.

It's not chance that the Royal Canadians feature this type of music. Very early in his career Guy Lombardo rebelled against the popular craze for jazz. Groping for a tempo and a style which satisfied him, his nature, warm with the blood of ardent Italian forbears, inevitably led him to the romantic theme and the slow, sweet tempo which has won deserved laurels for his band.

It's not chance, either, that Guy and his Royal Canadians are at the peak in popular music, usually topping every radio popularity poll from coast to coast. In this mechanistic age we hunger for glamour and romance. And Guy Lombardo has made it his business to give them to us in his music.

I watched Guy at work. He is a slim young man of medium height with a dark, sensitive face. With a minimum of movement, swaying slightly to the rhythm of the music, he led his band. I saw none of the pre-

tentiousness of the pseudo-great. No tossing locks, no excessive gestures, none of the fire and melancholy of the temperamental maestro. Lifting his hands, smiling slightly, he drew from his inspired musicians the lovely melodic strains.

What kind of a man is he, I wondered. Does he make a business of romance—or romance of business? Is he a great lover, living always in the dream the music engenders? Or is he a down-to-earth, practical business man?

"Great Guy," they called him, long before that became a trite cliché. Great guy—swell guy—you can't hear the words now without a stab of cynicism!

"But when you say that about Guy Lombardo, you mean it," insist those who know him. "He really is *great*!"

I wouldn't know. I'd have to meet him—find out for myself.

I talked with him when the program was finished. Sitting at a small table in a quiet corner, we sipped black coffee together. How, I wondered, does romance figure in his personal life? His wife, the lovely blonde Lily

The brothers Lombardo of CBS' "Lombardo Time," rehearse a rest! (Left to Right): Leibert, Victor, Carmen and Guy.

Guy Lombardo, leader of the "Royal Canadians," whose melodic music is one of radio's delightful treats.





What kind of a man is Guy Lombardo? A romantic lover? A practical business man?

By Nancy Barrows

Belle Lombardo, is "regular," declare those who know her. Apparently there's not even an unfortunate marriage to toss to cynical I-told-you-so's!

Guy is a modest, reserved, unassuming man. He doesn't babble vainly of what is his. But when he speaks of his wife, his eyes reflect a deep, enduring happiness.

"We've been married ten years," he said. "I met her in Cleveland. . . . We were playing there, on the radio. Some friends from a nearby suburb came in to see us. They brought her with them. In six months we were married."

So casually Guy slides over those six months—but in his heart they remain a cherished, secret garden. Nights when they walked together in the sweet-scented dusk. Days when they sailed on the lake and the wind blew her hair in a golden halo about her face. Hours when they talked long and earnestly—or were silent for a long time together. The thrilling joy of finding each other, of discovering mutual tastes, mutual delights, shaping together the foundation of that understanding companionship that has endured throughout the years.

It was no hasty, ill-considered youthful romance. Guy is one of those rare souls who look for permanency in marriage. So, too, is Lily Belle. And, gazing into each other's eyes, they felt, even in that first casual meeting, that they need look no further.

Being young, eager, (Continued on page 90)

Paramount's "Many Happy Returns," was the film debut of the Lombardo orchestra.

Lovely blonde Lily Belle, Mrs. Guy Lombardo, shares Guy's passion for the sea.





SHE KNOWS

**Virginia Bruce, who
greatest of all screen
Gilbert, confides what**

By Gladys Hall

I SAID to Virginia: "What is it that makes a man a Great Lover—or not?"

And Virginia, gold and gossamer and ethereally lovely (and this is no blurb, in Virginia's case, the bare and beautiful fact) said to me:

"*Vitality.* The sense of power. That first and above everything else."

She said, laughing: "You know, if a young man should come to me and ask me whether I think he has the qualities which go to make a great lover, I would have to subject him to a questionnaire. I couldn't tell by looking at him. For looks, extreme good looks, at any rate, have almost nothing to do with it. Casanova was notoriously ugly. Don Juan, I've been told, was no Robert Taylor. Lord Byron had a club foot. I think a man's face has less to do with it than almost anything else. After all, Bing Crosby was an acclaimed and certainly an accredited Great Lover before the girls of the country ever had seen his face. His voice made love to them.

"Nelson Eddy had fevered fans before ever he made his first picture. Lawrence Tibbett was a glamorous voice before he was a picture personality.

"No, it isn't necessary to be conspicuously handsome in order to be a great lover. It isn't necessary to be famous or rich. These things sometimes hinder more than they help.

"But there are certain definite qualities which I think every man must have in order to rate as a great lover. The first of these, as I have said, is vitality. Such a vitality as Valentino had, as Jack Gilbert had, as Clark Gable and Walter Winchell and Spencer Tracy and Lawrence Tibbett have. . . . But let's pretend that some young Daniel has come to me for judgment. I'd sit him down and before I even noticed whether he were fat or thin, tall or short, dark or fair, I'd ask him some questions like these:

"Have you brains as well as looks? Intelligence such as, say, Leslie Howard's?"

"Are you a playboy? If so, go away, go right away!"

"Are you interested in politics, in world affairs, like Bill Powell and Alexander Woolcott, for instance?"

"Have you been a good son, as Nelson Eddy is?"

"Are you unselfish?"

"Are you thoughtful and considerate—as Bing Crosby is?"

"Have you, not great financial success necessarily but the potent desire to succeed?"

One of the most glamorous girls of the stage and screen, Virginia also has made a number of guest appearances on popular radio programs.

HER LOVERS

was married to the
lovers, the late Jack
makes a Great Lover

"Have you men friends as well as women admirers—as Clark Gable and Spencer Tracy and Bing Crosby have?"

"Are you an American?"

"Are you fairly well read?"

"Are you immaculate in your dress?"

"Do you dance well?"

"Is your voice expressive and deep, the kind of a voice that gives confidence? Like the voice of Smith Ballew, Master of Ceremonies for Shell Chateau?"

"If my supposititious young Daniel," smiled Virginia, who, clad in palest shell-pink pajamas had been reading *Gone With The Wind* as I entered her pastel dressing-room on the M-G-M lot for luncheon, "if my young man should truthfully be able to answer ninety per cent. of these questions in the affirmative, I would bestow upon him the Order of the Great Lover and send him on his way—or keep him here! Incidentally, the character of Rhett Butler in *Gone With The Wind* is certainly that of a great lover, very great. Jack Gilbert could have played Rhett Butler—perfectly."

And Virginia, when she speaks of love and lovers, should know whereof she speaks. For such beauty as hers is honey, indeed, to the beaux and braves of her young time. She was the belle of Fargo, North Dakota, her home town. Even in those childhood and high school days the small Penrods of the town were falling over each other's sneakers, toting gifts of lollipops and Hershey bars and field flowers to the home of the ethereally fair Virginia. Valentines and painfully labored sonnets were directed at her pale gold head. The faces of impassioned poets shone behind youthful freckles and slicked hair.

Later she was in the Follies in New York. She was one of the most glorious of the glorified girls. Rich men and rich men's sons, playboys and spenders of the Great White Way surrounded her with that legendary atmosphere of shiny black limousines, orchids, champagne suppers, diamond bracelets concealed in long-stemmed roses, opera hats, the Colony, house-parties on Long Island. . . . Virginia could have dipped her slender hand into any of these plutocratic pies and pulled forth the rich and juicy plums. She didn't. *She had seen John Gilbert on the screen.* The embedded image of the Great Lover threw all other images out of focus.

And she said to me: "A man doesn't have to be able to send orchids and diamonds to a girl in order to qualify as a great lover. These things can't be necessary because *they practically never happen.* I seldom saw any of the girls draped in orchids, let alone (Continued on page 62)

Virginia, who was "Audrey Dane" in M-G-M's "The Great Ziegfeld," plays in the new M-G-M picture, "Born to Dance," which stars Eleanor Powell.





Looking across the top row, our spotlight shows:
 A candid camera shot of Ross Graham (upper left),
 baritone with the Maxwell House Show Boat program.
 (Next beyond) Meet Leo Jr., M-G-M's pup. Robert
 Taylor and Barbara Stanwyck give him his bottle.
 M-G-M. And (across the page) Jimmy Fidler, Movie-
 tone newsreel and newspaper columnist speeds a group
 of Hollywood beauties off for a dance contract.
 (Extreme right) H. V. Kaltenborn, CBS commentator,
 wearing a helmet, interviews a rebel officer on
 the Guadarrama front during the Spanish rebellion.
 (Above left) Popular movie star John Boles and
 Cecil B. DeMille, radio producer of the Lux Radio
 Theatre, discuss production of "The Vagabond King."
 (Center picture) A tense moment in that popular
 radio mellerdrama, "Under the Gaslight," with Frank
 Readick, Jack Smart, Bell Pringle and Rita Johnson.
 And (right across the page) three of Kay Thompson's
 Rhythm Singers keep fit with athletic practise.
 And don't we sigh anew for television, friends!

IN THE

This month the spot



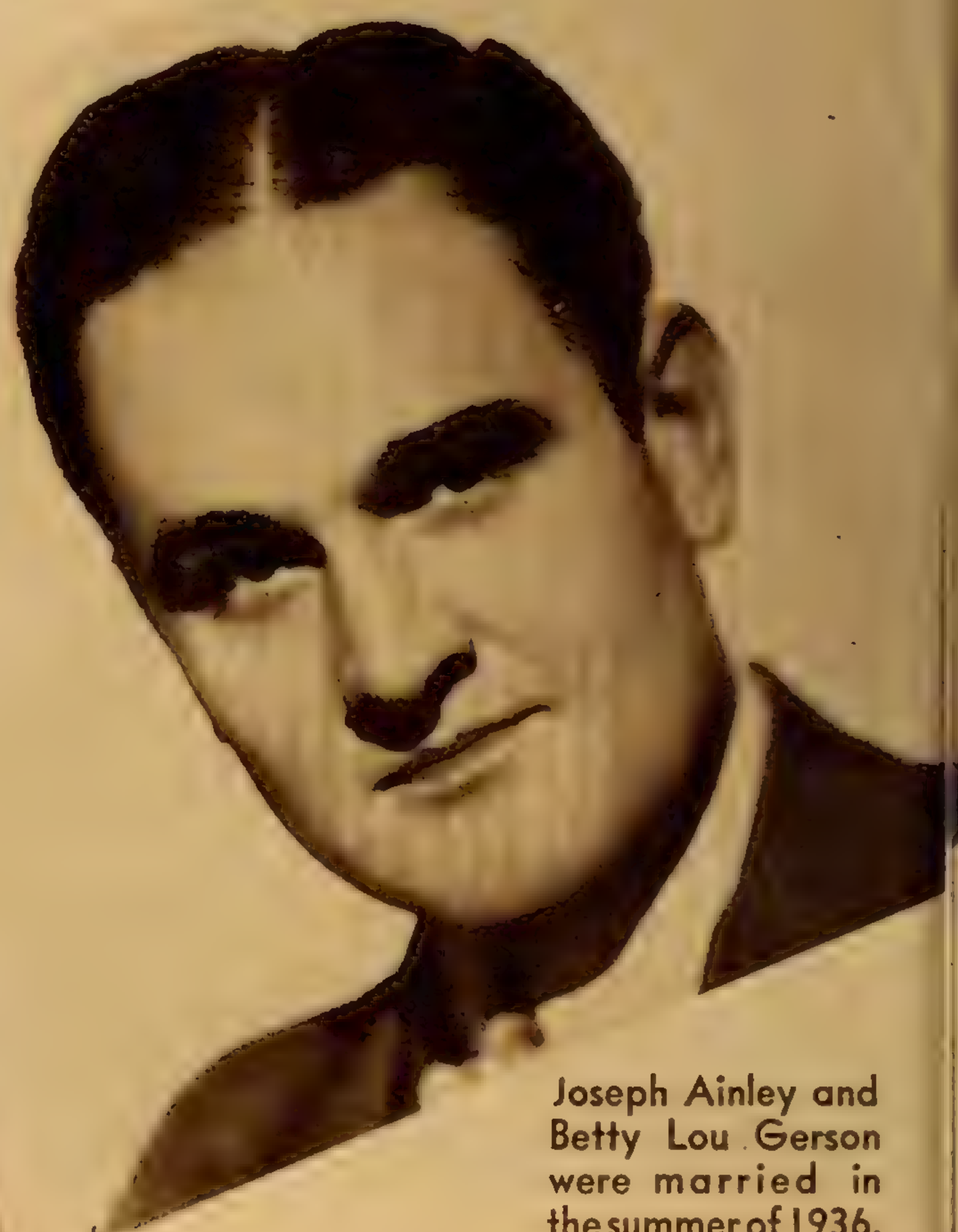
RADIO SPOTLIGHT

light falls on friendly and familiar faces in novel scenes



To her diary Betty Lou
Gerson confided a secret
which threatened to turn
aside the darts of Cupid!

LOVE COMES



Joseph Ainley and
Betty Lou Gerson
were married in
the summer of 1936.

Betty Lou Gerson
now leading lady
of "Flying Time,"
heard daily from
Tuesday through
Friday on the
NBC-Red network.

LOVE, glamour, romance—all these are a part of the birthright of any Southern lassie. And all these Betty Lou Gerson had. But they were not enough! To Betty Lou the sweet scent of magnolia blossoms, the Southern moon shining softly and an eager suitor declaring undying love, were just a part of everyday life. For her, glamour was in the theatre. Romance was drama on the stage. Betty Lou wanted to be an actress.

By Miriam Rogers

TO BETTY LOU



Betty Lou with Cliff Soubier in the last season's "First Nighter" series.

Young and lovely Betty Lou goes in for winter sports whenever possible.

And so, for a time, it looked as if Cupid would run a losing race with Career. It does sound absurd, to suppose that a glamorous Southern beauty could exclude love and romance from her life—or even want to do so! And Betty Lou is just the sort of girl Cupid would pick as a perfect target for his fateful dart. Lovely to look at, with her soft, dark hair, her rose-petal complexion and her come-hitherish brown eyes. Lovely to know, too, with her candour and sincerity, her gaiety and wit and young idealism.

It was the idealism, really, which for a time threatened to thwart Cupid. When Betty Lou talked things over with herself, she grew very idealistic, very serious—in the serious way a young girl does—about

the career she hoped to achieve for herself.

True she gave some thought to romance—writing in her diary, in a round, girlish hand, her youthful conception of her ideal lover:

"I prefer a man who is my intellectual superior—one on whom I can, if need be, depend in every respect. He may be either blond or brunette, tall—or reasonably tall. He must be sure of himself—no diletante. And he must have a sense of humor."

Betty Lou was nineteen then. It was pleasant to think vaguely of this tall, superior young man, who would sweep her off her feet on some magnolia-sweet moonlit night. But not too soon! Just now the career was beginning to take dazzling shape in Betty Lou's dreams, and in reality. And so, seriously, she wrote in her diary:

"I believe one's career should

come before anything else. Other emotions and desires should be subordinated to it—but not entirely done away with."

Not entirely done away with! Betty Lou Gerson was to laugh at that naïveté before very long. Betty Lou and a tall, red-headed young man named Joseph T. Ainley—who was ten years older than Betty Lou, and then a member of The National Broadcasting Company's Chicago production staff.

But to go back some nineteen years. . . . Betty Lou was born on April 20th, 1914, in Chattanooga, Tennessee. When she was two years old, her family moved to Birmingham, Alabama. A little later they moved again to Miami, Florida. In these Southern cities Betty Lou went to school. School days were pleasantly uneventful. Betty Lou was no prodigy.

"I didn't learn much," she told us frankly, "except to pour tea gracefully!"

But during her last two years in school her interest in dramatics was aroused. She wrote and acted in school plays and took a special course in dramatics. Now her imagination ran riot. (Continued on page 80)

Hope wore to a
Horace Heidt held

FATE CAN



Horace Heidt's Brigadiers at work. Drummer Bernie Mattinson has been with the band for ten years.



Horace poses with glamorous Lysbeth Hughes, harpist with the band. Lysbeth also gives vocal solos on occasion.

"I WAS going to write my story for somebody once," said Horace Heidt, "but I never got around to it. I never got any farther than the title. I had a good title, though. I was going to call it: *'You're never out until you've had three strikes on you.'*"

We were sitting in the Silver Forest of the Drake Hotel. The breeze off Lake Michigan, coming in through the tall windows, rippled the tinselled leaves as though echoing the applause of the hundreds who had crowded that room to dance or just to listen to Heidt's music.

In a few minutes he would be taking his boys across town to the auditorium for his commercial broadcast for Alemite. Then back for another session at the Silver Forest.

The Heidt boy seemed to be doing all right.

But the wonder was, not that he was doing so well—when, not many months before, people wouldn't even let him tell them what a swell band he had, let alone show them—but that he was still in there fighting, after the rebuffs, the disappointments and the heartbreaks he had received.

He must have lived with that phrase: "You're never out until you have had three strikes on you." Many a time, when fate had dealt him another one between the eyes, he must have muttered it, blindly, doggedly, to himself. He must have repeated it, with a slap on the back, to the boys—just to be able to keep going.

You study him for a moment as he sits there, lean and trim in his white mess jacket, the light from a candle flickering on his bronzed face, his straightforward blue eyes, his defiant, boyish grin.

He baffles you at first. He is wary, shy, not knowing how to be as friendly as he wants to be, like a fighter, relaxed, keeping his left up there, just in case. Above all, not believing he's as good as he really is, which is strange for an orchestra leader, who has to be both window-dressing and dynamo to the band.

Slowly his story begins to come out, jerkily at first, in response to prodding, then flowing smoothly under the powerful wine of reminiscence: the story of a modern Anthony Adverse of music, buffeted and bewildered by quixotic fate, yet still in there, taking it.

And as he talks, you begin to understand many things—why he is wary and shy and why he can stick out his chin at you and smile with his eyes at the same time.

"You're never out till you have had three strikes on you." After all, you can't sum it up any better than that.

It is natural for Heidt to express himself in athletic terminology, for the great thwarted dream of his life has been to be an athlete.

His first ambition as a boy was to be, someday, the heavy-weight champion of the world. It might not have been impossible, either.

He had the weight, the build and the agility.

But his parents didn't think that a worthy enough goal. So he centered his ambitions on becoming a great all-around athlete.

He was well on his way, too. He still has the medal he won at Culver Military Academy for all-around athletic prowess.

At the University of California he became an all-sports phenomenon. He dreamed, perhaps, of becoming another

Jim Thorpe, possibly a decathlon winner for America in the Olympics, an athlete who would go down in history.

By Edward

thin shred, but
on till he won out!

BE CRUEL

His career reached a pinnacle when, all in one dizzying day, he pitched a winning ball game, won a swimming race and several stellar track events and topped it all off that night by taking the University heavy-weight boxing championship.

Then a short time later came the great west coast event, the annual football game in the Rose Bowl at Pasadena. Heidt was playing guard for California.

No one ever knew quite how it had happened. There was an attack through his position. He stopped it. The lines piled up with Heidt at the bottom of the heap.

When it was over they carried Heidt off the field with a fractured back.

One thing was immediately clear to him. He would never again take active part in any strenuous sport. Everything he had built his life upon was gone. The agony of that thought was harder to endure than the pain of the eight major operations that were necessary, in the months that followed, to get him back into shape again.

Through those weeks in bed he was haunted by the horror of being a burden on somebody. There was just one way of escape he knew. He could play the piano. He already had used it to pick up some odd dollars to help him through school. He was glad now that his mother's insistence had kept him at the keyboard when he would much rather have been out scrimmaging on the corner lot with the boys.

As soon as he was able to get out at all, he began to pick up odd jobs, playing for social events around school. But pretty soon he began to get the idea that people were helping him because they felt sorry for him and his pride couldn't stand that.

So he left the campus and got a job pounding the piano at a roadhouse outside of San Francisco.

"And was I lousy!" he remembers now with a grin.

Since music was to be his livelihood, he began to make it his business to be good at it. He learned to play other instruments. And he improved his piano so much that eventually he got a job with a local orchestra of better standing. They played around in dance spots and theaters and Heidt began to be happy again. He was making a living; he was paying his way.

Then one day, after a show in a theater, something happened. He was standing in the alleyway, passing the time of day with the theater manager. The band leader saw him, misconstrued it, thought he was trying to get his job. That night he gave Heidt his notice.

That misunderstanding was a terrible blow to Heidt. Carefully, painstakingly, he had built up something. Then suddenly, through no fault of his own, without any rhyme or reason, it had been snatched away from him.

He decided then and there that any situation where such a thing could happen wasn't for him. He made up his mind that never again would he play in any man's orchestra but his own.

He went back to the University campus where he was known and started to organize a band. He picked up a saxophonist here, a trumpeter there. A number of those boys (Continued on page 78)



And here's Horace Heidt himself, athletic young director of the Alemite Brigadiers, heard on CBS.



King is blues singer
The Four King Sisters
with the program
ten-thirty to eleven



THERE'S A SONG IN HER HEART

**And that's the song that
you never hear, but find
reflected in everything that
genial Kate Smith does**

By Elizabeth Benneche Petersen

CHARM. That's the word for Kate Smith.

Not the superficial thing that word has come to suggest, tossed about as it has been in these glib days. Not the word copy-writers use when they talk of the charm of a new hat or of the color scheme of a fall ensemble or the charm of a size twelve dress. For the charm that is Kate Smith's has nothing to do with style or color or size.

Hers is the charm Sir James Barrie spoke of in his play, *What Every Woman Knows*, when plain little Maggie, his heroine, tries to define it.

"Charm, it's a sort of a bloom on a woman," says Maggie wistfully, because she is sure she has none of it. "If you have it, you don't need anything else and if you don't have it, it doesn't much matter what else you have. Some women, the few, have charm for all and most have charm for one, but some have charm for none."

It's doubtful that Kate Smith thinks she has charm, any more than Maggie thought she had. That's one of the things about charm. Most people who think they have it, just haven't. But as plain little Maggie proved to be one of the few who had charm for all, so it is with Kate Smith. That charm is in every song she sings, in every word she says, in everything she does.

Of course it has something to do with that mouth of hers, shaped for laughter as it is. With her brown eyes,

eager and alive, and her skin that looks like a spring morning bursting into blossom. It has something to do with her honey-colored hair falling into a soft cluster of curls at the nape of her neck and her straight little nose and the dimple that darts around her smile as she speaks.

But it goes deeper than that. Down to that song in her heart, the silent song that goes on as steadily as the one you hear when you dial Kate Smith into your home on Thursday evenings. The unsung song that made her turn to nursing when her time came to make her place in the world and that makes her give with such eagerness of everything that she has, since fate decided that she was not to be a nurse, after all, but a woman of importance.

Tenderness dwells in her words as she talks about her camp at Saranac Lake and the squirrels and chipmunks up there who have come to be so unafraid, through knowing her, that they sit on their haunches and untie the knots holding the peanuts in the strings her guests dangle before them.

Hurt takes its place, a moment later, as she speaks of a writer who thought she should pay more attention to her clothes and who had criticized her for her lack of it.

"It hurt terribly," she said slowly. "Lots of things people have written about me have hurt me. But then I think, writing those things is as much a part of that

girl's job as singing is of mine and I try not to care.

"After all, I know I'm not a fashion-plate. I don't want to be one. Clothes never have meant anything more to me than something to keep me cool in summer and warm in winter. Even if I were fascinated by them, I couldn't let them absorb me. There are so many things to be done, I just wouldn't have the time."

There are many things Kate Smith has to do. Rehearsals, conferences, meeting people, important people who are necessary to a girl with a career to think of. But there are all the other things to be done, too, the things that have nothing at all to do with her career, but have a lot to do with the girl herself. The unimportant things and the unimportant people she does them for. The time she spent, the other day, talking with that girl at the studio who had just had a radio audition and had failed to make the grade.

Kate didn't know that girl, but even at that she couldn't pass by those brimming eyes, that trembling mouth. So she sat down to talk to her and in another hour the girl had recaptured her lost courage and her ambition. She was ready to try again, to work even harder than she had before, to hold on more tightly than ever to the dream in her heart. Kate couldn't regret an hour spent like that.

She could not regret the time spent on some young friends of hers, a few days later. The girls were twins who had sung with her on her program and had won a place in this season's *Follies*. It was their birthday the next day and of course Kate was planning a party for them. Somehow a waiting interview did not seem so important. After all, that couldn't do anyone any good but herself.

So there she was, over half an hour late and sorry about it, too, for it suddenly had occurred to her that she had taken time from someone else and Kate Smith knows how important time is.

"You see, I wanted it to be just right," she explained, after that first, warm apology. "Their mother can't be here and they'll miss her so much and so I want it to be the sort of party she would have planned for them. That's why I went down to the shop myself to pick out the birthday cake and to see that they got the names and

decorations exactly right and to choose the prettiest forms they had for the ice cream. It'll be fun tomorrow night, just the four of us, the girls, my housekeeper and me."

That's Kate Smith. You see the charm that Barrie described as a sort of a bloom on a woman. Interviewers have been kept waiting before but I can't think of one with as warm a reason as this. Once I waited for a popular movie star, one whose name invariably is coupled with the word charming. An hour went by.

I waited, sitting in a hotel drawing-room, while the star petulantly coped with a modiste and pins and at least ten dresses to be tried on. So you can see that clothes, or a too great interest in them, can destroy charm. Certainly Kate has lost nothing of it in her frank disavowal of them.

She hasn't lost charm through being a big girl, either.

If Kate Smith thought more of herself, she probably wouldn't be a big girl at all. A tall girl, of course, but not a big one. If she were important to herself, she would diet, as so many other radio and movie and opera stars do, to cut down her lines. But Kate Smith hasn't the time nor the inclination to diet.

After all, in spite of the self discipline diet imposes, you have to be good to yourself when you're doing it. You have to spend longer hours (Continued on page 94)

Below, Kate Smith, Mrs. Ted Collins, Natalie Collins and Ted Collins enjoy coasting at Lake Placid.

Right, Kate Smith, radio idol, and Babe Ruth, baseball idol, opened Kate's new "Bandwagon" series.





DALLINGS

Upper left, Milton Berle, comedian, and Mrs. Beryl Markham, first woman to make an East-West solo flight across the Atlantic. Left, Lois Austin, microphone star. Lower left, comedian Joe Penner with his midget drafthorse, Tuffie, and without the duck!

Upper right, Rosemary Lane at Dallas for the Texas Centennial Exposition. Right, Del Campo and Lili Damita in "The Devil on Horseback." Lower right, Jerry Belcher and Parks Johnson interview Robert S. Krea-son of Dallas, Oregon.



Smith Ballew is a friendly person, actually shy and modest to a degree. But—

Lovely Merle Oberon with Victor Young and Smith Ballew.



HE'S GOT PLENTY OF UMPHHH!

Smith Ballew, Master of Ceremonies on the Shell Chateau.

By Franc Dillon

SMITH BALLEW came swinging down the corridor at the Hollywood NBC broadcasting station with long, graceful strides and, as he came through the doorway into the room where I was, he ducked his head. I looked twice to make sure he wasn't on stilts, for he is six feet four inches tall and I wondered what would happen if he forgot to duck.

It seems he did sometimes forget, for he says experience is a brutal teacher and ducking is now second nature to him. He does it when it isn't necessary. I had supposed that it was a press agent's story that he uses an especially built microphone for his radio work, but it isn't.

He is a friendly person, but shy and modest to a degree that makes you wonder how on earth he ever chose to be a master of ceremonies, a job which popular opinion visualizes as calling for a dynamic, fast-thinking, fast-talking, wise-cracking, breezy personality and plenty of assurance. If you tune in on *Shell Chateau* program any Saturday night, which you probably do without being reminded, you will no doubt decide that Smith is that type of person.

He isn't!

It always had been the fond hope of Smith's parents that he be a doctor—a great surgeon. Smith shared that dream and was taking a pre-medical course at the University of Texas. He planned to go on to Johns Hopkins to finish his course, but his preparations for a medical career were suddenly interrupted when he fell in love. "I wanted to get married," he told me, "and I couldn't wait to get through a medical course. It meant four more years of college, a year as an interne and then goodness knows how long to establish myself so that I could support a wife. So I decided not to be a doctor.

"But," he explained, "I couldn't marry my girl unless I gave up my orchestra and went into business. Every-



one agreed on that—her family and my family. Even she and I knew that running around the country with an orchestra just wasn't done by the best people down in Texas. It wasn't considered a business for a man. While I was in school, it was fine, but as a profession? Never!"

Smith had played first with a high school orchestra, performing creditably on the banjo, mandolin, guitar or trombone. And during vacations he picked up extra money playing for Saturday afternoon dances. Eventually he had his own orchestra, with which he was playing professionally as well as for school events. It had become well known around Texas and nearby states, and at this time he had offers, which he was tempted to accept, to take it on tour.

Even then Smith was a person who thought everything over quietly and calmly before he made up his mind. But having once decided on a course of action, he lost no time in carrying it out. In a very short time he had made three important decisions: he had given up all thought of being a doctor; he (Continued on page 58)



RENO BE

"We work too hard," says Jack Benny, "and we worry too hard. But we work and worry together—which doesn't allow any loopholes for the roaming eye or the restless heart!"

FUNNY business, I've often thought, the way movie marriages appear to go on the rocks, while radio marriages appear to be headed for the Golden Wedding Day.

Here are the two greatest and most colorful entertainment fields of our times. In both fields men and women of charm, vitality and youth work together, compete with one another, fall in love and marry. In the movie world they appear to keep on falling in love, to keep on marrying. In the radio world they appear to get married and to stay that way.

Look back over the stars that the divorce courts have eaten. The marriages of such luminous stars of past and present as Gloria Swanson, Colleen Moore, Mary and Doug, Joan and young Doug, Clark Gable, Connie Bennett. . . . I could go on and on with somewhat tragic indefiniteness.

On the other hand, look over the luminous stars of the radio . . . the Jack Bennys, the Bing Crosbys, the Fred Allens, the Eddie Cantors. Burns and Allen, the Bob Burnses—Bob's a marriage which only death could dissolve.

Indubitably the stars of the radio would seem to eschew temptation, keep their feet on the ground, even though their heads are, so to speak, in the air.

Why?

I thought I'd ask three of the most outstanding radio couples how they account for the fact that marriage seems to "take" with them, while with their sisters and brothers of the movies it seems to leave-take.

I began with Burns and Allen. Gracie giggled and said: "Oh, that's easy! I can tell you why

I've stayed married to George for more than eleven years. It's because I've never met up with Clark Gable. The instant I say hulloa to Clark I'll say goodbye to George!"

"Gracie, Gracie," groaned George, "this is a serious interview. Miss Hall expects us to answer her intelligently."

"Well, that's what I'm doing, George," said Gracie. "It's a matter of time and space. It's a dimensional problem. How's that, George? You see, when we work on the radio and even when we're doing those nice, chilly love scenes George writes in for me so kindly, even then we stand, my radio hero and I, at least five feet apart. We each have our own separate little microphone. We never, so to speak, get together. There's no clinch. Well, if I have to kiss a man standing five feet away from me, I might as well kiss George!"

"Gracie!" yelped George, as if in pain. He rose and took the floor. Gracie subsided onto the divan and knitted a Little Garment.

"It's like this," said George patiently. "There is no sex on the radio. As Gracie so brilliantly points out, I

BY GLADYS HALL DAMNED!

Jack Benny, George Burns and Bing Crosby explain why radio marriages outlive most of the movie marriages

write all the love scenes she plays. I see to that. There are no clinches. There is no propinquity. Human nature being what it is, this aids in the preservation of married life, as you may perceive.

"Husbands and wives work together on the air. Gracie and I. Jack Benny and Mary, Fred Allen and his wife, and other couples. In the movies, husbands work with other men's wives and vice versa. It's more of a business, the radio work. There's no attempt made to glamorize the radio stars. In the movie studios there's special lighting to beautify, to take the shadows off the nose and so on. In the radio station there is special lighting, from the mike, to put shadows *on* the nose!

"Nor can a romance progress very heatedly when an announcer is forever cutting in on some tender passage with something about cheese being good for intestinal fortitude or Weepin' Willow Gardens a lovely place, and cheap at the price, for the disposal of the dear departed.

"We're not being constantly reminded of love and sex and beauty and glamour in a radio studio. The movie studios, on the other hand, run over with powder-puffs and seductive costumes and soft music and couples who are not married to each other. In a radio station all you get is a gruff voice from the control-room shouting: 'Stand over there another inch!' Or: 'We're eighteen seconds late!' We are timed too exactly on the radio to have any time.

"Then, I know that my wife is cleverer than I am . . ."

"Oh, Georg-ie," purred Gracie.

"Quiet," commanded George. "As I was saying, I know that my wife is cleverer than I am. I play up to

that. I work toward that end. That I have to work very hard is, perhaps, obvious. But here's the secret, or one of them, of the success of our marriage—Gracie *doesn't* know that she is cleverer than I. She always says . . ."

"I always say," chirped Gracie, "that he writes 'em and I say 'em and how could I say 'em if he didn't write 'em?"

"Movie couples," said George, "take themselves too seriously *as individuals*. They give themselves too big a build-up for their own good, or, rather, for the good of their marriages."

"Radio couples get the air while they are working, movie people get the air *after* they work," giggled Gracie.

George bore and forebore. He said: "If a husband and a wife, both in pictures, get parts in the same picture, and the wife's part is bigger than the husband's, there is apt to be trouble. It isn't one for all and all for one in the movies. It's only all for one. They never seem to figure that if one gets the big break, that's swell for both of them. But we do figure that way, on the air.

"Then, too, there's nothing to go to the wife's head on radio. People, as a whole, don't recognize Gracie when she is shopping or anywhere in public. The fan mail we receive is not conducive to making her think of herself as Marlene Dietrich. Most of it is from kids. A great many of the fans think Gracie is anywhere from two to fourteen years of age and the balance of them sympathize with me and ask me how I stand it.

"I'm not liable to get the big (Continued on page 88)

WHAT THEY LISTEN TO AND WHY

Radio listeners defend
their program preferences
—do you agree with them?



"the grandest girl on the air."

mizes perfectly the reasons why I love Wayne King's beautiful music. Its peaceful charm, its soft melodic beauty, its slow sweet rhythm afford a refreshing invitation to placid reflection when the day's work is done."

Orpha M. Dolph, Dearborn, Mich. (Teacher.) "I listen to Jessica Dragonette because she is, without question, the grandest girl on the air. A superb voice, a heavenly personality, a true friend. The dearest, sweetest person I have ever met. It is she who makes life worth living."

Martha Stewart, Dallas, Tex. (University Student.) "My favorite radio programs are 'One Man's Family,' made outstanding by Carlton Morse's ability to depict a typical



"his music delicate as an orchid."

Carl R. Canterbury, Moline, Ill. (Railroad Man.) "Wayne King's music is as delicate as an orchid; as interpretive as a prayer." This eloquent tribute by Walter Win-

American family in an unique philosophical manner; and 'The Magic Key' which brings to listeners the best in various types of music and drama, with gifted stars."

Willye Picha, St. Louis, Mo. (Florist.) "Because Ken Murray, Jack Benny, Eddie Cantor, Willie and Eugene Howard, and Burns and Allen are in themselves clean, clever, finished entertainers, they help me to relax after working hard all day."

A. H. Johnson, Portland, Ore. (Musician and Writer.) "I am happy to say I have no radio and listen to no regular programs. During the proper seasons I borrow a radio in order to listen to: World Series baseball; Pacific Coast football games; Metropolitan Opera and the New York Philharmonic."

R. T. Gidley, Dallas, Tex. (Architect.) "Jack Benny, Fred Allen and Major Bowes are my favorites, first, because they are always interesting and entertaining. They bring smiles—and a smile is one of the finest mental and physical tonics I know of. Second, these programs are skilfully arranged and well presented."

Blanche E. Sery, Allentown, Pa. (High School Teacher.) "For my



"laugh provoker"

lighter moods I prefer Gracie Allen's nonsense. It is laugh-provoking with its utter 'simple-ness'. Sandor, the violin player, suits my deeper moods. I especially like to hear him play Hungarian songs. More Hungarian music over the radio is something I heartily hope for."

John H. Parry, Geneseo, N. Y. (State Normal School Teacher.) "I listen only to symphony orchestras, chamber music and opera broadcasts for the reasons which impel every music lover to listen to superb music well played. These are too well known to need repeating here. Besides, most of them can't be put into words. As for the other kinds of radio programs, they are insufferable bilge. I never turn on the radio—unless I know what I am to hear."

Roy A. Anderson, Muskegon, Mich. (Newspaper Employee.) "I listen to 'Kraft Music Hall' because of the variety of entertainment. Bing Crosby, the crooning master of ceremonies; the master comedian; matchless music-makers; headline guest stars and minimum of advertising."

Mrs. R. H. Fletcher, Carrollton, Ga. (Housewife.) "I prefer comedy programs, such as 'Town Hall Tonight,' (Continued on page 66)



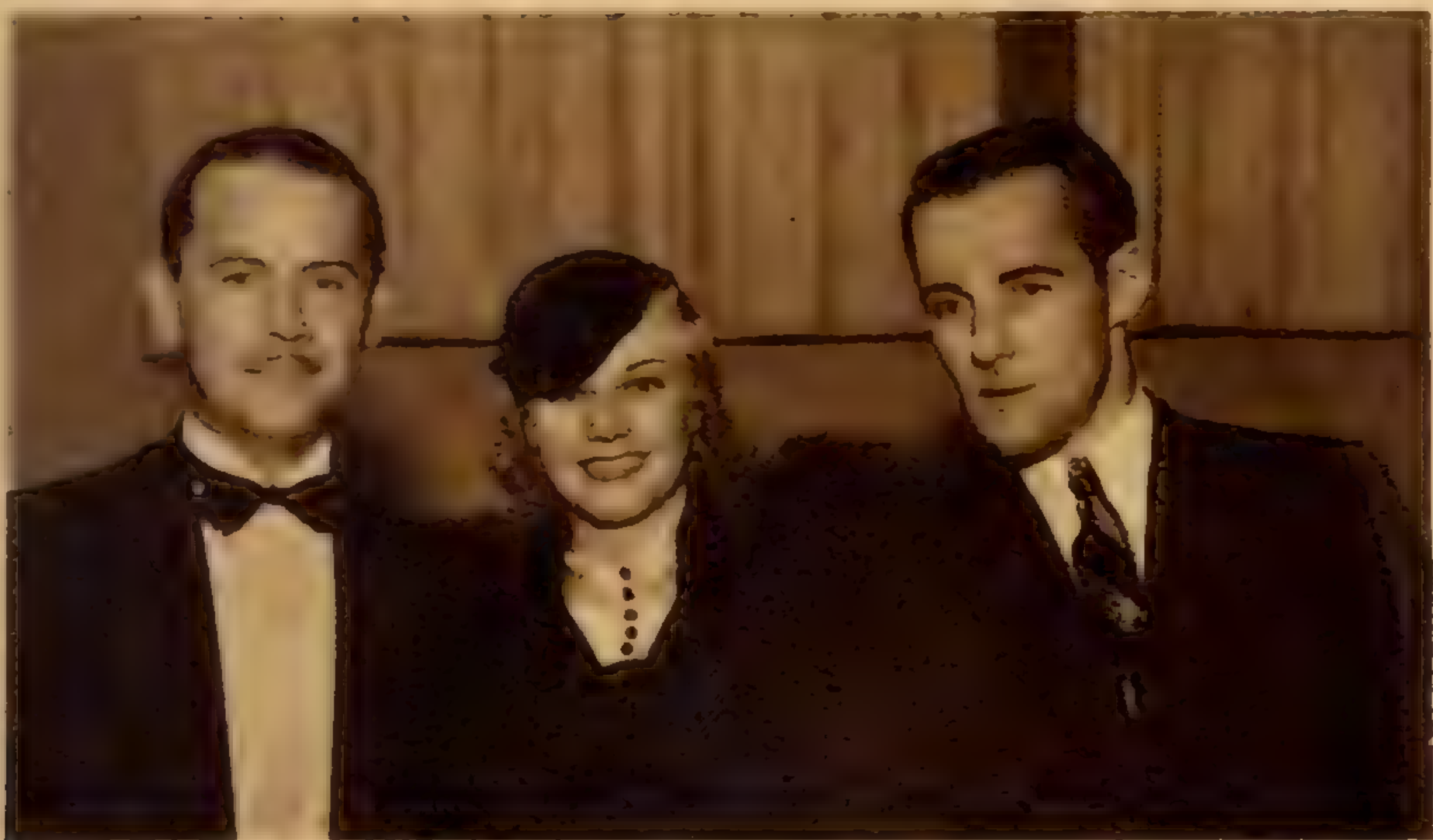
"humanitarian"



TATTTLING ON THE STARS

**When Jimmy Fidler fiddles,
Hollywood dances! But
he plays fair with all**

By Eleanor Alexander



Harry Jackson, orchestra leader, and Jimmy Fidler, Hollywood Tattler, with Ginger Rogers.

"EVERY time I go on the air I may have someone take a swing at me as I come out of the studio or, what is worse, lose a good friend," says Jimmy Fidler with a fighting gleam in his deep blue eyes. "But that's a chance I'm willing to take if I can help someone see a fault that might hurt his career."

Jimmy (you just can't help calling him "Jimmy" as he leans across his note-strewn desk, eyes crinkling at you, friendly and eager) is talking about those open letters to picture stars on his Tuesday night Hollywood gossip broadcast.

"Take Bing Crosby. When I said his singing sounded careless and wondered if he was slipping, I didn't know how he'd take it and we'd been friends a long time. Fortunately he not only took it all right, he listened carefully to his latest recordings and then made them over.

"With Errol Flynn it was different. He didn't like my saying he had gone high-hat and threatened to hang one on my chin but he eventually calmed down and, I hear now, is being human again.

"Constance Bennett took it big when I mentioned the fact she was running around with Gilbert Roland while the Marquis was in Europe. She called me down hard. 'Well,' I told her, 'you can't expect to run around with a man in this country when you've got a husband in another, without making good copy—and I'm a newspaper man.'"

That's just what he is. His piercing blue eyes look straight at you, quickly take in and catalogue every detail. He's absolutely fearless where (*Continued on page 82*)

Above: At one of Jimmy Fidler's "Hollywood-on-the-Air" parties, Jean Parker and Tom Brown were guests. At another (right) were Raoul Roulien, Dolores Del Rio and Gene Raymond.





BY NANETTE
KUTNER

**Should amateur sports
stars be allowed to earn
money by radio broadcasts?**

AN EX-CHAMPION SPEAKS

WHEN Helen Jacobs first became America's woman tennis champion she turned down a radio contract amounting to a thousand dollars a week.

On the face of it such an action does not seem out of the ordinary. Celebrities are known to receive many big money offers, so what's a thousand a week? Perhaps, reasons Mr. Averageman, Miss Jacobs knew what she was doing; perhaps she was holding out for something better.

This, however, was not the case. It is true that celebrities are in the money—but amateur tennis champions are not. Miss Jacobs refused the radio offer because her amateur standing did not permit her to accept.

She is loath to criticize The United States Lawn Tennis Association and its rules. She is loyal, refusing to talk on the subject, but she did say that she wished they would let down the bars on radio.

Fred Perry has appeared on a Vallee program. But Perry is an Englishman, and in Europe they are broad-minded. In France the most outstanding champion and Davis Cup player of a few years back had his own tennis shop bearing his name and selling rackets made famous by him.

"Not only would the freedom of radio broadcasting solve the financial problems of players," said Miss Jacobs, "but it could become an extremely valuable service to would-be athletes. Actually it is those who play who are

best qualified to broadcast advice. If we were allowed to teach over the air, it would be an excellent idea. Right now professionals could do it—and there are plenty of capable ones.

"When I started playing, there wasn't any radio to speak of—I guess that dates me!" she added and laughed that low laugh of hers. "But if there had been radio and they had allowed the current champions to broadcast advice, I would have been given invaluable aid and might have saved myself many mistakes."

Again enters Mr. Averageman, agreeing that it certainly would be ideal to have a champion broadcast lessons, but asking why all the fuss about getting paid? She probably makes a fortune anyway.

That's just the point. She doesn't. An amateur tennis champion, after giving over fifteen years of her life to the game, rarely breaks even. She must practice while others are earning a living; she must forfeit profitable jobs because she cannot hold a position during the tennis season. She is forbidden to earn money by public appearances—in other words, she cannot appear on stage or screen and, for some reason, radio is put in that category. She can go on for nothing, but *not for money*. Besides, an amateur champion must pay part of her own expenses because The Tennis Association adopted what is known as the eight-weeks rule, a rule that prevents a player from competing in tournaments where her expenses are paid



Former Tennis Champion Helen Jacobs

Helen Jacobs says: "Champion tennis requires patience and intelligence. It requires calm nerves and strong bodies. It is an *all-time* job."

Therefore, say I, radio is one of the few mediums that could be combined with it.

If The United States Lawn Tennis Association would look upon radio as a living newspaper and magazine instead of a combination vaudeville stage and circus, things would be different. Players are allowed to write, so why not broadcast as well?

Oh, they do broadcast . . . for nothing. They can appear on non-sponsored programs, like The Radio Party given the day before the matches begin at Forest Hills, and broadcast over all the networks. If, by some miracle, they do get on a sponsored program—and they can, providing they give the money to charity—they have to promise not to talk about tennis.

As Helen Jacobs said to me: "It's silly for a champion to sing, the odds are that she can't. Broadcasters should do what they are capable of doing, and nothing else!"

We were seated on the verandah of The West Side Tennis Club in Forest Hills. Miss Jacobs had just returned from England, where she had come off victor at Wimbledon. We sat, facing The Forest Hills Stadium, and the court that has meant so much to her, the court where she became champion, the court where she beat Helen Wills Moody—the court where she lost to Alice Marble!

She is sweeter, slimmer and less aggressive than her photographs reveal, this girl ex-champion, looking even younger than her twenty-eight years, as she sat there in her imported-from-England, strawberry-parfait-colored sports dress, her short hair waving softly, her greyish eyes, clear and earnest. That's (Continued on page 61)

HER MIND!

for more than eight weeks throughout the year, unless she is asked to play as representative of her country. Of course these rules also apply to men players.

She is allowed to make money writing, which doesn't bring in much of an income. And finally, she must play under all conditions and must expect no compensation if these conditions injure her health. Only a couple of years ago, in Paris, Alice Marble, who, this year, won the championship from Miss Jacobs, collapsed on the court of The Stade Roland Garros. She had an attack of pleurisy which led to serious complications. It was Helen Jacobs and her teammates who took care of her.

To me, a rank outsider, these rules seem foolish. An amateur's life appears to be no bed of roses and if sport-loving America wants to encourage its youngsters to grow up to be champions and furnish them with exciting matches, it ought to do something about making the champion's life a more attractive one. Our athletes could easily be helped and their financial problems solved without the forbidden aid of wearing, nerve-wracking, bad-for-the-muscles stage and screen appearances. Their pocketbooks could be enriched, their health unimpaired, their dignity remain intact and the general public benefited, if only they were allowed to make use of that one important medium—radio.



Captain Tim Healy in his office, where he pores over research material for his true adventure yarns. In addition to these thrilling tales, Captain Tim is, on five mornings a week, plain Tim Healy, Ivory News Reporter on NBC-Red Network.

By Jack Hanley

LADIES CRAVE EXCITEMENT

BEFORE someone rises in furious contradiction, let me contradict myself and admit that on his evening programs Tim Healy will still be "Captain Tim," who tells his thrilling stamp, spy and adventure stories to a constantly increasing audience. But five mornings a week, from 9:45 to 10:00 a.m. the title is shelved, and the Captain becomes plain Tim Healy, *Ivory News Reporter*.

The ripe, mellow voice, with its pleasant hint of brogue, that has charmed and thrilled youngsters to the tune of over two million letters to date, is being aimed, primarily, at a feminine audience—and that's news.

At first glance it may seem unusual for a man, who has made a sensational success thrilling children with adventurous tales, to be placed on what agencies call a "woman interest" program. But on second consideration it doesn't seem so strange that the gentler sex should be attracted by a ripe, rolling baritone; a virile, friendly style of narration and an inside track on the news. It's a safe bet that, given a choice, more women would pick D'Artagnan than a bespectacled professor, and many a sponsor has found, to his sorrow, that a gushy female voice on the ether doesn't make a women's program. Besides, there is the feminine penchant for gossip . . . and what is news but authenticated gossip of the world?

But let's leave logic for a moment and say that, if you listen to Tim Healy, further explanation is unnecessary. He's friendly, interesting and likeable—and the answer is two programs on the air at one time.

The new news broadcast was inspired some two years ago at a luncheon Tim was having with some of his sponsors. To demonstrate how he would handle a news broadcast he picked up a paper and began reading them news items. They seemed to be unusually interesting items—and only when he had finished and confessed did the Procter & Gamble officials realize that he had been reading items that weren't in the paper! Tim had been improvising advance news he had received in cables from

private sources of his own, abroad.

It was two years before that took radio form in the present *Ivory News Reporter*. But Tim Healy worked practically the same stunt in selling himself for the original *Stamp Club* program.

After lecturing successfully all over the country to organizations and school children for some four years, he decided that his stories would make a good radio show and he talked to an agency man, telling some of his stories, *ad lib*. The man was interested and Healy's confidence was so strong that he offered to work for six weeks on the toughest stations they could find, for bare expenses.

So for six weeks Tim broadcast one afternoon a week in Worcester, Massachusetts, and one evening in Hartford, Connecticut, both reputed to be tough stations indeed. And they forgot all about him! Their attention was first attracted by a sudden increase in sales in that territory, which was traced down to Tim's broadcasts.

The morning after his first network broadcast he was called into conference. It was a gloomy conference; they were pessimistic about the value of the show. And then a telephone rang and someone at the station asked for Tim Healy.

"What," said the voice, "do you want us to do with all this mail?"

Healy's ears pricked up. "What mail?" he asked.

"There are 4,600 letters in the first mail," said the voice plaintively, "and more coming in!"

Tim beamed and turned to the waiting conference, grinning. "Gentlemen," he said, "before we go on, ask this feller to repeat what he just told me!"

At the end of his first week he had sent out 10,000 free albums in answer to requests and was 30,000 short! And he's been piling up his audience ever since.

Now that I think of it, I wouldn't be surprised if plenty of women listen to Tim Healy's *Stamp Club* program. Women always have been (Continued on page 84)

Man of action, natural story-teller, Tim Healy thrills women



Mrs. Alexander Black, descendant of a California family prominent since the early Spanish settlements. This is her latest portrait, a study by Hurrell.

Mrs. Alexander Black
of Los Angeles
recalls with pleasure:

Lazy days at Del Monte...casual house parties at her husband's Shasta County ranch...the amusing new evening jackets...charity work...up-country hunting and fishing, dashing East on holidays...attending the film *premieres*...gathering a gay crowd for a midnight snack from the chafing dish: perhaps sweetbreads in cream with chopped almonds...Melba Toast...cheese...coffee.

And always within reach...Camels. Camels are important in the success of this clever hostess. "For me and for most of my friends, Camels are a natural, necessary part of social life. Camels add a special zest to smoking," says Mrs. Black, "and they have a beneficial effect upon digestion. They give one a comforting 'lift' that is easy to enjoy but hard to describe."

A few of the distinguished women who prefer
Camel's costlier tobaccos:

MRS. NICHOLAS BIDDLE, Philadelphia
MISS MARY BYRD, Richmond
MRS. POWELL CABOT, Boston
MRS. THOMAS M. CARNEGIE, JR., New York
MRS. J. GARDNER COOLIDGE, II, Boston
MRS. ERNEST du PONT, JR., Wilmington
MRS. CHISWELL DABNEY LANGHORNE, Virginia
MRS. JASPER MORGAN, New York
MRS. NICHOLAS G. PENNIMAN, III, Baltimore
MRS. LANGDON POST, New York
MISS ANNE C. ROCKEFELLER, New York
MRS. BROOKFIELD VAN RENSSELAER, New York

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The Trianon Room, Ambassador Hotel, New York, where you see Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York too! John Gayet, *maitre d'hôtel*, says: "The Ambassador's discriminating clientele prefer finer food and finer tobaccos. Camels are an outstanding favorite at our tables."

Both a pleasure and an aid to digestion:
Smoking Camels!

One of the happiest experiences of daily living is smoking Camels. Their grateful "lift" eases you out of a tired mood...their delicate flavor always intrigues the taste. Meals become more delightful with Camels between courses and after. They accent elusive flavors...and lend their subtle aid

to good digestion. For Camels stimulate the flow of digestive fluids, bringing about a favorable alkalizing effect.

Camel's costlier tobaccos do not get on your nerves or tire your taste. They set you right. Make it Camels from now on — for pleasure...and for digestion's sake!



COSTLIER TOBACCOS: CAMELS ARE MADE FROM FINER, MORE EXPENSIVE TOBACCOS...TURKISH AND DOMESTIC...THAN ANY OTHER POPULAR BRAND.

— for Digestion's sake... Smoke Camels

POISE

is in your hands

There is nothing more captivating than the appearance of perfect ease. Call it what you will, but the natural charm of the man or woman whose every motion breathes confidence, is magnetic...

What is so surprising is to discover how much of this impression is dependent upon the hands. Watch the hands of a speaker. Notice the hands of your favorite actress in action. Or bring it closer home and see how your own hands behave.

Do you find yourself hunting for rough spots? Is one hand always busy exploring the other for defects? It is so easy to fall into the habit of appearing awkward by letting your hands ruin your poise. Make your hands an asset to your personality. It is so easy!

The first step is to keep your hands smooth and delicately fragrant. Your hands must be comfortable to *you*! When they are comfortable and attractive to you, they just naturally appear graceful to others.

Just try the Frostilla treatment for a week or so...your poise will improve tremendously.

Frostilla is the perfect skin lotion...For over 60 years it has been recognized as

the first and basic requirement to skin loveliness.

Frostilla stands apart from other lotions and creams because it does two things. First, it makes the skin smooth, attractive to the touch and delicately fragrant. Second, it imparts to the skin the resiliency that is essential, if the skin is to maintain a youthful appearance.

Fourteen exquisite flowers from Southern France contribute their perfume to Frostilla Lotion. Another ingredient is selected from certain trees found in the Ural Mountains of Russia. No place is too distant, no care too great to bring to Frostilla the qualities that make it the soothing lotion that protects and conditions the skin.

Make these two tests and you will never be satisfied with anything less than Frostilla Fragrant Lotion.

Test No. 1. Take your most expensive perfume, a bottle of Frostilla and any other lotion or cream...Then, after smelling your favorite perfume as a standard of fragrance, smell the other two. You will quickly discard all other lotions and

creams in favor of Frostilla Fragrant Lotion. Its quality is instantly apparent.

Test No. 2. Dip a toothpick in Frostilla and another one in any other cream or lotion...Let them dry! Then slip your fingers along the toothpicks. You will find that Frostilla leaves no gummy or soapy residue. Frostilla does not "coat" the skin. It is a true skin conditioner.

35c, 50c and \$1.00 sizes everywhere.

Travel size at ten-cent stores.

(35c and 50c sizes fit most standard wall dispensers.)

A Gift for Frostilla's Friends... What do you do with your little finger when you pick up a glass or cup? How do you hold a cigarette? Pick up cards? Shake hands? Margery Wilson gives the authoritative answers to these and other



Margery Wilson,
International Authority
on Charm and Poise

questions in an illustrated booklet on how to use your hands correctly. Although this booklet is priced at 50c, we have arranged to present it *without charge* to Frostilla users in the United States and Canada until May 30, 1937.

Just mail the front of a 35c, 50c or \$1.00 Frostilla Fragrant Lotion carton (or two fronts from 10c sizes) with your name and address and your FREE copy will be forwarded post-paid. Address "Frostilla," 436 Gray Street, Elmira, New York.

FROSTILLA

Scented with a lovely bouquet perfume

Alcohol 75%

FRAGRANT LOTION

NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?

Popular stars of the air answer questions from their fans

Had you any other ambitions before entering the field of radio?

Ray Perkins: "Wanted to be a composer. Still do, but alas, we 'artists' must live!"

Helen Jepson: "Always to make the Metropolitan Opera and in January 1935 I made my debut."

Jose Manzanara: "My greatest ambition was to be a salesman. Many a time I was impressed by such men as Mr. Cowling, head sales manager of the Ford Motor Co. He is to me the finest example in this field."

Jane Froman: "Yes. I wanted to be a journalist."

Frank Crumit: "Only to retire after seventeen years on the stage."

Jerry Belcher: "To make enough money to retire in a reasonable degree of comfort."

Lucy Monroe: "Yes, and I still have opera as my goal. I love it better than anything."

Donald Novis: "To be a well known physical education instructor and to be the coach of a championship football team."

Don Mario: "When I was a boy I wanted to be a cowboy. Later I wanted to be a circus performer. Then a scenic artist. Each time I saw a picture I wanted to be an actor. I have studied and delved into many things and, even though for the past ten years I have earned a good living singing, I still have high hopes of some day producing my own shows. I think that the average youth with ambition will always be attracted by a life of glamour and power."

Virginia Verrill: "First to finish high school with outstanding marks, so Mother would not make me go to college and I could give my entire time to radio."

Freddie Rich: "I always had a yen to conduct and compose."

Do you feel that news broadcasts stimulate the buying of newspapers?

David Ross: "A news broadcast is the cocktail that sharpens the appetite for the main dish which is served leisurely and with trimmings in your newspaper."

Bernice Claire: "Yes. I feel that, on hearing some interesting item, a person does want to 'see his daily paper for further details.'"



Clara, Lu and Em are more delightful than ever!

Bob Burns: "Yes, news broadcasts have forced me to buy newspapers."

Igor (Charles) Gorin: "Yes, indeed. The short items heard over the radio arouse curiosity to know further details."

Rosario Bourdon: "I do, for you are never given more than a 'tip' on a story. Usually the most interesting part of the story cannot be given over the air."

Olga Albani: "Decidedly so. The March of Time and other news broadcasts stimulate the appetite for more information on one subject or another."

Ray Perkins: "I like news broadcasts and I buy newspapers a-plenty. Outside of that I have never thought of it. Don't intend to get into any argument, as some of my best friends are newspaper men and I also am big-hearted toward newspaper commentators."

Bob Crosby: "In my own case, they neither stimulate nor depress. I enjoy news broadcasts and I buy my newspapers."

Do you believe that the present rate of rapid production of radio programs is conducive to the creation of anything genuinely artistic?

Ray Perkins: "Rapid creation is an unfortunate necessity at present and I doubt if it ever will be otherwise. In spite of it, program producers are frequently turning out artistic work. Possibly the day will come when a program 'hits' the air monthly or bi-monthly instead of on a weekly grind basis."

Abe Lyman: "As far as I am concerned, I minimize the 'artistic' and worry about the 'entertainment' part of radio, being solely concerned with that type of air endeavor."

Eddie Dowling: "You can't race art against a stop-watch. Radio would cut

Lincoln's Gettysburg speech to get the commercial over."

Benay Venuta: "I believe an 'artistic' thing can be created quickly as well as by taking a lot of time and thought."

Jimmy Fidler: "Yes and no. Rapid production is okay if veteran artists are employed. A veteran can quickly adapt himself to any situation. I think spontaneity is vital to good radio programs—and that can come only with freshness, not with tiresome rehearsal. Of course, big musical programs, radio dramas and the like, must be carefully prepared; in fact, I think many radio shows could stand more careful advance preparation."

Ozzie Nelson: "No—but who wants to be artistic?"

Andre Kostelanetz: "Only sporadically. It is almost impossible to turn out a genuinely artistic job under pressure of speed. Anything artistic means work, and work means time."

Teddy Bergman: "Yes. Genius knows no speed laws."

Jimmy Farrell: "I believe that the rapid rate of production of programs has very little to do with the artistic creation, unless, of course, the artist is over-taxed because of too many performances and cannot give wholly to all of them."

Myrtle Vail: "Most all radio programs are produced rapidly—but only a few are artistic. However, almost all of them must be entertaining to remain on the air."

Ed McConnell: "Time does not necessarily govern the creation of a thing genuinely artistic. Many artistic creations are born almost spontaneously. However, this is the exception rather than the rule, and in a general sense I would say there is less likelihood of anything genuinely artistic being created as a result of rapid production."

WEST COAST CHATTER

*Seductive
fragrance
of Spring!*



CHERAMY
**April
Showers
Talc**

THIS is the most famous, best-loved talcum powder in the world. Its quality is superb. Its fragrance is eternally new and forever right—the fresh perfume of flowers after a rain.

Supremely fine—yet the cost is low—28¢ for the standard size at fine stores everywhere.

*Exquisite...but
not Expensive*

Not breaking a record, but making one, landed Francia White in the news. Nelson Eddy heard her voice on a record and promptly decided on Francia for a leading lady on his radio program. They didn't meet until Francia had signed on the dotted line. Had he seen her first and without sound effects, Nelson admitted, he still would have signed Francia.

Sid Silvers' childhood was just a series of bum breaks, so he decided to play Santa Claus to as many children as his budget would allow. First, Sid decided, he'd give some deserving youngster a musical education. He put an ad in the paper and after one day hastily withdrew it. Some eighty-seven children and as many parents piled up on his doorstep that first day. After a three-day weeding process, Silvers selected Edward Earle, aged five, who showed unusual promise on the piano.

Andre Kostelanetz is in love. But whether the object of his affections is Lily Pons or TWA we can't make out. Each Saturday, after his broadcasts, he flies to Hollywood and is back in New York for a Tuesday evening rehearsal. He's coaching Lily for her forthcoming picture.

After four years of trying to pronounce Parkyakarkus, we've seen the light. Harry Einstein's father ran a supply house in Boston and would greet every customer with "Park your carcass."

When Charles Gorin is announced one of these days and you hear Igor Gorin's familiar tones, just blame it on Hollywood. Igor's recently signed a motion picture contract, with the stipulation that from now on he'll be Charles. That just applies around the movie factories, but if Igor Charles makes a success in celluloid, radio will be capitalizing on the same guy.

Jimmy Fidler's back on the air with a three-year contract at a neat increase. The stars don't rule the air waves, evidently, or some of the more prominent Hollywood ones would have had Jimmy banned long since.

A focal point in the Rogers-Ayres divorce was the custody of "Shep," their mongrel pup. Lew won out, but Shep's custodian these days is Bob Burns. Lew's on vacation and Bob is spending every spare moment at Lake Arrowhead, keeping an eye on the Ayres' cabin, dog and razor-back hogs.

Kate Smith and the celluloid will soon get together again. Movies lost interest in Katie for a while, but it's pretty definite now that 20th Century-Fox has found room for her. Unless our spies have misinformed us, she'll be Shirley Temple grown-up in the next Temple epic. There's a strong resemblance between the girls, at that.

Frances Langford must feel she has

ARRIVED. Most girls, anyhow, don't turn down a cool \$9,000 unless they feel pretty sure about the future, one way or another. And Frances chose to spend her three-weeks' vacation in Lakeland, Florida (the hum town) rather than bring in the dough to the tune of \$3,000 per week at the Capitol Theater in New York. It was while singing at the Capitol that Frances was spotted by Walter Wanger of the films. Every minute not spent in song was spent in prayer, for Frances was getting \$350 per week. And that was big money back in 1935 B. C. (Before contract.)

There can be too much of a good thing, believe it or not. Robert Ripley, not long ago, used to be in daily fear that his unusual stock of material might run low. Now his collection has grown to such proportions that the Ripley house looks like a mausoleum, what with every room crammed with shelves of material all tagged and numbered. Bob's final solution to this problem suits a Southern California University. For he's endowing a Believe-It-Or-Not museum on their campus, complete with building, staff and all the trimmings.

When the Fred Astaire program was set for the same hour as Camel Caravan, it didn't make CBS and NBC any more palsy-walsy. You can't get within ten feet of a CBS man without hearing of that University of Southern California radio class which chose Camel Caravan as its favorite program. And at a distance of fifteen feet, the NBC-ers will tell you that this vote was taken the week before Fred made his first broadcast. Looks like a fight to the finish this time.

None of those wedding bells, after all, for Alice Faye and Michael Whalen. It's just a beautiful friendship. "Alice is a grand girl," Michael told us, "but how can a fellow like me ask a girl to marry him? What have I to offer her besides my temporary fame and myself?" What indeed?

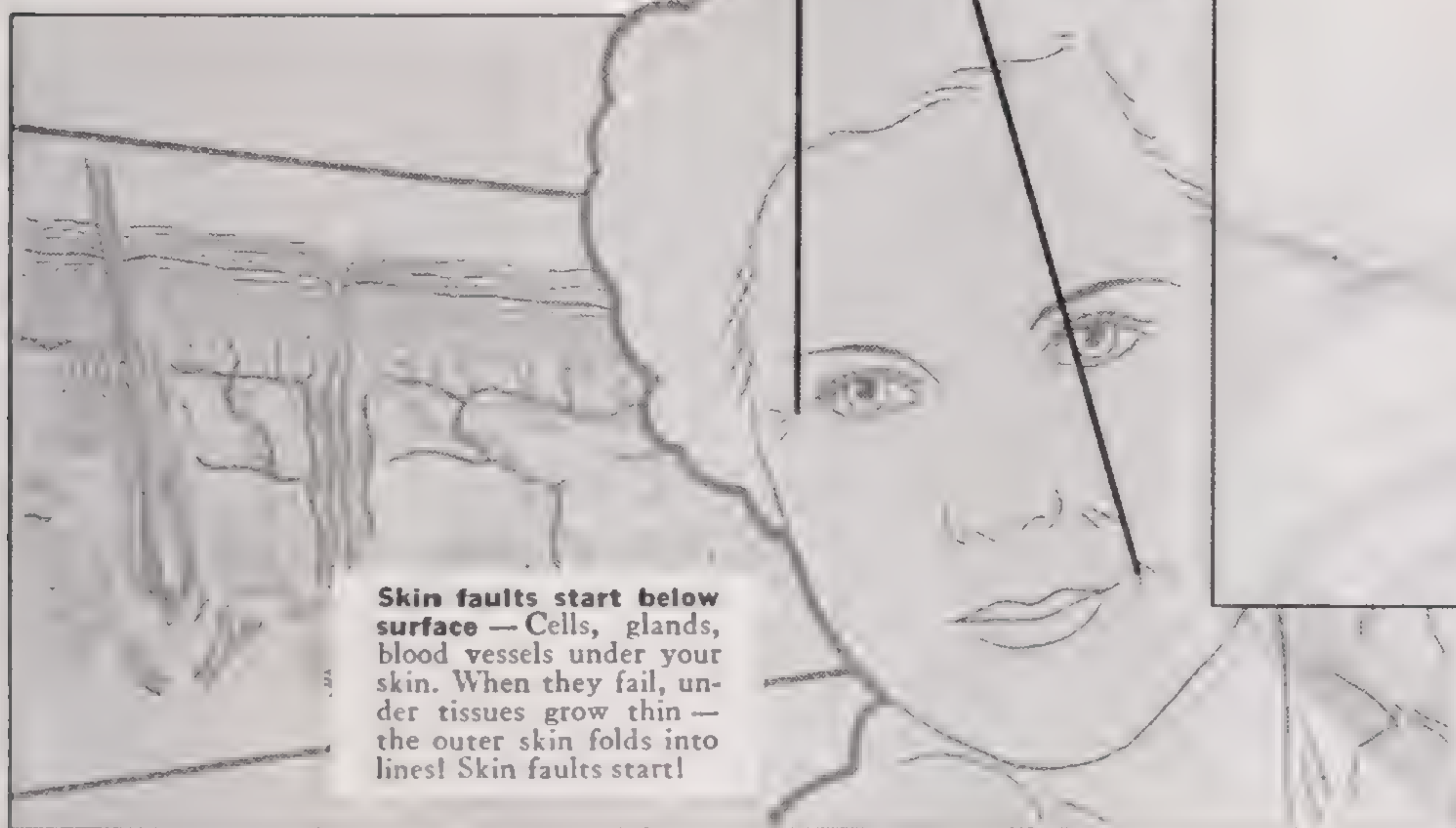
Janet Cantor, Eddie and Ida's youngest, is suffering the pangs of unrequited love for the first time in her eight years. She's been a faithful attender at all the Cantor broadcasts and has made no bones about the fact that Bobby Breen is the main attraction, not Papa. She became known as Stage-door Janet, by waiting faithfully for Bobby after every performance. Invitations for swimming in the pool at home, croquet, bicycling and all manner of entertainment didn't get a rise out of Bobby, however. But the day Janet brought her pet puppy along changed Master Breen. He completely lost his heart to it. Janet is still just a Girl to him, but in order to play with the dog he now devotes considerable time to playing with Janet, too.

Ask just about anyone in Hollywood
(Continued on page 56)

LINES

SAY

"over 30!"



Miss Esther Brooks, much admired in New York this past winter, says: "Pond's Cold Cream takes every speck of dirt out of my pores, keeps my skin clear of blackheads."

A Sign that UNDER TISSUES are Shrinking!

THOSE mean little lines that creep in around your eyes, your mouth . . . You are only 25. But people see them—"She's every bit of thirty!"

Or, you are over thirty . . . but not a sign of a line. And everybody takes you for years younger than you are—"Not a day over 20!"

Do you know what those same little lines say to a dermatologist? He sees right through them to the under layers of your skin, and says: "It's the *under tissues* at fault!"

Keep away Blackheads, Blemishes —with Under Skin treatment

Skin faults are not always a matter of years. Look at the skin diagram above. Those hundreds of tiny cells, glands, fibres *under* your skin are what really make it clear and satiny—or full of faults! Once *they* fail, skin faults begin. But keep them active—you can, with Pond's rousing "deep-skin" treatment—and your skin blooms fresh, line-free, as in your teens.

Pond's Cold Cream contains specially processed oils which reach deep into the pores. It floats out all the dirt, make-up, skin secretions that are starting to clog. Already, your skin looks fresher!

More . . . You pat this perfectly bal-

anced cream briskly into your skin . . . Start the circulation pulsing, oil glands working freely.

Do this regularly—day after day. Before long, cloggings cease. Pores grow finer. Blackheads, blemishes go . . . And



Mrs. Eugene du Pont III

whose fresh, glowing skin just radiates youth and beauty, says: "Pond's Cold Cream freshens me up right away . . . It takes away that tired look and makes 'late-hour' lines fade completely."

those myriads of little fibres strengthen! Your skin grows firm *underneath*—smooth, line-free *outside*, where it shows.

Here's the simple Pond's way to win the clear, glowing skin that never tells of birthdays. Follow this treatment day and night.

Two things to remember

Every night, cleanse with Pond's Cold Cream. Watch it bring out all the dirt, make-up, secretions. Wipe it all off! . . . Now pat in more cream briskly. Rouse that failing underskin. Set it to work again—for that smooth, line-free skin you want.

Every morning, and during the day, repeat this treatment with Pond's Cold Cream. Your skin becomes softer, finer every time. Powder goes on beautifully.

Start in at once. The coupon below brings you a special 9-treatment tube of Pond's Cold Cream.

SPECIAL 9-TREATMENT TUBE and 3 other Pond's Beauty Aids

POND'S, Dept M-128 Clinton, Conn. Rush special tube of Pond's Cold Cream, enough for 9 treatments, with generous samples of 2 other Pond's Creams and 5 different shades of Pond's Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ to cover postage and packing.

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copyright, 1936, Pond's Extract Company



It is hard to believe that
FEMININE HYGIENE
can be so dainty, easy and
GREASELESS

BUT IT IS TRUE • Zonitors, snowy-white antiseptic, greaseless, are not only easier to use than ordinary preparations but are completely removable with water. For that reason alone thousands of women now prefer them to messy, greasy suppositories. Soothing—harmless to tissue. Entirely ready for use, requiring no mixing or clumsy apparatus. Odorless—and ideal for deodorizing. You'll find them superior for this purpose, too!

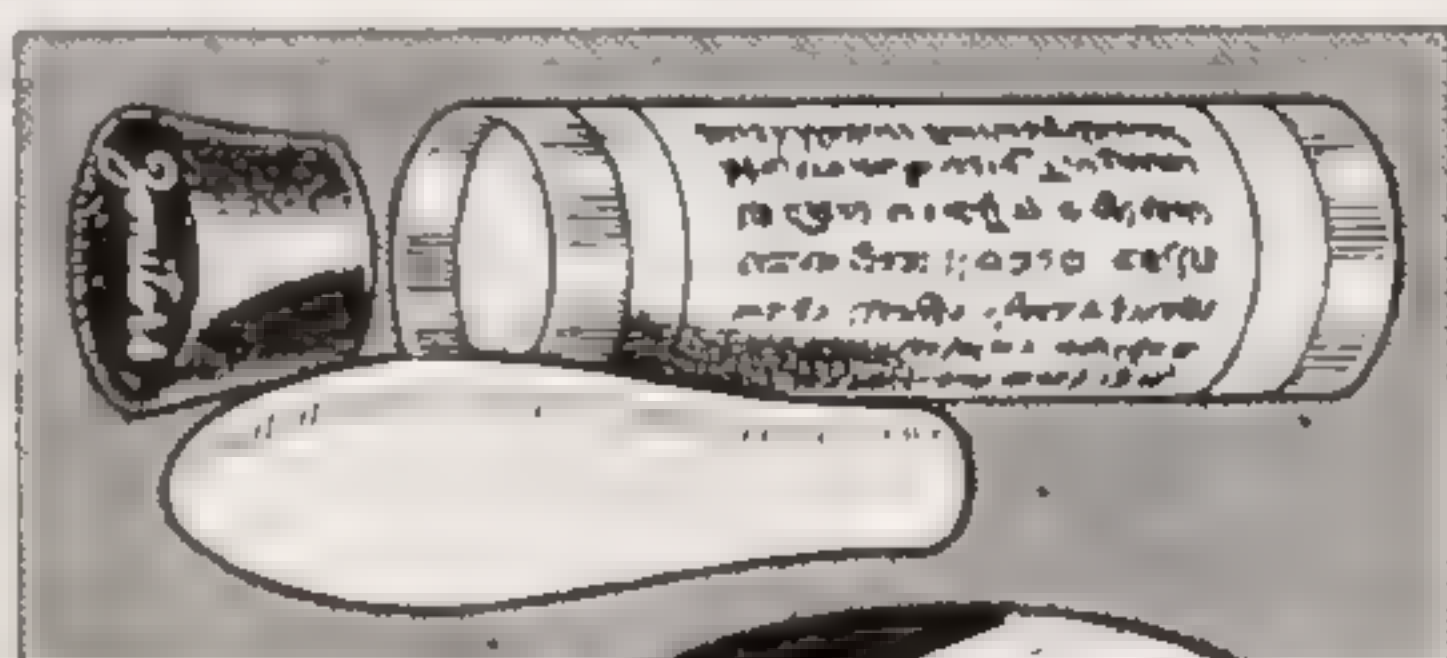
• More and more women are ending the nuisance of greasy suppositories, thanks to the exclusive new greaseless Zonitors for modern feminine hygiene.

There is positively nothing else like Zonitors for daintiness, easy application and easy removal, yet they maintain the long, effective antiseptic contact physicians recommend.

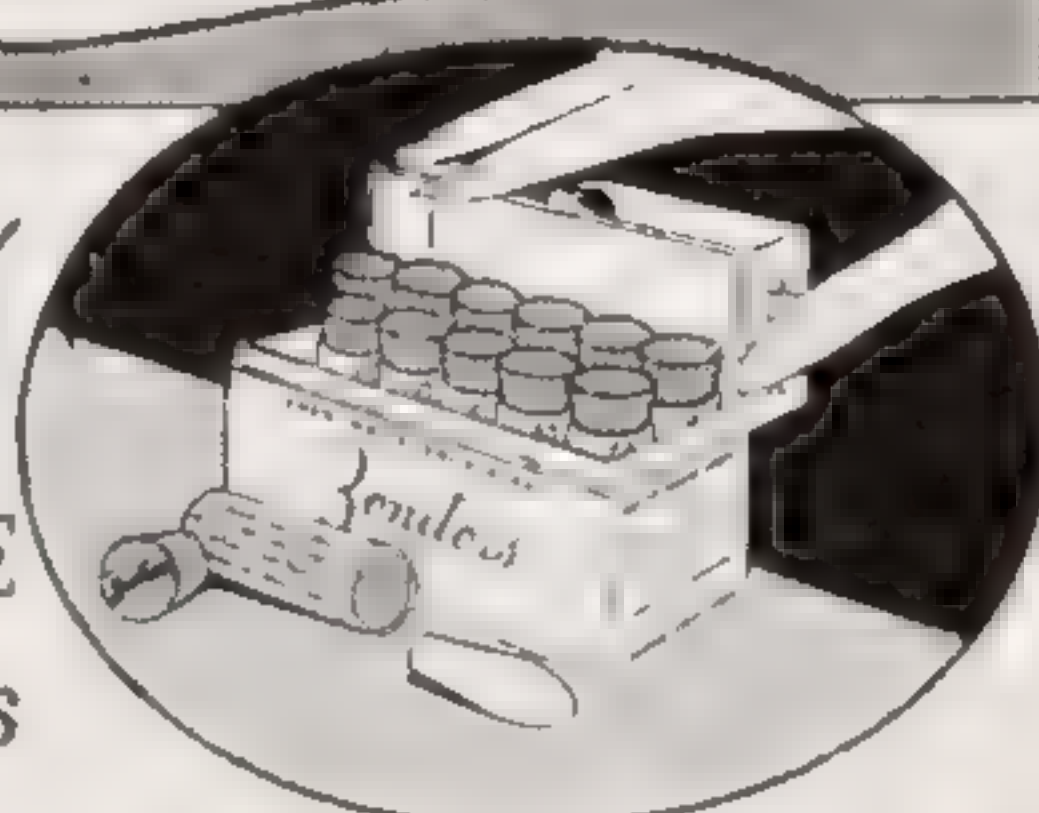
Zonitors make use of the world famous Zonite antiseptic principle favored in medical circles because of its antiseptic power and freedom from "burn" danger to delicate tissues.

Full instructions in package. All U.S. and Canadian druggists. Mail coupon for informative free booklet.

Each in individual glass vial



Zonitors
 FOR
FEMININE HYGIENE
 Snowy White • Greaseless



Zonitors, 3416 Chrysler Bldg., N.Y.C. Send, in plain envelope, free booklet, A New Technique in Feminine Hygiene.

Name.....

Address.....

A ZONITE PRODUCT

Your Kodak Picture
ENLARGED

FREE 8x10 inch ENLARGEMENT of any SNAPSHOT

Your favorite snapshots of children, parents and loved ones are more enjoyable when enlarged to 8x10 inch size—suitable for framing.

These beautiful, permanent enlargements bring out the details and features you love just as you remember them when the snapshots were taken. Just to get acquainted, we will enlarge any Kodak picture, print or negative to 8x10 inches—FREE—if you enclose 25c to help cover our cost of packing, postage and clerical work. The enlargement itself is free. It will also be beautifully hand tinted in natural colors if you want it. We will acknowledge receiving your snapshot immediately. Your original will be returned with your free enlargement. Pick out your snapshot and send it today.



GEPPERT STUDIOS

Dept. 287
 Des Moines, Iowa

WEST COAST CHATTER

(Continued from page 54)

to name the ten most popular girls in town and you can bet that Mrs. Evelyn Offield will be on the list. When not being listed, Mrs. Offield is Jack Oakie's mother and finds time to mother all his pals on the side. She was watching Jack during a rehearsal for a radio broadcast the other day and after he had reduced everyone in the cast to such helpless laughter that the director had to call a halt to the rehearsal, Mrs. Offield turned to her companion and said: "I have a funny boy, haven't I?"

Gracie Allen and George Burns are home owners for the first time in their lives. But it wasn't their idea. Sandra and Ronny, the Burns children, wept and wailed so lustily every time the New York apartment was mentioned, that their parents decided a Beverly Hills home was a bargain compared to a corps of nerve specialists.

But even with Sandra and Ronny quieted down, the Burnses aren't getting much peace in the new home. Since Gracie introduced those "mouthies," the telephone rings day and night with enthusiasts offering choice selections they have just thought up. Gracie thought up the new game because she was so sick of "handies" and thought this might be a game to end all games. She's getting no sympathy from George, either, in her present predicament. He never did think she should think.

Fred Astaire and Don Ameche insist that "handies" aren't dead yet. Not, at least, until they get this one broadcasted. "Knock, knock." "Who's there?" "Ameche." "Ameche who?" "Ameche on the second flight Astaire's."

Bing Crosby hasn't any time for reminiscing on the hula gals now that he's back from Honolulu. There's a new picture awaiting, the Kraft Music Hall, and—biggest job of all—his directorship of the Del Mar Turf Club. Several friends—George Raft, Gary Cooper, Pat O'Brien and Clark Gable—are going to see that Bing tends to the club business, since Crosby managed to wangle a couple of thousand apiece from the boys in order to get the organization under way.

Marion Talley is hard at work on what a cruel critic referred to as her "squeaking voice" in a preview of "Follow Your Heart." Marion spent so much time on her singing voice, even to marrying a couple of her singing teachers, that she claims there was little time left for talking.

The in-law question took a unique turn on a Lux Theater program when James Cagney made love to Boots Mallory, his brother Bill's wife. However, as far as the Cagneys are concerned, there never was an in-law question. All the Cagney relatives—and there are swarms of them—and all the relatives of the Cagney wives and husbands, represent one of the closest cliques in Hollywood. The organization is known as the "Cagney Club" hereabouts.

Harry Jackson, conductor of the Hollywood Talent Parade orchestra, has just returned from a Kansas visit with his favorite fan—Mrs. Louisa Jackson, his 83-year-old mother. Mrs. Jackson thought radio a new-fangled notion until Harry's first program was aired. Now she won't take a ride in a neighbor's car unless there's a radio along.

The most conclusive evidence yet offered for the pro-audience side, was at a recent broadcast. The announcer was giving the following week's line-up. At the mention of Robert Taylor a great gasp of delight arose from the audience, followed by a long and wistful sigh. This amazing audience reaction was of such spontaneity that there's hardly a radio audience antagonist left in town.

Jack Benny will make the movie capitol his mike headquarters for the year. For a couple of good reasons. First, he's signed up for two more Paramount pictures, and second, he's bought a Beverly Hills home for Mary and Joan Naomi Benny and himself.

Mary McCormic and Bob Burns had a swell time between rehearsals for that Music Hall program on which Mary guested. They talked of their native Arkansas and all about the childhood days which they did not spend together. Miss McC. was born and brought up 140 miles from Van Buren.

Rehearsal close-ups: Bing Crosby always wears a hat . . . Kay Francis wears horn-rimmed specs . . . Joan Crawford pushes her hat nervously back and forth on her head . . . Victor Young wears tennis shoes . . . Jean Arthur clutches the script and claws at her blonde hair . . . Jack Oakie grins continually . . . Jack Benny takes it seriously . . . Joel McCrea looks intensely bored . . . Carole Lombard looks like she's having the time of her life . . .

Jimmy Dorsey has the best stagger system of sleep in Hollywood. Playing at Sebastian's Cotton Club from 8 till 3 a. m. each night, getting to bed around 5 and rising at 7 for Kraft Music Hall rehearsals isn't exactly conducive to rest. In between times he makes phonograph recordings and rehearses for the Cotton Club. He catches a wink here and there between studios, broadcasts, clubs and—so a pal of ours in his orchestra swears—between numbers.

Jack Benny's probably the only man on radio who knocked down his guest star and got away with it. Jack's dancing may not be as polished as Fred Astaire's but at least he had all the enthusiasm for the dance when he opened the Astaire broadcast. So much so, in fact, that in making a dive for Ginger Rogers he sent her spinning across the stage, to sprawl flat in one corner. Ginger suggested that she and Jack collaborate on a correspondence course, "How to Break Your Back in 10 Easy Lessons."

(Continued on page 60)



Special...for a Little Lady

[SPECIAL TREATMENT
...SPECIAL CARE
...EVEN A SPECIAL LAXATIVE!]

HERE WE SEE a little lady getting her regular dental examination...*special care* her mother seldom got when she was a girl.



One reason why children thrive better today than 20 years ago is because of *special care* like this. Their food...their clothes...even their playthings are *specialized* for them.

Your doctor will tell you that this new thinking applies to laxatives, too.

They say a child should get only a laxative made *especially* for children—a laxative that can't possibly harm the tiniest and most delicate infant system.

That's why so many physicians recommend Fletcher's Castoria. For here is a child's laxative pure and simple. *Never do*

we recommend it for anyone else. Fletcher's Castoria is exceedingly mild in action. Yet it is thorough. It works chiefly on the lower bowel—not in the stomach.

Quickly and completely it clears away the waste in a baby's system...without the painful griping and digestive upsets some harsh laxatives cause. Fletcher's Castoria contains no harsh, purging drugs, no narcotics—nothing that could upset a baby's delicate system. *A famous baby specialist said he couldn't write a better prescription himself!*



You'll be glad to know that Fletcher's Castoria tastes good, too. Children take it willingly—without forcing. And doctors will tell you just how important that is. For often the act of forcing a child to

take a laxative he hates completely upsets his entire nervous system.

So, mother, reflect a bit before you next buy a laxative for your child. Always make sure of these two important things: (1) That it's made especially for children. (2) That your child will like its taste.

More than 5,000,000 mothers keep a bottle of Fletcher's Castoria on hand, always. Why not play safe and get the economical Family-Size Bottle today? The signature Chas. H. Fletcher appears on every carton.

Chas. H. Fletcher
CASTORIA
The laxative made *especially*
for babies and growing children

HE'S GOT PLENTY OF UMPHHH!

(Continued from page 43)

had refused opportunities to continue with his music and make an easy living in a most pleasant way—and he had married the girl he loved.

He had no qualifications for any other work, but he was grimly determined to do his best. Through friends he obtained a job as salesman at a salary of one hundred dollars a month, which was less money than either he or his wife had been accustomed to have for spending money. Both their well-to-do families were nearby to see that they got into no serious financial difficulties, but Smith was anxious to make good on his own. At the end of a year, his salary was raised to thirty-five dollars a week, but it was tough going.

He was too proud to ask his family for financial help, but he did occasionally go to a banker, an elderly man, who was one of his best friends, for a loan.

"He would always lend me twenty-five or fifty dollars," Smith told me, "but I never saw him that he didn't advise me to give up my job and go back into the music business. He knew I loved music more than anything and that I was unhappy and unsuccessful in the work I was doing."

"Money isn't everything," the man told him. "You have a talent for entertaining people; you love music. Go back to it."

He told Ballew of his own experience—how he had given up the thing he wanted to do to satisfy the wishes of his family. He had been successful, but his heart was not in his work. He realized that Smith was disheartened and he encouraged him to get out.

During this time, Smith had many more disturbing offers to join an orchestra and each offer precipitated a family conference. Finally they decided it was the thing to do and Smith accepted an offer to go with Ted Fiorito's band. Although the families didn't approve, they offered no strenuous objections and probably felt he might as well get it out of his system.

Success came easily. It was just at the time when every orchestra featured a singer and Smith was that featured singer, as well as manager of the orchestra, for which he received one hundred and eighty-five dollars a week.

He had courted his wife by crooning love songs to her and it turned out that the voice that was good enough to win Mrs. Ballew was just right to audiences everywhere, for the radio and for phonograph records. His voice and his orchestra were in such demand for records at one time that he was recording under seven different names. Robert Smith, Charles Roberts, Buddy Blue and Art Dalton were some of the names he used.

Smith Ballew and His Orchestra won fame at the Club Richman, at Whyte's Fifth Avenue, at Villa Vallee, Pavillon Royale, at the Hollywood Restaurant and other New York spots and in exclusive Florida and Long Island clubs.

Smith and his wife were young, gay and happy. Money came easily and they spent it freely. They enjoyed everything

as it came. His income was enormous and they never thought of a rainy day.

"I worked every minute," he said, in talking of that time. "Rehearsing, broadcasting, making records and appearing at night clubs. But it was fun."

It wasn't all fun, however, and the rainy day did come. There was one time when he returned to New York from a tour and was just too late for every available job.

"We were very hard up, down to almost nothing, in fact," he said. "I'll never forget it. We lived in a boarding-house and paid eighteen dollars a week for a room in which we could do light house-keeping."

Smith composed a song entitled *We Can Live on Love*, but for more practical purposes they turned to the more substantial diet of beans.

"Beans were the least expensive thing we would eat," he said. "Actually we had beans for breakfast, beans for lunch and beans for dinner."

He was out every day looking for a job and one night when he returned home he found his wife ill.

"She was so sick of beans she had to go to the hospital!" He laughs at it now, although it was a tragic moment at the time. "I was sick, too. I felt I was the cause of her illness and I decided to wire home for money and go back on the job as salesman."

"But my wife wouldn't let me send the telegram. She insisted we should stick it out and she told me over and over that she knew I would get a job."

"Her wonderful courage and her willingness to stick it out with me was what I needed, I guess. I got a job shortly after that and everything was all right again."

"Another time I was out of a job and we were down to about one hundred and fifty dollars. Some friends of ours from Texas had arrived in New York and invited us out for the evening. I put the hundred-dollar bill carefully in one pocket and the rest of my money in another pocket. When we arrived home the hundred-dollar bill was gone and all the money we had in the world was twelve dollars. But we didn't believe in hoarding. The next night we invited our friends to go to dinner with us and spent our last dollar. My wife said when we were broke another job would turn up—and it did!"

Those experiences and the loss of all his accumulated savings in the 1929 crash have only made him more appreciative of his present success. His money is going into insurance and a savings account now. The Ballews live well, but simply. They have no ambitions to build a Hollywood mansion around a swimming pool and, in fact, prefer to live in a rented house. Frequent visits from their Texas friends and the demands of Smith's work leave them little time for Hollywood's social life.

Smith doesn't care for social life, anyway, and his long legs, which give him a distinct advantage on the tennis court, are no asset at a pink tea.

He likes everything that one does out-

STOP USING
half-way
TOOTHPASTES
—USE
FORHAN'S



DOES BOTH JOBS

CLEANS TEETH

Simply cleaning your teeth may keep them white—for a while! But when neglected gums become soft and spongy all the half-way measures in the world won't preserve your teeth.

Don't take that chance, start using Forhan's. It gives you double protection—whitens teeth and safeguards gums at the same time.

SAVES GUMS

Forhan's was created by an eminent dental surgeon to provide double protection; with it you clean teeth and massage gums just as dentists advise. It costs no more than most ordinary toothpastes, but ends ordinary half-way care! Begin using Forhan's today.

Also in Canada.

Forhan's

The ORIGINAL TOOTH PASTE for the GUMS and TEETH by R.J. Forhan D.D.S.

SHUN SKIN WORRY!

Blemishes, Blackheads, Pimples, Muddiness, Should Go Quickly!

Why miss joys of life because of a poor complexion? Thousands report wonderful results with Kremola. Combats surface skin blemishes, pimples, blackheads, dark spots. Smooths, beautifies the skin. A doctor's formula in face cream. **Sample free.** Send 10c to cover postage and packing. For a jar, send \$1.25.

KREMOLA CO.

Dept. MM1

Chicago, Ill.



Look 10 Years Younger

BRUSH AWAY

GRAY HAIR

Quickly and safely you can tint those streaks of gray to lustrous shades of blonde, brown or black. BROWNTONE and a small brush does it. Used and approved for over twenty-four years. Guaranteed harmless. Active coloring agent is purely vegetable. Cannot affect waving of hair. Economical and lasting—will not wash out. Simply retouch as new gray appears. Imparts rich, beautiful color with amazing speed. Easy to prove by tinting a lock of your own hair. BROWNTONE is only 50c—at all drug and toilet counters—always on a money-back guarantee.



SHE BATHES EVERY DAY



*but she wears
her girdle a
WHOLE WEEK*

—right next to her skin!

It's constantly absorbing perspiration

GIRLS, who are otherwise dainty, are often careless about their girdles. They don't realize that a girdle needs the same care as underthings. It betrays unpleasant perspiration odor so quickly!

Why risk offending in this way when it's so easy to Lux a girdle *frequently*?

Lux removes perspiration odor completely. It preserves the elasticity that keeps your girdle form fitting . . . like new. Cake-soap rubbing or soaps that contain harmful alkali weaken elasticity, tend to leave girdles flabby and ill fitting. Lux has no harmful alkali. Anything safe in water is safe in Lux.

Easy Lux Care for Girdles

Wash frequently, squeezing rich, lukewarm Lux suds (never hot) well through the garment. Don't rub.

For stubborn spots, gently work in a few dry Lux flakes. Rinse well. Roll in a Turkish towel to press out moisture. Unroll at once.

Hang with weight evenly distributed, or dry flat, away from heat. Don't iron elastic.



**Removes perspiration odor—
Saves Elasticity**

doors. He plays tennis, golf and polo. He is fond of swimming. He thinks California a great place to live because the climate enables him to do all these things most of the year and he will tell you earnestly that he likes it best of all because his baby daughter is in better health there than in the East.

His fondest memories of childhood are his hunting and fishing trips with his father during vacations and, later, of his summers on the ranch, where he rode the range and was a real cowboy.

He grew up in a home where music was an important part of his every-day life. Smith's family is a musical one, but he is the first member ever to become a professional. His father and mother, two sisters and two brothers are all musical. His sisters were graduated from a conservatory of music—one in piano and one in voice—and one brother "is a knockout pianist," according to Smith.

I had an opportunity to study him as he sat opposite me in a little office at 9:30 in the morning. Despite his soft voice, his cultured manner, his poise, he is typically an outdoor man. Straight as an arrow, lithe, fit as a fiddle, with eyes clear as water and a clean, healthy complexion, he is of the plains. It is written all over him. He doesn't belong in the city, although he has made the city pay him. It is easy to understand his greatest ambition—to save enough money to buy a big cattle ranch in Texas and live on it. I could well believe him when he said: "If I had the money, I would give all this up tomorrow and retire."

If I had any doubt left about his lack of inner force, it was dispelled when he told me that the thing he is proudest of is his honorary membership in the Texas Rangers, which is, according to the Texans, the toughest, nerviest, most efficient police force in the United States!

He has the ability to think fast and he engineers his delightful program with neatness and dispatch, but if he is a human dynamo he hides it beautifully beneath a Southern drawl and a quiet but forceful manner. Calm and deliberate, he is the very opposite of your conception of a master of ceremonies and is a fair example of the new type of actor now gaining foothold in Hollywood.

It has been said that three-fourths of the acting in Hollywood is done at the Brown Derby or on the Boulevard, but Smith Balley attends strictly to the business of acting only when he is being paid for it. He doesn't use his energy in impressing his friends. He saves it for his radio performances. And now, in addition to his radio activities, Smith is a motion picture actor and will soon be playing opposite Lily Pons. He will sing and, as he expresses it, "just be myself, a Texas cowboy."

"If you have anything to offer and are willing to work," he says shyly, "it isn't necessary to force yourself on the public in order to get ahead."

"But you're so bashful," I protested. "I don't see how you ever have the courage to stand up before an audience."

He laughed with quiet amusement. "Necessity is a great thing," he replied. "I have plenty of *umphhh* when I have to have it."

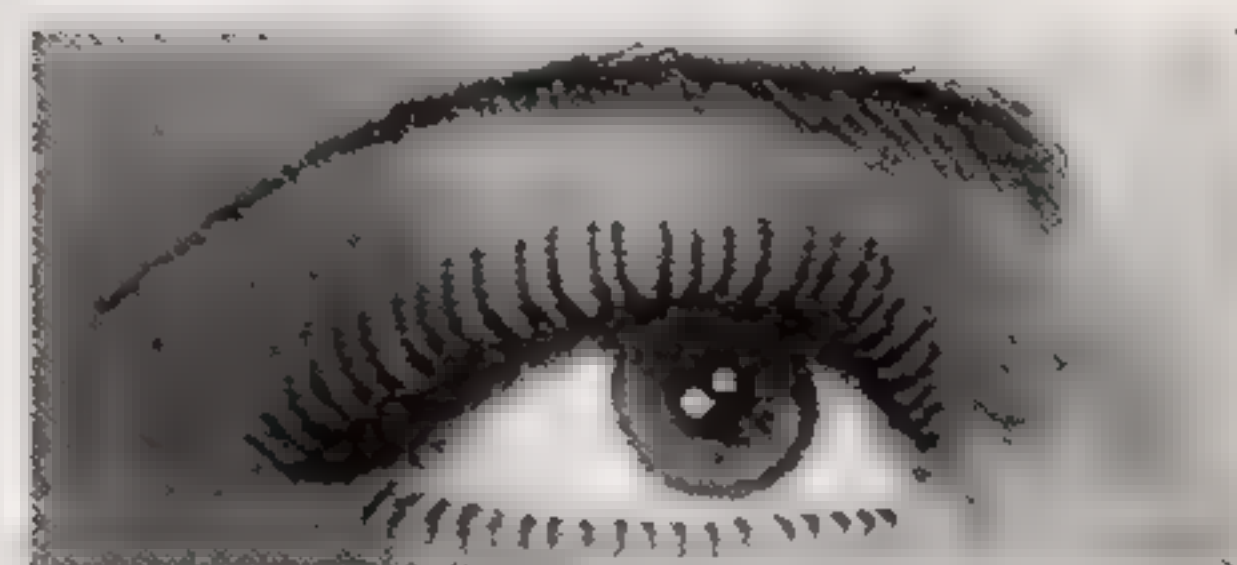
Which Word Describes Your Eyes?



COLORLESS—Pale, scraggly, scanty lashes—eyes seem small, expressionless. A definite need for proper eye make-up.



CONSPICUOUS—Ordinary mascara overloading the lashes in heavy, gummy blobs. Hard-looking and unattractive.



CHARMING—Dark, luxuriant lashes, yet perfectly natural in appearance — with Maybelline. Eye make-up in good taste.

So Simple—this Beauty Secret

Your eyes are your most important beauty feature—or they should be! Are you making the most of their possibilities by framing them properly with long, dark, lustrous lashes? You can do this best by applying just a few, simple brush strokes of harmless Maybelline, the eye make-up in good taste. No longer need you worry about having pale, unattractive lashes, nor fear that hard “made-up” look if you darken them—with Maybelline!

★ Maybelline is non-smarting, tear proof, and absolutely harmless. Cream-smoothness of texture—utter simplicity of application—tendency to curl the lashes into lovely, sweeping fringe—these are some of the wonderful qualities which make this the eyelash darkener supreme.

★ You will adore the other delightful Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids, too! See with what ease you can form graceful, expressive eyebrows with the smooth-marking Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil. Try blending a soft, colorful shadow on your eyelids with the pure, creamy Maybelline Eye Shadow—it deepens and accentuates the color and sparkle of your eyes.

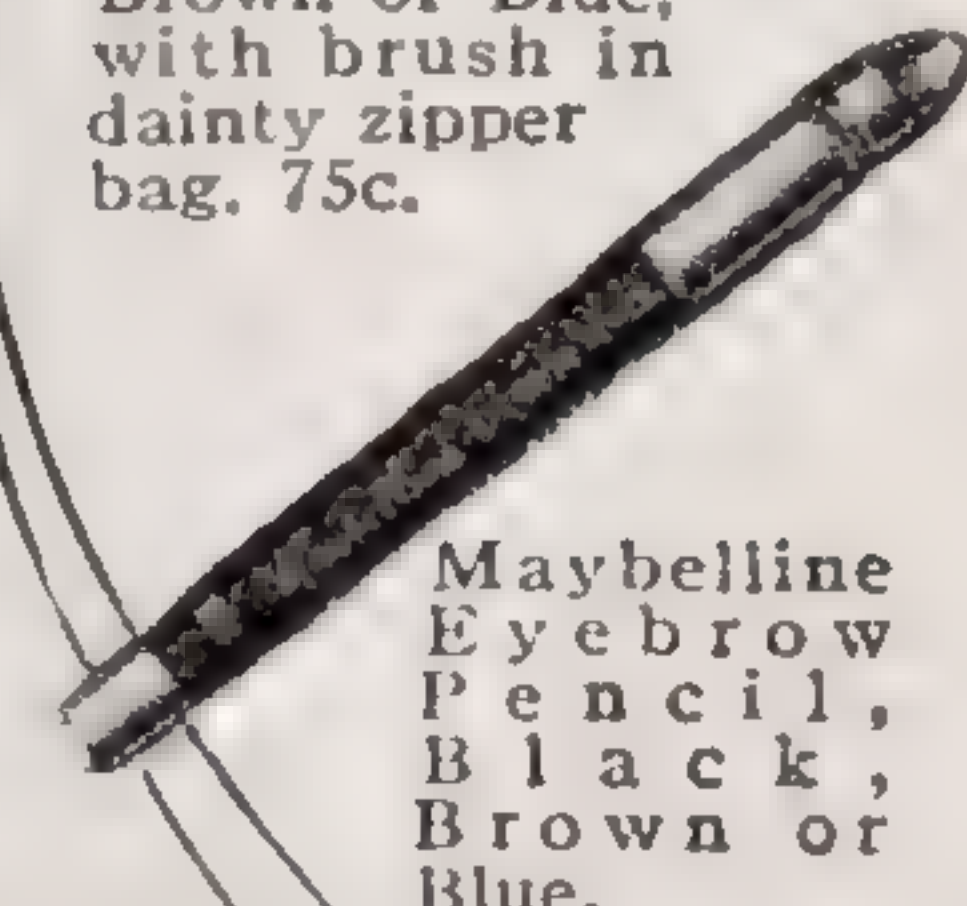
★ Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids are preferred by more than 10,000,000 discriminating women as the finest that money can buy—yet they are nominally priced at leading toilet goods counters everywhere. Generous introductory sizes of all Maybelline Eye Beauty Aids may be had at all 10c stores. Try them today—you’ll be delighted!



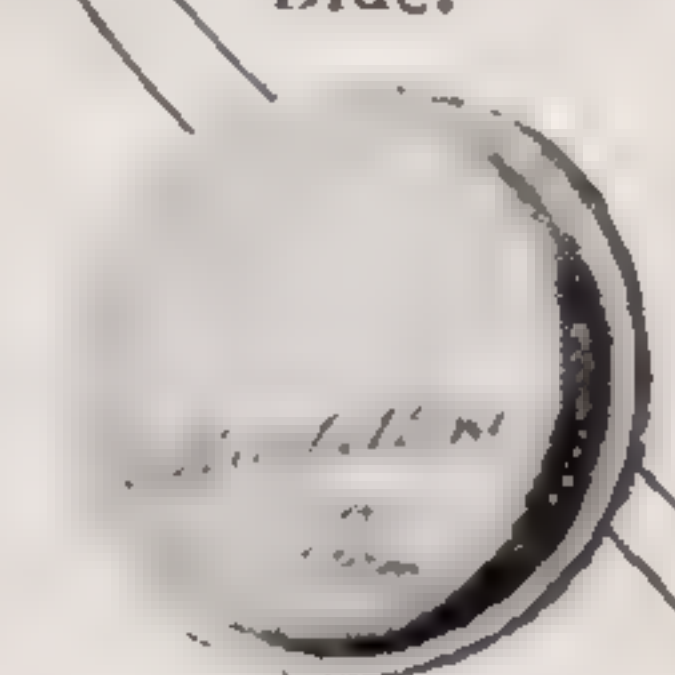
Maybelline's world-famous, economical Solid Form Mascara, in the brilliant red and gold metal vanity—75c.



Maybelline Cream Mascara in Black, Brown or Blue, with brush in dainty zipper bag. 75c.



Maybelline Eyebrow Pencil, Black, Brown or Blue.



Maybelline Eye Shadow: Blue, Blue-Gray, Brown, Green or Violet.

Maybelline

THE WORLD'S LARGEST SELLING EYE BEAUTY AIDS

WEST COAST CHATTER

(Continued from page 56)

There's a new club at the NBC studios in Hollywood. It's the Six-Footers Club, and their motto is “Just a high old time.” President is Smith Ballew of Shell Chateau, since he rates tops at six feet five inches. Other members are Bob Burns, Carlton KaDell, Amos 'n' Andy's announcer, Tudor Williams of the Guardsmen quartet and Sam Hayes, the Richfield Reporter. Five-foot Victor Young tried to crash the membership list so they took him on as mascot.

You have to hand it to a town that can make Amos 'n' Andy break a precedent. After some eight years of broadcasting and more than 2,410 broadcasts, Hollywood “got” the boys to the extent of introducing surprise movie stars on their programs. Freeman Gosden and Charles Correll, who are the cullud gentlemen in their off-mike moments, admit that the climate in Hollywood makes them even surprise themselves.

That new movie contract which Bob Burns has signed calls for three pictures at \$60,000 per and one at \$75,000, each year for three years. A friend called Bob in the middle of the night to offer congratulations and find out how he felt about it all. “I’ll tell you,” said Bob, “I feel just like I did when I caught my first fish back in Van Buren.”

Tallulah Bankhead's rehearsal for airing “Reflected Glory” was the shortest and snappiest ever to take place at NBC. She sailed into the studio, clad in violently polka-dotted pajamas. In one hand was the script, in the other a cigarette in a polka-dotted holder. Facing the mike, the Bankhead went through the rehearsal without one unnecessary word, then smiled upon the assembled cast and swept out.

Frank Fay was a remote-control host recently at his Brentwood Heights estate. The place was turned over to some two hundred orphans from the L. A. Orphanage for the day, and clowns, bands, trained animals and plenty of ice-cream provided the entertainment. Frank greeted his guests from New York and it was all pretty jolly.

A gala affair was made of the inauguration of KECA's new 5,000-watt transmitter in Los Angeles. A series of four dedicatory programs were given during the day and the celebrations continued till dawn the next day. Amos 'n' Andy, Bob Burns, Anne Shirley, Pat Ellis, Jimmy and Russell Gleason, Dick Foran, Andy Devine, Toby Wing and other movie celebrities took part. Irene Rich flew here from New York to do a dramatic skit for the occasion.

Irene Noblette once thought of opera for a career. She gave it up for two reasons. Stout tenors for one thing. And her teacher's suggestion that she hadn't a voice. But the tenors decided her.

AN EX-CHAMPION SPEAKS HER MIND

(Continued from page 49)

what impresses you most about her—the earnestness. It's as if she means every word she says and is putting all her strength and all herself into the meaning. You instinctively trust a girl like that.

I commented on her voice and what a great bet it would be for a sponsored broadcast. It is one of those low voices, well-modulated, well-trained. There is no western twang, not a trace of it, that probably having been ironed out by her winters spent in England.

"In the little village of Long Crendon. There I ride and go fox-hunting. It is a charming place with the atmosphere of an English novel.

"Over there tennis is more popular than in this country, no doubt because the Wimbledon matches were always attended by Queen Mary and the late King George. He did more than anyone else to stimulate a genuine and tremendous interest in the Wimbledon tournament and to give to the game the dignity and importance which have elevated it to its present high status. His enthusiasm and applause encouraged the foreign as well as the British player. He has given to all lovers of lawn tennis among his people a stimulus to their natural sportsmanship and loyalty.

"And so, if they can't afford to attend the games, they listen to them over the radio. I remember the farmers of the Long Crendon district, who gathered at the village pub to listen to the broadcasts. At these gatherings each one contributed a penny, the sum total being chalked upon a huge black slate by the members of what they called 'The Slate Committee.' At the end of the season the pennies were to go towards buying their families Christmas presents. I was deeply touched when, after winning at Wimbledon, I received a congratulatory wire from those farmers listening in. I knew that a great many of their pennies must have gone into the sending of that message and I also knew how much they must have loved tennis and what an important part the broadcasting of the matches played in their lives.

"To my mind the average English radio program cannot compare with our American ones," Miss Jacobs continued. "Because they are sponsored solely by the government and not by advertisers, they cannot afford the type of entertainment we receive over here. Their programs, especially on Sundays, the day ours reach a high point, are pretty miserable affairs."

When asked if she were much of a radio fan, Miss Jacobs said she didn't like just to turn on her radio and let it go.

"I tune in for special things, like the

news and symphonies. I never listen to the sport broadcasts unless I'm particularly interested. For instance, I wouldn't think of listening to the baseball games because I don't know a thing about baseball. When I can get golf tournaments I do listen, but they broadcast golf all too seldom.

"Of course I listen avidly to the Davis Cup matches. As a listener, radio has given me many thrills. At Forest Hills, the year I met Sarah Palfrey Fabyan for the second time, in the finals of the ladies' singles, and won my fourth successive championship, I left immediately for Virginia Beach. And it was from there I heard the exciting radio account of Wilmer Allison's inspired match with Sidney Wood, in which Allison won the title he had sought unsuccessfully for years. Another time when, after being defeated at Wimbledon by Dorothy Round, I was already on the ocean, returning to the United States, she played her match with Helen Moody and I heard of Helen's victory over the ship's radio. Those were radio thrills I can't forget.

"I have done very little broadcasting myself. I have been in tennis revues broadcast by the Wightman Cup teams, and once I was interviewed over an eastern network. In 1932 I broadcast a speech for the National Republican Committee. But the most exciting broadcast for me took place on board *The Leviathan*. I had booked passage, not realizing that the trip was an important one. During the voyage General Pershing, who sat next to me at the Captain's table, told me that he and I were expected to make speeches for the first broadcast from ship to shore. What I said was of no importance, but I still have General Pershing's radio speech on the Merchant Marine, which he gave to me at the end of the evening. Like all interesting talkers, he was an exceptionally good listener.

"That," said Miss Jacobs, drawing a deep breath, "is all I've done where radio is concerned, but it doesn't mean I wouldn't like to do a lot more."

"And some day I'm sure you will," I prophesied.

I meant the prophecy. For some day, and not a very far-off one, the powers-that-be in tennis will recognize radio not as a detriment to their amateur players, not as a robber of that amateur status, but as an aid that will give them a steady income and leave their minds wholly free for athletics. At the same time it will give ambitious young America the chance to learn from experts, to get their pointers first hand, while they are listening to the most inspiring broadcasters of them all—the champions of our country.



HERE'S a yeast that makes yeast eating a pleasure! Yeast in convenient tablet form! Yeast that stays fresh!

You will really enjoy taking Yeast Foam Tablets. They have a delicious, nut-like flavor everybody likes. They are pasteurized, hence cannot cause gas or fermentation. Anyone, young or old, can take them safely.

Yeast Foam Tablets contain no drugs. They are nothing but pure yeast—that's why they are so effective. This is the yeast that is used in vitamin research conducted by certain laboratories in many leading American universities.

You buy this yeast in a ten-day supply. Yeast Foam Tablets keep fresh for months. Keep the handy bottle in your desk. Take it with you when traveling. Then you will never fail to take your yeast regularly.

Thousands of men and women are taking Yeast Foam Tablets for indigestion, constipation, headaches, nervousness, loss of energy. When such disorders are caused by lack of Vitamins B or G, you should get gratifying results through a short course of Yeast Foam Tablets. Try a bottle today.

Your druggist sells Yeast Foam Tablets—50 cents for the 10-day bottle. Get acquainted with this easy-to-eat, non-fermenting Yeast Tablet today!

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Please send FREE TRIAL sample of Yeast Foam Tablets. (Only 1 sample per family.) MM 12-36

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WHAT THEY LISTEN TO—AND WHY

(See Page 46 of this issue)

This will be a regular monthly feature in

RADIO STARS MAGAZINE

Let us know your preferences. Address your letter to: Query Editor, Radio Stars, 149 Madison Avenue, New York.

SHE KNOWS HER LOVERS

(Continued from page 33)

**SKINNY?
THOUSANDS
GAIN 10 TO 25 LBS.
NEW EASY WAY**



**NEW
IRONIZED
YEAST
OFTEN ADDS
NEW CURVES
—in a few
weeks!**

EVEN if you never could gain, remember thousands have put on solid, naturally attractive flesh with these new, easy-to-take little Ironized Yeast tablets—in just a few weeks!

Not only has this new discovery brought normally good-looking pounds, but also naturally clear skin, freedom from miserable indigestion and constipation, glorious new pep. Scientists recently discovered that thousands of people are thin and rundown for the single reason that they do not get enough Vitamin B and iron in their daily food. Now the richest known source of this marvelous body-building, digestion-strengthening Vitamin B is cultured ale yeast. By a new process the finest imported cultured ale yeast is now concentrated 7 times, making it 7 times more powerful. Then it is combined with 3 kinds of blood-building iron, pasteurized whole yeast and other valuable ingredients in pleasant little tablets known as Ironized Yeast tablets.

If you, too, need these vital elements to build you up, get these new "7-power" Ironized Yeast tablets from your druggist today. Then day after day, watch flat chest develop and skinny limbs round out to natural attractiveness. Constipation and indigestion from the same cause vanish, skin clears to normal beauty—you're a new person.

Money-back guarantee

No matter how skinny and rundown you may be from lack of sufficient Vitamin B and iron, try these new Ironized Yeast tablets just a short time. See if they don't build you up in just a few weeks, as they have thousands of others. If you are not delighted with results of very first package, your money will be instantly refunded.

Special FREE offer!

To start thousands building up their health right away, we make this FREE offer. Purchase a package of Ironized Yeast tablets at once, cut out the seal on the box and mail it to us with a clipping of this paragraph. We will send you a fascinating new book on health, "New Facts About Your Body." Remember, results with the very first package—or money refunded. At all druggists. Ironized Yeast Company, Inc., Dept. 312 Atlanta, Ga.

myself. Gardenias, yes. Gardenias all the time. Only once did I see the diamonds concealed among the roses and they were from a man to the girl he was going to marry. Great lovers must have sense, I think. And the modern man has suffered too many reverses to spend huge sums of money on just girls. That era passed with the passing of Diamond Jim Brady."

And then Virginia came to Hollywood and saw, and was seen by, the great Great Lover. And they were married. Virginia and Jack Gilbert. And the world is familiar, I think, with the glamour and the tears, the sweetness and the bitterness of that marriage of two lovers.

She has known most of the great lovers of her time, Virginia. She was married to the greatest of them. She *should* know.

She was saying: "Too, the *Great Lover* cannot be a playboy. There can't be anything light about the real great lover. For a Great Lover presupposes someone capable of a great love and not a great many little, light loves.

"The greatest lovers of my time have been—Jack and Valentino. They were complete. They had everything. They had that prime requisite—terrific vitality. Valentino's was a smouldering vitality. Jack's was a surging, electric vitality. And the great lover must have just that—the power to lift you up and warm you against the sun and the moon and the stars. He must be able to take the breath out of your lungs, the heart out of your breast.

"There can't be anything soft about a great lover. Nothing of the sweet sappy 'I'll-do-any-thing-you-say-darling' sort of thing. They've got to have that 'love-'em-and-leave-'em' something—for me, at any rate. And I think that most of the men who are idolized by women have just that. Nelson Eddy has a remote, unapproachable quality about him which would make most girls fear him a little, stand in both awe and admiration. Lawrence Tibbett has that lusty, scornful something in his voice which makes you feel he would trample you under his speeding feet if he felt like it . . . Bing Crosby has a smoothness which could easily turn to scorn . . . Rudy Vallee has a gaiety which is somehow impervious . . .

"Having been married to a Great Lover, I know something of the way they treat a woman, even the woman they love. I did what Jack wanted me to do. I thought as Jack wanted me to think—or if I didn't I pretended to. I went where Jack wanted to go—and if I didn't I always was sure that he would go without me if he felt like it. And when he didn't go, it always was a startling surprise, an unexpected, an unlooked-for thrill.

"And the Great Lover must have the ability to startle and surprise and thrill. Shock a little, too, perhaps. The ability to give thrills and tremors—and thunderbolts. Clark Gable has these qualities.

"He must be *alive*, the Great Lover. Lusty like Tibbett. Tender like Bing. Noble like Nelson. Virile and sound like Spencer Tracy. He must make a woman perpetually conscious of the fact that he

has it in him to conquer empires, topple over thrones, rip the stars out of the sky and lay them at her feet or fling them in her face. Maybe he doesn't actually do any of these things. But he must make you feel that he could if he really wanted to do them!

"Women say that they like to 'make conquests.' We don't, really. We want to be conquered. If we didn't, we wouldn't always 'go' for the Valentinos, the Gilberts, the Gables, the Mussolinis, the Tibbetts, the Tracys . . .

"The Great Lover must be interested in *you*, not primarily in himself. That's one of Bing's great appeals—he always makes you feel that he is singing not only to you but for you, just for you.

"The Great Lover must be interested in what *you* say, in what *you* want to do. A man who delivers a monologue most of the time and mostly about himself, wouldn't last long in real life. That's what I like about Clark Gable. He has a healthy, flattering interest in the other fellow. Women have ego, too, you know, and a man who wants to be a successful Great Lover must cater to that ego, *or else* . . .

"He must command attention, of course, wherever he goes. A woman must be proud of the man she is with or he fails to stir her. Head waiters must hurry to do his bidding. Other men must welcome his presence. Women must turn their heads to look at him.

"He must know how to do things well. Little things as well as big. Order epicurean dinners. Choose wines with discrimination. Know out-of-the-ordinary places to go.

"He must have men friends—a woman likes to feel that a man has come to her from his vital, masculine world.

"He must be unselfish. He must send gifts and tokens and remembrances. But by this I do not mean expensive things. I mean *thoughtful* things. Even if they cost only ten cents. So you are conscious at all times of his thought enveloping you, embracing and surrounding you.

"He must be interested in a variety of things, like Nelson Eddy. Nelson knows business, having been in business. He knows the newspaper game, having been one of the Fourth Estate. He knows radio and concert work and pictures, tennis and good books and psychology. The man who can harp only on the tender topics all of the time soon becomes tiresome and the things he says of little value. The Great Lover pays compliments, yes. But they are rare coins and he spends them sparingly, so that each one is gold.

"He mustn't talk about his troubles, the Great Lover. You can't associate him with worries and whinings and problems. He must make things right, twist life to his own advantage.

"He must not be—I am speaking for myself now—a foreigner. With very few exceptions, the foreign type doesn't appeal to me. One exception is, of course, Valentino. Another is Valentin Perrera, Grace Moore's husband, who is extremely attractive. But for the most part I'll rate

the Americans, as the best potential great lovers.

"And just as the real great lover must be able to discuss a variety of things and not just the 'me-and-you' topic, so he must be interested in world affairs. For they are man's domain and there is something slightly unmasculine about a man who takes no interest in national affairs, international problems and things like that.

"He must have business acumen. I've always admired Bing Crosby for that. It's almost more thrilling to see his suite of offices lettered 'Bing Crosby, Ltd.' than it is to hear him croon your heart out!

"He must be well-groomed, the Great Lover. I don't mean the gigolo kind of grooming—sleek, polished hair and all that. I mean he must look immaculate even if he is wearing slacks and a polo shirt—as Spencer Tracy so often does. And you know that he has just stepped off the polo field and out from under the shower. I like a man who exhibits a certain fastidiousness. The man who wears fine linen shirts, monogrammed for evening, carries monogrammed handkerchiefs, wears gay scarves. Men have been pretty dull in the way they dress for years. I do not like men who wear jewelry—not even the slave bracelet made famous by Valentino.

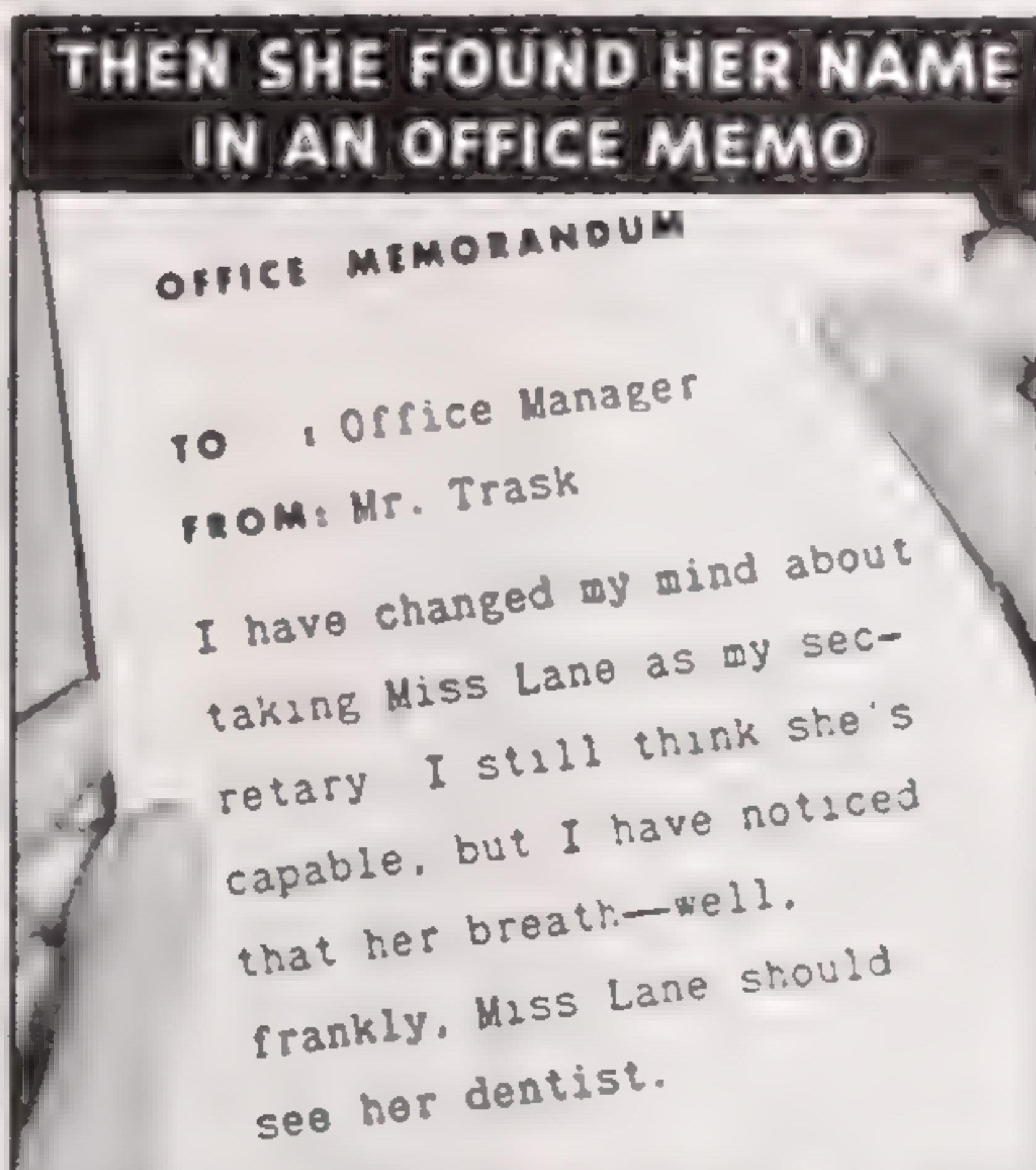
"He must be able to dance well, the Great Lover, of course. There is too much romance in dancing to leave that out.

"He need not be the athletic type. He should be able to do one sport well—play tennis as Nelson does or polo like Spencer Tracy or go in for skeet shooting and hunting as Clark does.

"I think that most girls visualize the Great Lover as the dark type. Perhaps Valentino and Jack and Clark had something to do with that. But blonde men have a very definite appeal, too.

Franchot Tone has, I think, a very definite Great Lover appeal. He gives the sense of a quiet, deep-down vitality, of infinite reserve. Blonde men appeal more to the maternal. They make you want to do things for them. They make you think of all the little tow-headed fellows you knew when you were a child. The Great Lover doesn't often allow the maternal instinct to awake in a woman. He doesn't seem to need it. But there are times—when he meets some disaster—when it comes to the surface. And it should. For the maternal instinct is, in most women, the strongest instinct of all.

And I meant it when I said that looks have little to do with The Great Lover. For I knew one boy—when I was in high school, before ever I had seen Jack on the screen. You can mention his name if you want to. I'm sure I'd feel the same about him if I were to meet him again now. His name is John Patrick McNeiss. He was one of a big, rollicking Irish family. He looked something like Mickey Walker. He was cocky and insolent and independent. He could love 'em and leave 'em—that was the impression he gave. And he was the sweetest guy in the world. He used to sing while I played for him. Deep within him he had, I know, a tender poetic streak. He'd die denying it, but it was there. He had a marvelous sense of humor and a keen, curious mind. He made a girl feel as though she were curious and rare and rather silly and very beautiful



Most Bad Breath Begins with the Teeth!

WHY let bad breath interfere with success—with happiness? It's so easy to be safe when you realize that by far the most common cause of bad breath is . . . *improperly cleaned teeth!*

Authorities say decaying food and acid deposits, in hidden crevices between the teeth, are the source of most unpleasant mouth odors—of dull, dingy teeth—and of much tooth decay.

Use Colgate Dental Cream. Its special

penetrating foam removes these odor-breeding deposits that ordinary cleaning methods fail to reach. And at the same time, Colgate's soft, safe polishing agent cleans and brightens the enamel—makes your teeth sparkle.

Be safe—be sure! Brush your teeth . . . your gums . . . your tongue . . . with Colgate Dental Cream at least twice daily and have cleaner, brighter teeth and a sweeter, purer breath. Get a tube today!



HOW TO AVOID THAT "Made-up" LOOK

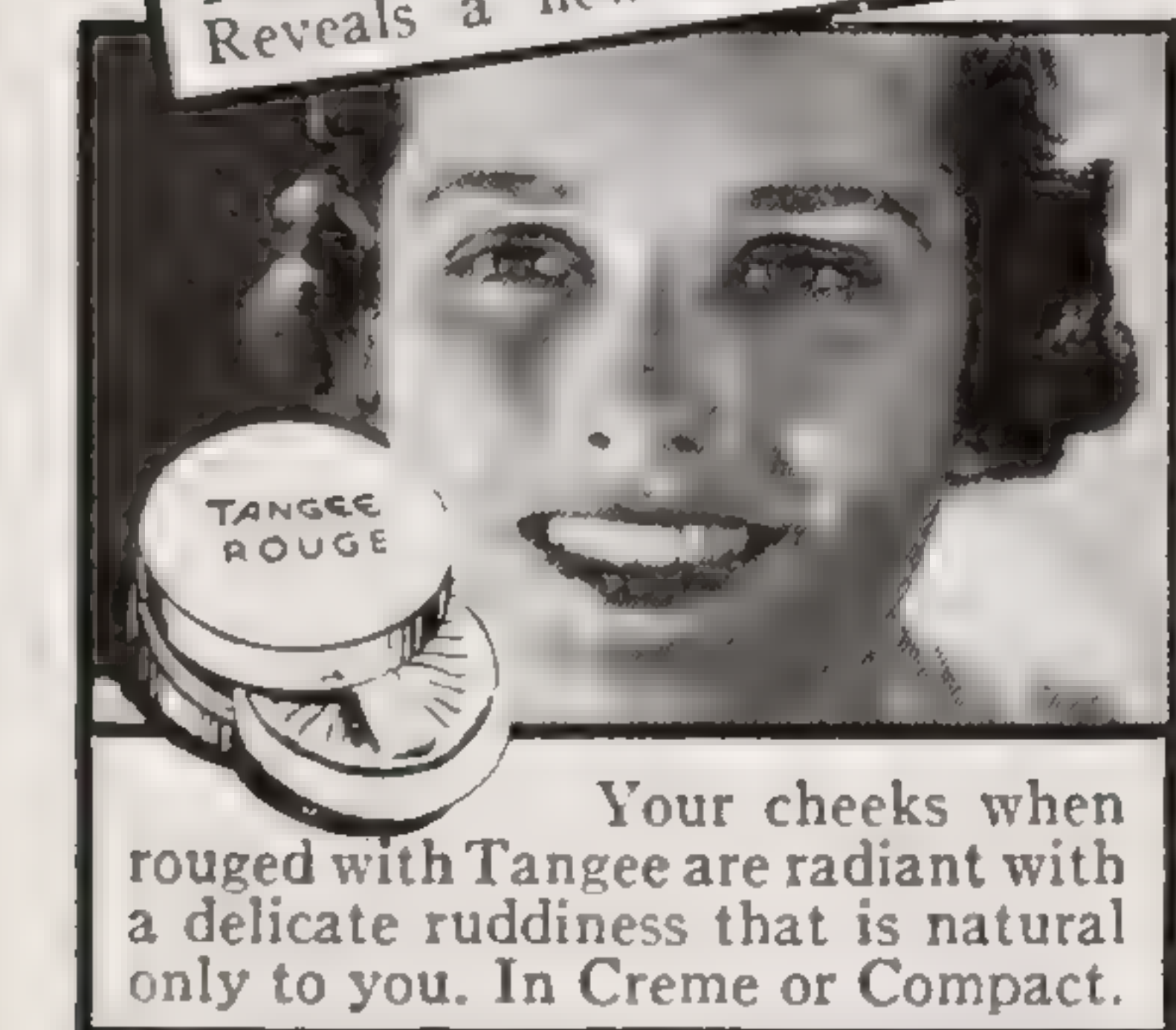
Be colorful...but not painted. The Color Change Principle available in Tangee lipstick, powder and rouge intensifies your own natural coloring.

Today it is quite simple to make the most of your own natural skin tones. The Tangee cosmetic principle brings out a liveliness and sparkle in your lips, cheeks and skin that is yours alone, because it is *your* coloring. Exactly how the Tangee Color Change Principle accomplishes this is explained in the pictures below. It will take you 22 seconds to read how to be lovelier...in your own way.

Tangee your lips...don't paint them. On your lips Tangee changes to the blush rose Nature has hidden there.



In the new Tangee Face Powder, the Color Change Principle ends that "powdery look". Reveals a new warm underglow.



Your cheeks when rouged with Tangee are radiant with a delicate ruddiness that is natural only to you. In Creme or Compact.

Insist upon Tangee for all your make-up essentials. Only in Tangee can you obtain the Color Change Principle. Powder is 55¢ and \$1.10. Rouge, compact or creme, each 83¢. Lipstick is 39¢ and \$1.10.

• **BEWARE OF SUBSTITUTES!** There is only one Tangee—don't let anyone switch you. Always ask for TANGEE NATURAL. If you prefer more color for evening wear, ask for Tangee Theatrical.

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Rush Miracle Make-Up Set of Miniature Tangee Lipstick, Rouge Compact, Creme Rouge, Face Powder. I enclose 10¢ (stamps or coin). 15¢ in Canada.

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and the dirt under his feet, all at once. He was alive to his very finger tips. He had neither fame nor fortune nor good looks. And yet he was Romance. He was a Great Lover.

"And that's what I mean...that's what I would say to my young Daniel. I would tell him—and all 'the boys'—that they don't have to have the tall and kingly bearing of a Nelson Eddy nor the fame and good looks of a Clark Gable—if they are alive and if they have brains. If they can take

life by the scruff of the neck and make of it an exciting, a worth-while experiment in living. For that's what I, at least, expect of the Great Lover—*life*. Not as it is lived ordinarily—but shot through with color and adventure and charm. Such a life as all of these Great Lovers of the screen and air seem to promise us...the Bings and Rudys and Gables and Eddys and Tracys and Tibbetts...

"The Great Lover must be able to drain the color out of life when he goes..."

EDDIE'S ADVICE TO YOUNG MEN

(Continued from page 25)

weren't looking for love—they were looking for penthouses."

Twenty-five years of married life is a good record for anyone and in show business it deserves a medal. Yet Eddie Cantor is as much in love today as he was a quarter of a century ago when he first sang love ballads to Ida. There's an amusing story about their twenty-fifth anniversary, so don't stop me if you've heard it.

Eddie planned to surprise Ida with a trip to Honolulu for an anniversary present. Ida, not knowing her husband's secret, planned to surprise him with a party at a Hollywood night club. She rented the entire club for the anniversary night, visited caterers and florists and arranged everything. Eddie got wind of things and phoned the club.

"Has there been a woman there representing herself as Mrs. Cantor?" he inquired.

"Why, yes," replied the manager, "she just rented the whole place for Saturday night."

"Pay no attention to her," said Eddie. "The woman is balmy." The manager thanked him and cancelled the reservation. Eddie phoned the florist and the caterer and gave them the same story. When Ida reached home there were indignant phone calls from the florist, the caterer and the night club awaiting her. And the Cantors went to Honolulu!

"Too many marriages," Eddie continued, "are the 'love in a canoe' type. A man looks at a woman in the moonlight, thinks she's wonderful and rushes her off to Yuma. Then he spends six weeks in Reno thinking it over."

"Too many people think a wedding is an adventure. Flying off at night to a marrying judge is great sport—it's exciting. But how wrong those people are! A wedding is exciting but it's not an adventure. *The great adventure is marriage.* Living and sharing life with someone you love is the greatest excitement in the world. Long after the Wedding March is forgotten, the joy of being married goes on. What can success, or any little happiness, mean to a man who has no one to help him exult in it?

"Many men, when success comes their way, begin kicking over the traces. One of the saddest things in the world is when a man says: 'I have attained wealth and success, but my wife hasn't kept up with me.' The reason his wife hasn't kept up with him is because he has been selfish—

he never has shared his secrets with her, he never has given her a chance to feel that she is his partner.

"I believe completely in the theory that a man should share all his business secrets with his wife. When she knows exactly what he's doing, she comes to understand him—and that understanding averts more matrimonial rifts than any other element on earth.

"Marriage, after all, is a business. A man sets up a partnership with a woman, just as he would set up a partnership in a business firm. If the partnership is to work, neither the man nor the woman should have controlling interest. Each should have equal shares of the stock and the same executive authority in the corporation. If it isn't a fifty-fifty arrangement one partner is bound to sell short, and you know what that does. It dumps the unfortunate partner on to the market."

Eddie's own life is an excellent example of what he's preaching. In all his years in show business, Ida has been consulted on every move he's made. The day before I talked to him, for instance, he was offered a picture contract at 20th Century-Fox studios. The deal called for two years and involved a million dollars. Eddie bickered and dickered with studio heads until two in the morning. Before making any agreement he phoned Ida, who was in New York for a short visit. She knew the whole situation, gave him her advice, and he signed the contract.

"Getting back to showgirls," said Eddie, "a good deal of their marital troubles comes from the men they marry. New York is full of wealthy playboys who have been left several million dollars by doting—and not very wise—fathers. Money means nothing to them and neither does marriage. They buy a new wife every year or so, just as they would buy a new yacht or a new car.

"A man sees a beautiful girl in a show. He showers her with everything from orchids to sables and he marries her. He likes to have her around. She's ornamental. A couple of years later he sees a more beautiful girl—a newer model. She's the latest thing in streamlined 1936 blondes, for instance. He goes back home and looks over his old repaint job and begins to worry. A friend of his has just married a gorgeous redhead from *The Scandals*. She's the last word in modern dress, with all the latest improvements. After all, he has as many millions as his friend, so why can't he have just as ex-

pensive a wife? So he turns in the re-paint job on the streamlined model! Then the whole procedure is repeated in a few years.

"If I were king, or president, or something, I'd confiscate most of the wealth of these young men and turn it over to the government for charity. When thousands of people are starving, it's heart-rending to see empty-headed playboys throwing money to the winds.

"Of course there are exceptions. There are men like John D. Rockefeller, Jr. and Edsel Ford, who were brought up by fathers who taught them the value of wealth and the good it can do. But for every Rockefeller and every Ford, there are hundreds of wastrels privileged to throw money away merely because their fathers were hard-working men.

"So many of the rich are too hard to satisfy. For instance, I met a man in Chicago last summer. He was complaining bitterly about the government. They took \$3,000,000 from him this year in income tax, he said.

"And how much did that leave you?" I asked him.

"Only two and a half million," he moaned.

"A rich man, as a rule, marries in his own set. There are three eligible girls, let us say. If he's going to marry, he must pick one of the three and cross his fingers, hoping that it will last! Poor people do have that one advantage over the wealthy. A poor man's field is unlimited. He can pick a girl he likes and he doesn't have to worry about what boat her people came over on.

"The newspapers, of course, are full of sensational divorce stories. You seldom see a happy marriage hit the front pages, because nobody is interested in a happy marriage except the two people who are enjoying it. A man can be married for forty years, live a peaceful life and never see his name in the paper. But let him abscond with his employer's money and a pretty choir singer and he's in every paper in the country!"

Young men contemplating marriage would be wise to follow Eddie Cantor's example. Here is a man who has wealth and success and—most important of all to him—complete happiness. Just to show you how he feels about Ida after these twenty-five years:

The Texaco Company, to introduce Eddie's new program, made up 40,000 life-size figures of Eddie Cantor. You've seen one at your neighborhood Texaco station. Eddie is holding a placard which reads: "I'll be with you every Sunday night."

You can imagine Ida's surprise when she opened a package in her New York hotel room. It was a pasteboard Eddie and his placard read:

"I'll be with you every Sunday, Monday, Tuesday, Wednesday, Thursday, Friday and Saturday night—if you'll only come home."

Daughter of the theater's "Royal Family," Ethel Barrymore brings to radio listeners the matchless magic of her dramatic genius. Read her absorbing story in January

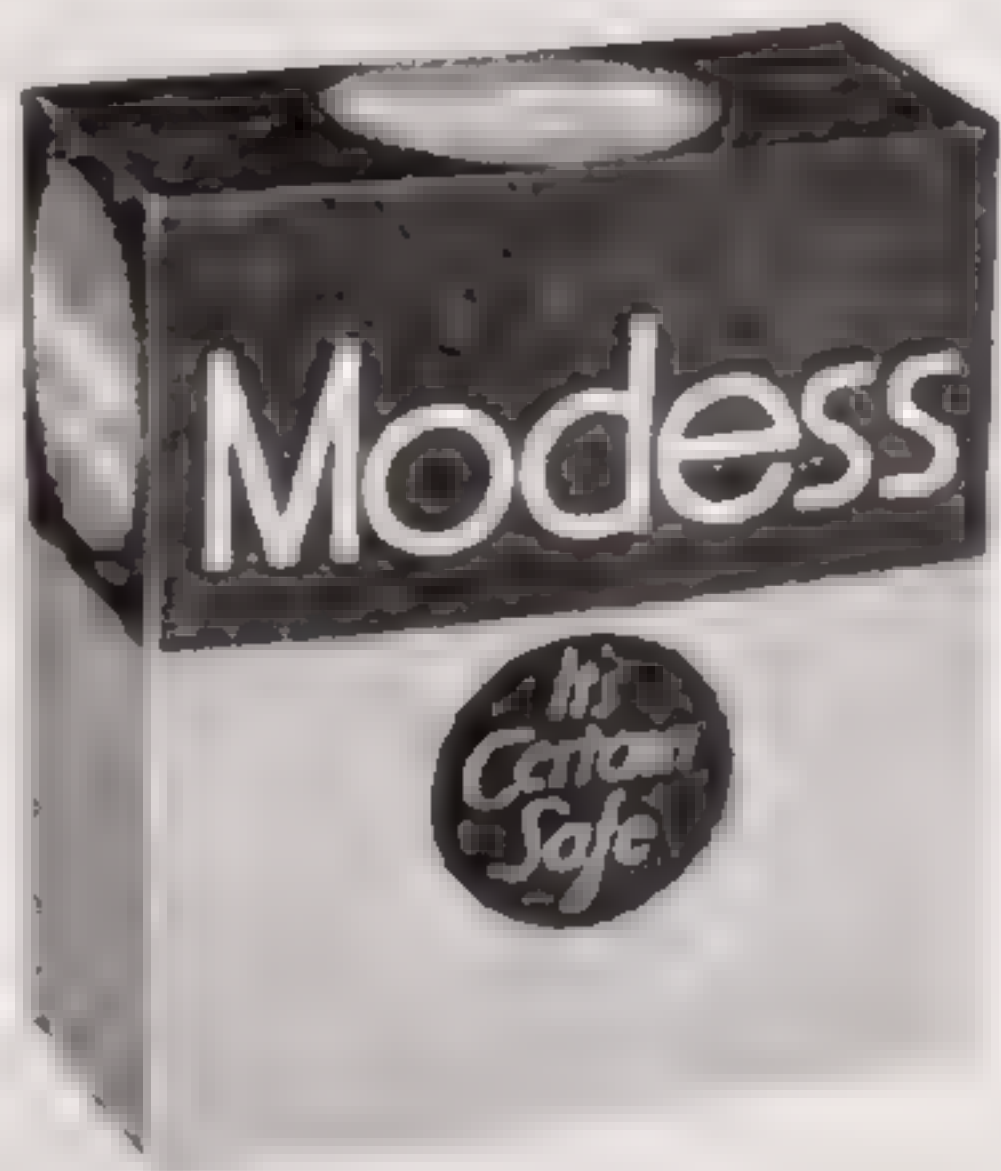
RADIO STARS



SO AFRAID!...BUT WHY? Those doubts and fears that have spoiled many happy moments for women in the past can be avoided now! For Modess—the new, improved sanitary pad—is "Certain-Safe!" It brings you a kind of protection and comfort you've never known before, because Modess is made differently!



NO UNCERTAINTY NOW! You can go wherever you want to . . . wear whatever you want to . . . with Certain-Safe Modess! Unlike many ordinary reversible pads, Modess has a specially treated material on sides and back which prevents *striking through!* Modess stays safe . . . stays soft. Wear the *blue line* on moisture-proof side *away* from body and perfect protection is yours.



End "accident panic"—ask for Certain-Safe
Modess!

The Improved Sanitary Pad

● Try N-O-V-O—the safe, easy-to-use, douche powder. Cleanses! Deodorizes! Refreshes! (Not a contraceptive.) In a dainty Blue and Silver Box—at your drug or department store.

WHAT THEY LISTEN TO—AND WHY

(Continued from page 46)

'Sinclair Minstrels,' etc., because the humor takes me away from the cares of housekeeping; and Wayne King's and Fred Waring's music because it's restful."

◆
Anna Harris, Lakewood, N. J. (School Teacher.) "I like to hear Kaltenborn and Boake Carter because their interpretations of the news are based on knowledge and intelligent thinking. Also, they do not 'murder the King's English' like so many 'Esso Reporters.' I enjoy 'Show Boat,' Nelson Eddy and any other good music—not jazz. Alexander Woolcott's contributions were delightful. I miss him."

◆
John M. Shields, Philadelphia, Pa. (Clerk.) "My three preferences are: 'March of Time' for up-to-the-minute news presented exactly as happening; Fred Allen's 'Town Hall Tonight,' because its humor is the cleanest, most original on the air; and 'Your Hit Parade' for zippy dance music."

◆
Elmer Green, Alton, Ill. (Writer.) "I listen to programs of classical music, and popular songs of the past which I consider superior to those of today. Since I usually listen to the radio for pleasure, I am partial to the news commentators because they are cultural and informative and this type of program affords me the

greatest enjoyment."

◆
Helen McGough, Birmingham, Ala. (Secretary.) "I like Ben Bernie and Mary Livingstone for themselves; Rudy Vallee, Bing Crosby, etc., because they always have a *good* program. My pet peeve is all kinds of 'mush.' For example, Mary Lou on the Maxwell program."

◆
Yee Wah, Mill Valley, Calif. (Contractor.) "I listen only to 'The March of Time,' the news and other programs which give me information on politics and world affairs."

◆
Marion Craig Wentworth, Santa Barbara, Calif. (Author and Lecturer.) "New York Philharmonic Symphony Orchestra, Philadelphia and Minneapolis Symphony Orchestras, because great orchestral music gives me joy and inspiration; soloists like Iturbi, Heifitz, superb artists! President Roosevelt for fine voice and diction as well as liberal ideas; 'Amos 'n' Andy,' for their homely wisdom, adroit presentation of human comedy, and 'The March of Time' as the most dramatic presentation of news."

◆
Alice H. Reesman, Beloit, Wis. (Teacher.) "The only broadcasts that I listen to at all consistently are: Boake Carter's fifteen-minute summary of the

news and the Saturday afternoon operas from the Metropolitan. Carter gives one an almost unbiased report of the day's events, and my reason for listening to the other program is that I enjoy opera."

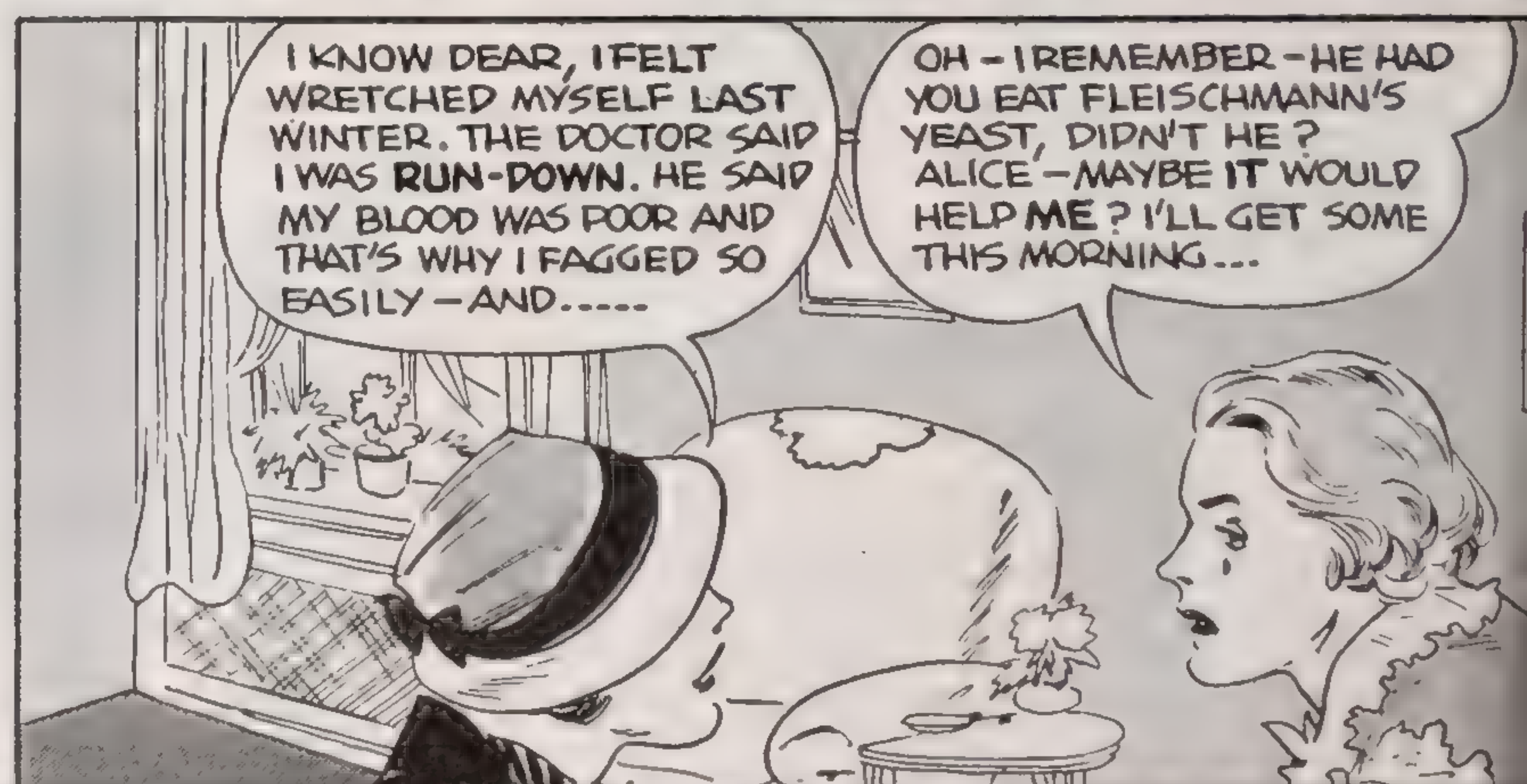
◆
Albert Manski, Boston, Mass. (Government Clerk.) "Major Bowes' Amateur Hour—humanitarian in scope and pleasing in variety. 'Jello Hour'—humor that is always new and refreshing. 'One Man's Family'—down-to-earth, wholesome and human drama. 'Your Hit Parade'—popular music that's enjoyable. 'Lux Radio Theater'—absorbing stories featuring outstanding personalities."

◆
Frank J. Vasile, New York, N. Y. (Trombonist.) "As a radio fan I like to listen to the 'Camel Caravan' because it features Nat Shilkret's symphonic orchestra and Benny Goodman's swing music. Listening to these I get ideas for new arrangements for my own orchestra."

◆
H. R. Shaw, Jackson, Mich. (Merchant.) "Because I like symphony orchestras, a little nonsense with popular orchestral music sandwiched in, well presented news events, clever comics, tabloid musical comedies and smartly presented plays, the following fill the bill for me: Ford and General Motors Symphony pro-

I D-DON'T SEE WHAT THIS SILLY WAY

SO TOUCHY SHE MADE HOME LIFE MISERABLE



VITAMINS A. B. G and D

RADIO STARS

ams, Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Boake Carter, Lowell Thomas, 'Lum and Abner,' 'Show Boat' and the 'Lux Radio Theater.'"

Walter Bartosh, Newark, N. J. "The programs which I enjoy the most are dramatic ones, such as the 'Lux Radio Theater.' The reason these appeal to me is because I am a shut-in and unable to go to the theater."

Victor Gens, Harrisburg, Pa. (Clerk.) "My favorite programs are: 'The Kraft Music Hall,' Bob Crosby's orchestra and the Ken Murray program. These features appeal to me because they all have variety. My favorite, however, is the 'Kraft Music Hall,' because I am very fond of singing and he always presents a well balanced program."

Kathryn Mansell, Ashtabula, Ohio. (Teacher.) "Boake Carter, because he gives an interesting presentation of the news. His voice is pleasing and his advertising clever. Symphony and opera music, because they are my favorites and are seldom interrupted with advertising. I enjoy the soft rhythm of Wayne King's orchestra and the Lux dramatic programs in spite of the childish advertising."

Primo Bastoni, Kingston, Mass. (Shoeman.) "A topnotch program, in my opinion, is the 'Lucky Strike Hour,' with the country's leading song hits uniquely presented—swell music. Another is Rudy Vallee's program, which gives the radio audience the best variety, humor and music, as only Rudy can."

Ethel Doran, Hollywood, Calif. (School-girl.) "I like plays and band music. I always enjoy the Lux programs."

P. F. Hannibohle, San Francisco, Calif. (Accountant.) "Each of the following provide entertainment for the whole family and are never stale: Jack Benny, Burns and Allen, 'Town Hall,' Major Bowes, 'Hawaii Calls,' 'Lum and Abner' and 'Amos 'n' Andy.' Dance band programs afford too much repetition, but Wayne King is the exception."

Michelle Finkler, Passaic, N. J. (At Home.) "I listen avidly to 'Lux Radio Theater,' 'March of Time,' 'Five Star Final,' Martha Deane; all news broadcasts; most news commentators and to special features such as guest stars—the President, etc. Also to all amateur hours and to good music. The reason is obvious. They are the BEST!"

Mrs. M. M. McLaren, Miami, Fla. (Insurance.) "'American Album of Familiar Music,' 'National Farm and Home Hour,' Jessica Dragonette, 'Hollywood Hotel' and 'One Man's Family' are a few of the radio programs I enjoy. 'One Man's Family' is my favorite. In this day of rapidly-vanishing home life, it is refreshing to listen in on an old-fashioned family."

Deborah Siko, Cleveland, Ohio. (Model.) "'Rudy Vallee's Variety Hour.' His programs are of the highest, cleanest type, and varied in a very clever manner."

He gives everyone absolute credit for their achievements and ability. His quiet charm and dignity, his perfect enunciation and interpretations are something to remember and look forward to every week."

Leontine Brennan, New Orleans, La. (Stenographer-Singer.) "I listen to programs like 'Lux Theater' and 'First Nighter' because they fill the need of good, legitimate drama; 'Lucky Strike' orchestra—it keeps popular music alive; 'Radio City Music Hall'—it is inspiring; 'Bowes Amateurs'—so different: Winchell and 'The March of Time' for pep in the news."

Mildred A. Bradley, Sheldonville, Mass. (Art Department Clerk.) "News commentators keep me up to the minute; waltz orchestras sooth my jangled nerves; 'Hit Parade' takes ten years off my age; political speeches pep up my conversation; 'March of Time' gives me my biggest thrill! A well-balanced diet for this busy business woman."

James R. MacArthur, Springfield, Mass. (College Student.) "I particularly enjoy those programs which are free from verbose advertising speeches. I enjoy programs of semi-classical music, and dance bands when they do not play too oft-repeated numbers. Programs such as 'The Voice of Experience' are not only interesting, but very educational as well. Others bore me."

Alvyn Tweedy, Taunton, Mass. (Writer.) "I prefer 'The Widow's Sons'

M-MAKES ME C-CRY



DON'T LET "UNDERFED" BLOOD KEEP YOU WORN OUT

SO MANY people feel tired out and depressed at this time of year.

Usually, your blood is "underfed" and does not carry enough food to your muscles and nerves.

Fleischmann's fresh Yeast supplies your blood with

needed vitamins and other important food elements. Then, your blood can carry more and better nourishment to your tissues.

Eat 3 cakes of Fleischmann's Yeast daily—a cake about 1/2 hour before each meal—plain, or in water.

IT'S YOUR BLOOD THAT "FEEDS" YOUR BODY...

One of the important functions of your blood stream is to carry nourishment from your food to muscle and nerve tissues of your body.

When you find that you get overtired at the least extra effort, it is usually a sign that your blood is not being supplied with enough food for your tissues.

What you need is something to help your blood get more nourishment from your food.

LEISCHMANN'S FRESH YEAST CONTAINS 4 VITAMINS IN ADDITION TO HORMONE-LIKE SUBSTANCES, WHICH HELP THE BODY GET GREATER VALUE FROM THE FOOD YOU EAT, AND GET IT FASTER-----



HAVE YOU DISCOVERED
THE GLORIOUS NEW



BRINGING NEW ROMANTIC
LOVELINESS to THOUSANDS



No wonder women all over America are switching to this glorious new Hollywood Mask. New ingredients, new shades, new blending and harmonizing secrets. See for yourself how much more Hollywood Mask can do for you—to create an exciting, alluring, charming YOU!

Goodbye WRINKLES, BLACKHEADS

Discouraged because nothing conquers large pores and blemishes? You must stimulate underlying skin tissues, tone up circulation—purge pores of dirt and rancid oils—try Hollywood Mask! Spread it on! Rinse it off—and presto!—what an agreeable change—skin once more looks fresh, clear, youthful, glowing!



Lipstick KEEPS YOUR LIPS SOFT.. SHADES TO BECOME YOUR TYPE

Can lipstick do more than transform lips into tantalizing, beautiful red? Yes it can! Hollywood Mask Lipstick is not parching—soothes lips. Lasts out many more kisses. Non-transparent. Indelible. Matches Hollywood Mask powder and accentuates beauty of your complexion type.



Lipstick Colors: Light, Medium, Dark, Orange, Raspberry

Twice-a-Day MOISTURE PROOF POWDER IN SHADES MOST FLATTERING TO YOU

Now!—powder that stays and stays and STAYS on hours longer—because it's moisture-proof. End that "Plaster-of-Paris" made-up look—with Hollywood Mask Powder. Won't show because it complements your individual color skin type. Micro-fine textured. Applies smoothly with all powder bases.



Large Size, 75c
Purse Size, 10c
Powder Shades:
Rachelle Creole
Brunette Peach
Natural Blanche
Suntan

Try all three exciting new Hollywood Mask Cosmetics. On sale at leading drug and department stores, five and ten cent stores, or send coupon below—NOW—See how marvelously the right makeup can add to your charm.

MAIL NOW.. FOR *Hollywood Mask*
OR LIPSTICK OR POWDER

HOLLYWOOD MASK INC.
105 W. Monroe St.
Dept. 196 Chicago

Send purse size cosmetics I have checked. I enclose 10c for each as checked to cover packaging and mailing.

Name

Street

City.....State.....

- ☐ Powder
☐ Creole ☐ Natural
☐ Peach ☐ Rachelle
☐ Blanche ☐ Suntan
☐ Brunette
☐ Lipstick
☐ Light ☐ Medium
☐ Dark ☐ Orange
☐ Raspberry
☐ Hollywood Mask



Stars of the air sign a Loyalty Pledge in accordance with Loyalty Days which were observed on October 3rd and 4th. They endorsed the campaign to combat irreligion, crime and other factors which suggest un-Americanism. Pictured from left to right (standing), Phil Duey, Stanley Evans and Vic Erwin. (Seated) Bea Lillie, Fannie Brice and Joan Marsh.

and 'The March of Time.' The former, that intriguing radio serial so skillfully, so philosophically written by Lulu Volmer, so beautifully acted by Lucille La Verne and associates. The latter program, depicting the news of the hour, is a vivid and honest presentation of life."

Glenna Spraker, Mt. Pleasant, Iowa. (Stenographer.) "General Motors Concert on Sunday evenings, because of the fine music and guest artists. Since I live in a small town in Iowa, the opportunities are rare whereby one may hear these artists unless it is by radio."

W. McQuade, San Antonio, Tex. (Newspaperman.) "I'll take the bright nonsense of 'The Breakfast Club' first thing in the morning; 'Local Man on the Street' programs during lunch; Louis Prima wherever I can find him; and Paul Sullivan to tell me what happened while I was listening to the first two and wondering just where I could find Louis Prima."

Melvin Newman, Pottstown, Pa. "The radio program I most like to listen to is Rudy Vallee's 'Variety Hour.' The reason being that it offers comedy, melodrama, opera and jazz all combined in one pro-

gram. I want variety. Rudy Vallee's radio program has it."

Mrs. Henry C. Lucas, Omaha, Neb. (Teacher.) "1. Burns and Allen, because they are so obviously absurd and nonsensical; 2. Bing Crosby's 'Variety Hour,' because he combines good music and foolishness agreeably, conducting the hour in an unaffected manner; 3. 'Ford Symphony Hour,' because of the excellence of presentation and interest of the programs."

Raymond Treat, Auburn, N. Y. (Mail Clerk.) "I like Wayne King's programs for their soft, sweet music. I like the 'National Barn Dance' for its old-time music and 'The Hit Parade' for its swell rendition of popular songs. The comedy of Burns and Allen and Bunny Berrigan's hot music appeal to me, too."

Mrs. Nancie S. Brann, Worcester, Mass. (At Home.) "I listen to good music because it gratifies my soul and educates my ear; to lectures and talks, because I get food for thought and often learn things which are of value in forming opinions; to the 'Cheerio' program because it helps to human sympathy."

Mrs. Robert Schenken, Seattle, Wash. (Housewife.) "My favorite programs are

the Standard Symphony Hour, 'Voice of Firestone,' General Motors Symphony and Ford Symphony. Also, 'One Man's Family.' I like good music and think we don't get enough of it on the radio. Also, I like good 'homey' drama, such as 'One Man's Family.'"

Jack E. Fry, Denver, Colo. (*Insurance Clerk-Musician.*) "Although I'm not a smoker, I enjoy the 'Sweepstakes' and good music on the 'Lucky Strike Hour,' and find the whole thing interesting. Major Bowes' amateur hour, because there's always something new and different. I like the good comedy of Burns and Allen and Jack Benny, also orchestras like Paul Whiteman, Stearn, Bernie, Lombardo, King, Lewis, etc."

Joseph C. Martin, Bismarck, No. Dak. (*Salesman.*) "I look to my radio for amusement, entertainment, music and information. The first I find on the programs of Jack Benny, Fred Allen, Major Bowes, Rudy Vallee and Ed Wynn. The second from 'One Man's Family,' 'Show Boat,' 'Little Theater' and 'Lux Radio Theater.' Wayne King, Rubinoff, Whiteman, Shandor, Waring and Bernie furnish the third and for news I always turn to Hill, Kennedy, Carter, Winchell or Thomas."

Naomi Guy, St. Cloud, Minn. (*Artist and Writer.*) "News reports are always welcome to me. Previews of coming pictures are entertaining over the air. Light romance such as 'Poor Little Cinderella' on the Gold Medal Hour, is entertaining because of good songs and simple plot. Lectures on art or any cultural subject are always of interest to me."

Ervant Gabriel, Union City, N. J. (*Businessman.*) "I listen to symphonic music, opera singers and humorous programs. Why? Because they give me the greatest enjoyment and satisfaction."

Morrey Davidson, Cleveland, Ohio. (*Orchestra Salesman.*) "I listen preferably to dance orchestras of Consolidated Radio Artists, as they are uniformly excellent, and include such bands as Paul Whiteman, Richard Himber, Barney Rapp, Reggie Childs and numerous others."

**Do You Agree
with These
Preferences?
Let Us Know Yours**

Address Your Letter to:

QUERY EDITOR
RADIO STARS
149 Madison Avenue
New York City, N. Y.

Another Love-match Shipwrecked...



...on the dangerous reef of half-truths
about feminine hygiene. "Lysol"
has prevented many such tragedies.

MILLIONS of women today have discovered a vitally important fact about feminine hygiene. They have learned that "Lysol" has six special qualities which make it uniquely valuable, combined with such dependability and gentleness that doctors commonly use it in one of the most delicate of all operations...childbirth.

Not liking to discuss such a delicate subject as feminine hygiene is natural...but when misinformation, ignorance, and half-truths threaten happiness, a wife is guilty of *serious neglect* if she fails to learn that there is a reliable answer to her problem.

You will find that "Lysol" gives you a new sense of *antiseptic* cleanliness that is most reassuring. But more important, "Lysol" brings the

poise and peace of mind so essential to a truly happy marriage.

The 6 Special Features of "Lysol"

1. NON-CAUSTIC... "Lysol" in the proper dilutions is gentle and reliable. It contains no harmful free caustic alkali.
2. EFFECTIVENESS... "Lysol" is a *true germicide*, active under practical conditions...even in the presence of organic matter (such as dirt, mucus, serum, etc.). Some other preparations don't work under these conditions.
3. PENETRATION... "Lysol" solutions spread because of their low surface tension—and thus *virtually search out* germs.
4. ECONOMY... "Lysol", because it is concentrated, costs less than one cent an application in the proper solution for feminine hygiene.
5. ODOR... The cleanly odor of "Lysol" disappears very soon after use.
6. STABILITY... Keeps its full strength, no matter how long kept, or how often uncorked.

DR. DAFOE ON THE RADIO! "Lysol" presents the famous doctor of the quintuplets, in 3 talks weekly, on "Modern Child Care"—Mon., Wed., Fri.—C. B. S., 11:45 A. M.—E.S.T.

FACTS ALL WOMEN SHOULD KNOW
LEHN & FINK PRODUCTS CORP., Dept. RS-12
Bloomfield, N. J.

Please send me the book called "LYSOL vs. GERMS", with facts about feminine hygiene and other uses of "Lysol".

Name _____

Street _____

City _____ State _____

Copy. 1936 by Lehn & Fink Products Corp.

Lysol
Disinfectant



HURRAY !!
I'VE STRUCK
OIL !

"Just wait till you
discover this Oil Rub
used by almost
all hospitals"

"Gosh, how I used to be scared of germs. But now . . . what do you think . . . the germs are scared of me! Isn't that wonderful? Well . . . it's because I struck oil. Yes—my mother now gives me a body rub every day with Mennen Antiseptic Oil; so I've always got a film of safety over me that keeps away the germs and stops infection. The other day I heard our doctor say that almost all hospitals* now give their babies the daily protection of Mennen Antiseptic Oil. It keeps us so much safer and healthier. Gee, I'm glad my mother's up-to-date and knows about important things like this."

**Nine-tenths of all the hospitals that are important in maternity work use Mennen Antiseptic Oil on their babies, daily. Your baby deserves it, too!*

W. G. Mennen

MENNEN
Antiseptic
OIL

WHY NELSON EDDY CAN'T MARRY

(Continued from page 21)



Publisher George T. Delacorte of RADIO STARS presents Andre Kostelanetz this magazine's award for Distinguished Service to Radio. Ray Heatherton, Kay Thompson and David Ross of Chesterfield program look on.

lived with the wealthy bridge expert in her palatial apartment in the Quaker City's swanky Lenox. Now, when her school is closed during the summer, Mrs. Evans continues to spend as much time as possible with Nelson and his mother. She visited them during the past summer at Nelson's Hollywood home.

"Every Sunday night Mrs. Evans used to call for Nelson and drive him home," Mr. Hancock recalled. "He loved fun and used to like to stay around after the services and talk with the other members of the choir and with me. He wasn't at all the serious-minded young man he's pictured now in stories. Of course, though, he didn't have much chance for fun, you know. With a serious ambition to amount to something musically, no late hours, drinking or smoking are possible. But sometimes Nelson would beg me to let him get into the organ loft—then he'd pull out all the stops and make just as much noise as he could. Poor fellow—he was starved for fun!"

"One night I invited him to my house after rehearsal. His eyes lit up like a kid's. 'Gee, I'd love to,' he said wistfully, 'but I'll have to ask Aunt Gertrude.' Apparently Mrs. Evans said no. Foolishly, I urged Nelson to come anyhow. He looked awfully uncomfortable—but he went home.

"Another time he did manage to have a free evening. He telephoned Mrs. Evans that he had to rehearse some special numbers with me. I got on the 'phone and corroborated it. She consented reluctantly. Nelson came to my house and we *did* rehearse some numbers. But my daughter had some young people in and they stayed afterward. Nelson remained until after midnight, laughing,

dancing, having the time of his life.

"All the girls in the choir were simply starry-eyed about Nelson. One seventeen-year-old in particular had a violent crush on him. One day she made a pencil sketch of him and presented it to him. Nelson picked her right up off her feet and kissed her in front of the whole choir.

"Later I was teasing him about the incident. Naturally we got to talking about girls. I asked him why he never went out with girls and if he didn't intend to marry. He seemed to hesitate—and then he told me the whole story.

"Mrs. Evans—and her husband, when he was alive—had befriended him and had given him his great opportunity, he said. They had freed him from every responsibility. 'I made an agreement with Mrs. Evans then that I wouldn't marry before I was forty,' Nelson explained. And that was fair enough, too. Mrs. Evans was investing a fortune in the boy—it wouldn't be right to permit anything to interfere with his career. They figured that by the time he had reached forty he would either be an established success—or else it wouldn't matter much, as far as his career was concerned, whether he married or not.

"Of course," Mr. Hancock added, "we know now that Nelson wasn't destined to wait until he was forty to reach the top—but he'll keep the promise, just the same. He's that kind of a fellow."

Although Mrs. Evans has chosen to remain in the background of Nelson Eddy's meteoric career, she need not bask in reflected glory. She has won a position for herself in her own right. Born Gertrude Cheshire in Philadelphia, she started to make her mark in the world at the tender age of five. She displayed at that early age an uncanny ability at cribbage and

whist. During her girlhood she suffered a long illness, which gave her an opportunity to develop her remarkable abilities. Since she was ten, her constant companion had been a neighbor boy named Frank Sinclair Evans, a member of an old family of Quakers.

When Gertrude was but fifteen she won a national whist tournament. At nineteen she married Evans and took her place as one of Philadelphia society's most prominent young hostesses. Mr. Evans became an executive of Strawbridge & Clothier's department store, a position he held for twenty-five years until his death. He was a member of the exclusive Racquet and other Philadelphia clubs. Like his wife, he was intensely interested in bridge.

Philadelphians know and are proud of the Strawbridge & Clothier choral society. Indeed, it was in connection with that famous musical organization that the store's president, Dr. Herbert Tily, was given the Bok Award for having contributed to the city's welfare. Through the activities of the choral society, Mr. and Mrs. Evans met David Bispham, noted Philadelphia musician and teacher. Mr. Bispham introduced them to Eddy, and the friendship sprang up which resulted in the couple's agreeing to sponsor the young singer's career. When Mr. Evans died, Mrs. Evans undertook to carry on alone the work of aiding in Nelson's development.

When Mrs. Evans found the fortune her husband had left her seriously depleted in the fateful year of '29, she replenished the shrunken bank balance by inaugurating her bridge school. Her years of eminence at the game, plus her social position in Philadelphia, brought to her Lenox apartment more pupils than she could accept and from the very start her venture proved a gold mine. Although she now is well able to afford the money she advanced to Nelson, the singer has repaid her in full for all the sums she advanced him.

Another interesting sidelight along those lines was recalled by Mr. Hancock.

"There was some difficulty in obtaining Nelson's services for our choir," he related. "His contract with his concert manager contained a clause to the effect that he could not sing for less than three hundred dollars an appearance. Of course, the church could not afford any such sum. The most we were able to pay was fifty dollars. However, Nelson himself solved the problem.

"After we had discussed the prohibitive clause in the contract and things were looking pretty black, he had an inspiration. 'I don't see why I can't sing for my own church if I want to,' he said. 'And this is my church.' So Nelson joined the choir. He was with us for four seasons. Then, just before he left for Hollywood, he came to me to say goodbye. He handed me an envelope. 'I'm in the money now, Irving. I don't really need this,' he said. When I opened the envelope, there was Nelson's check for every cent we'd paid him for the four seasons' work!"

He paused reflectively.

"You can see what makes me so sure he'll never forget that promise he made to Mrs. Evans," the choirmaster said. "He's not the sort that forgets."



MERRY XMAS TO ALL (and a carton of Kools)

WHERE'S the holiday throat that won't enjoy their soothing touch of mild menthol? Where's the smoker of either sex who won't relish **KOOL** blend of superior Turkish-Domestic tobaccos? Remember that each pack not only carries a valuable coupon,

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Savoy-Plaza



Long a favorite with radio headliners, the Savoy-Plaza has earned this preference through its atmosphere of warm hospitality, its superb cuisine, and its cheerful service. Overlooking Central Park, the Savoy-Plaza is close to CBS and NBC studios and to the finest shops and theatres . . . **The Cafe Lounge and Snack Bar** at Cocktail Hour and after the theatre is the meeting place of smart New Yorkers and visitors who come to dance and be amused by the season's outstanding entertainers . . . Rooms at the Savoy-Plaza provide spacious luxury with truly home-like comfort. Single rooms from \$6. Double rooms from \$8. Suites from \$12.

SAVOY-PLAZA

Henry A. Rost, Managing Director
George Suter, Resident Manager

FIFTH AVENUE • 58th TO 59th STS • NEW YORK

SHOULD A HUSBAND BE TEN YEARS OLDER?

(Continued from page 23)

each other."

That understanding is the basic thing in the love between these two. If Helen Jepson had married a man of her own age, she might not have had a career at all. She knows that. Young men have so many things to learn and among them are tolerance and wisdom. The unreasoning jealousy of youth would have entered into their marriage. For a woman singing in radio or opera has to come into close contact with men. And a jealous husband would have been a serious drawback to her career, a husband who wouldn't or couldn't understand that it was as much a part of her business to go through love scenes on the stage or before the microphone as typewriting is a part of a stenographer's job.

But there is another jealousy that would be even harder on a woman. Professional jealousy. Many a marriage has crumbled into little pieces because a husband couldn't take his wife's success.

"So much of the success that has come to me is through George's interest in my career." Helen Jepson was looking at her husband as she spoke and her words were thanking him again as they have been thanking him ever since they met. "That's the grandest thing any man can do for any woman! It takes a big nature to help a woman achieve something on her own. Especially since he has a career of his own. But there again, you see, it was to my advantage that he was those ten years older, that his success was firmly established before mine ever was begun.

"He was flutist for the New York Symphony Orchestra when I met him in Chautauqua. I loved him from the first time I saw him. From the first time I heard him play. There I sat, a kid who hadn't had a chance to try my own wings yet, listening to George Possell and knowing in that moment what love was and feeling suddenly shy.

"We had mutual friends who twitted me about my interest in him and wanted me to meet him. But I couldn't. Oh, I was really so silly about it all, hiding behind trees to watch him as he passed and going through my singing lessons in a daze afterwards, I, who always had put all my heart and brain into those lessons, knowing how much they meant and how much it had cost me to have them.

"And then, at last, I met George and everything was different. My whole life changed—for George loved me, too. It seemed incomprehensible to me and yet somehow I knew it, even in that first moment of meeting."

It must have been then as it is now with the Possells. That quickening in their eyes when they look at each other, that close understanding that excludes everyone else. It was a mad courtship. A sweet courtship. They didn't do any of the things you might expect musicians in love to do. There was no going to the opera for them, no concerts.

They ate good food and drank fine wines and made love. They sat on the tops of buses and they walked in the park and the world came alive for them when they met and deadened when they parted.

For it was a courtship made up of meetings and partings. Helen was in Philadelphia studying at the Curtis Institute and George was playing with the orchestra in New York. But whenever there was a free period for either one they sped to the other and even now timetables and rushing trains and railroad stations bring back that old nostalgia, that old joy at meeting, that old sorrow at parting.

Even then, loving her as he did, wanting her as he did, George Possell did not urge an immediate marriage as a younger man might have done. A younger man who had yet to learn unselfishness. This man, who had fought for his own career, wanted the girl he loved to have hers.

Marrying then, before she had accomplished anything and while love filled her heart so completely, he knew that she might throw away everything for that one happiness in being together.

So they waited until she was established in her own right and all during that waiting time and during the time that came afterwards, too, George Possell had given everything he has, his experience, his understanding and himself, to help her build that amazing career of hers.

"George was even a harder taskmaster to me than I have been to myself," Helen Jepson said slowly. "Being the musician he is, he demands perfection and is not satisfied with anything short of it in any sort of music. And that goes for me as much as it does for any singer or violinist or pianist he might be listening to.

"My only excuse in having a profession is to be good in that profession. Otherwise I should be at home living entirely for George and our baby. After all, a woman with a career deprives her husband of so many things the woman who stays at home can give. Of companionship available at all times, of interest in his work only, and of all the other things a homemaking woman gives a man.

"But, apart from my work, George babies me as much as he does little Sallie. That's another thing that comes from that difference in years between us. If George had been my own age, if we had been struggling for our careers at the same time, it probably would have been I who was babying him and in so doing hurting him immeasurably.

"For a marriage can't go against the instinct of generations and be a happy one. And it's only in the last generation that women have so consistently taken their places in a working world. A man naturally should be the stronger one, the wiser one, the one who gives. The fact that George was older than I made it so in our case.

"There have been so many things

NOSE PORES

Largest Pores on Your Body— A Test of Your Cleansing Methods!

By *Lady Esther*

George has taught me. Not to have an inferiority complex was one. It would have been so easy for me to develop one. When I was studying in Philadelphia I had only the money I had saved to see me through, money that couldn't stretch any further than room rent and food. There wasn't any surplus for clothes.

"The club women back home used to send me boxes of cast-off clothes that I made over for myself. Wearing other people's things, never having enough to buy even a buckle or a bright length of ribbon to freshen them up, isn't going to give any girl undue confidence in herself. Please don't think I wasn't grateful for those clothes, that I didn't see the kindness that prompted them, that I didn't thank those women from the bottom of my heart. But there were times when I used to sit on the floor in front of a newly-arrived box, with dresses spilling over my lap—and cry.

"One evening, not long after I met George, I was wearing one of those dresses and he said something sweet about the way I looked in it and somehow I couldn't hold in any longer. I found myself telling him about those second-hand clothes and then to my utter consternation I began to cry. But afterwards I was glad I cried, for George held me and said all the sweet things, the little tender things a man will say when the woman he loves is crying.

"Then he laughed just a little and told me how silly I was to feel that way. He told me about women he had known, glamorous women who are stage and opera stars now, who had gone along the same road I was going, who also had worn second-hand clothes and been helped by other people when they were young and unknown. Why, before he was through, I felt almost sorry for people with money enough to buy anything they wanted. He had made it seem such a badge of honor, somehow. Made me feel important, that people saw enough in me to want to help me."

That utter lack of an inferiority complex is Helen Jepson's greatest charm. It is the thing that makes her so warm and friendly to everyone. It is the thing that keeps her from putting on the act so many other stars do, stars who, despite all the adulation and success that has come to them, still are unable to overcome the struggle of their early years and to hide it assume exaggerations that thwart their own individualities.

For Helen Jepson is Helen Jepson to everyone. To the doorman at her apartment house and the little girl she stopped to talk to in the park that morning and to important radio executives and to the girl who waits on her in a shop.

Her eyes glowed when Sallie ran into the room, a small girl with her mother's brown eyes and flaxen hair, vivid in the scarlet kimono her mother had brought back to her from a concert tour. She began to thump on the piano and in Helen's eyes was the same maternal indulgence you might see in the eyes of any mother.

There in that room the three of them were alone in that little world love and happiness had built for them, and the great success that has come to this lovely young woman seemed a small thing compared to that love.

The pores on the nose are the largest on your body. For this reason, if allowed to become clogged with waxy excretions, they will become conspicuously large and noticeable.

The pores on your nose, therefore, are a good test of your skin-cleansing methods. If the pores are plugged with waste matter and gaping large, it's a sign your methods are insufficient.

By keeping your pores—and this includes the pores of your nose—*thoroughly* clean, you can keep them normal in size invisibly small.

A Penetrating Cream Required

To get at the dirt and waxy matter that accumulates in your pores, you must use a face cream that penetrates, one that actually works its way into the pores. Such a cream is Lady Esther Face Cream. It does not merely lie on the surface of your skin. It actually penetrates the pores, and does it in a gentle and soothing manner.

Penetrating the pores, Lady Esther Face Cream goes to work on the imbedded dirt and waste matter. It dissolves it—breaks it up—and makes it easily removable. In a fraction of the usual time, your skin is thoroughly clean.

Cleansed perfectly, your pores can again function freely—open and close as Nature intended. Automatically then, they reduce themselves to their normal small size and you no longer have anything like conspicuous pores.

Lubrication, Also

As Lady Esther Face Cream cleanses the skin, it *also* lubricates it. It re-supplies it with a fine oil that overcomes dryness and keeps the skin soft and smooth.

Make a test on your face of Lady Esther Face Cream. See for yourself how thoroughly it cleans out the pores. Mark how quickly your pores come down in size when relieved of their choking burden. Note the new life and smoothness your skin takes on. One test will tell you volumes.

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All first-class drug and department stores sell Lady Esther Face Cream, but a 7-days' supply is free for the asking. Just mail the coupon below or a penny postcard and by return mail you'll receive the cream—PLUS all five shades of my exquisite Lady Esther Face Powder. Write today.

(You can paste this on a penny postcard.)

(28)

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**Waterproof . . .
far easier to use!**

True charm now replaces the bold, theatrical look that has discouraged so many women from using old-fashioned forms of mascara.

The effect you have always wished to achieve with mascara is now actually possible! Your lashes seeming to sweep your cheeks with their length . . . their luxuriance rich with the enticing charm of *naturalness*!

Obviously, such exciting loveliness requires an entirely new kind of mascara; one that darkens lashes without shouting "mascara"; one that does not brand its user as artificial, "theatrical" or "bold."

TATTOO Cream Mascara is just that. It goes on so evenly and smoothly its presence on the lashes is not detected. Nor will tears, rain or a plunge betray the secret . . . for THIS mascara, *not being mixed with water when applied*, is really waterproof! Much easier to use than cake mascara too, and perfectly harmless. Can't smart.

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TISSUES**
STRONGER AND MORE
ABSORBENT

KEEP YOUNG AND BEAUTIFUL

(Continued from page 11)

similar to these: "Mary—blue evening gown;" "Alice—wants enough cologne to take a tub in;" "Joyce—admired my black and gold compact;" "Janice—that flowery perfume I got last year." All of which will mean that Mary will get a blue or silver evening bag or case; Alice will get a giant-sized bottle of cologne (I know of a mammoth-sized bottle of spirited cologne for a very moderate sum); Joyce will get a duplicate black and gold compact (monogrammed with her initials, probably, to individualize the gift); and Janice will get the very perfume that flatters her personality. Keep a notebook of clues to your friends' color choices, preferences and wishes and Christmas shopping will be as easy a problem to solve as a detective case to Sherlock Holmes.

"I love luxury gifts," emphasized Miss Jepson. "Oh, by luxury gifts I don't mean expensive gifts," she added hastily, probably catching the thrifty gleam in my eye (which also represented an eye to your budgets, too). "I mean, just buying things that people wouldn't be likely to buy for themselves."

I was reminded of the remark of one of my friends, who had said to me in the midst of her dressing-table rites: "You know, Mary, when my ship comes in, I am going to buy the largest-sized jar of this cream that I can find; then I can be extravagant with it. Honestly, it's so luscious, I could almost eat it!" Maybe it is cologne, or bath oil, or something else that spells "luxury" to your particular friends—luxury in the sense that they wouldn't buy those things for themselves, but would revel in having them, in generous Christmas gift sizes.

"For a woman," said Miss Jepson, "I think that an evening compact is one of the nicest possible gifts. I prefer very complete ones—sort of combination compacts and evening bags. If not this, perhaps a case with a compact, lipstick, and mirror. Bulky, separate pieces are all right for daytime, but at night I think that the less space evening accessories take up the better."

Miss Jepson has evening glamour down to a science. As anticipatory hints for your next party, I thought you would be interested to know that the sophisticated prima donna finds a liquid powder foundation particularly desirable for lasting makeup; and she likes a special whitening preparation for the neck and arms. The latter preparation is particularly popular in Hollywood, where Miss Jepson will undoubtedly be whisked away one of these days. The cinema city has long been making overtures to her.

Imagination is an intriguing part of La Jepson's glamour. "I adore to select perfume for my friends," she said enthusiastically. "It's such fun selecting fragrances that suit various personalities. Perfumes seem so Christmas-like, too, and this year they are more beautifully packaged than ever. Packaging is a fetish of mine, I'm afraid. I love doing up gifts—it's sort of like setting the stage for them." She

waved her hand at the package that stood on the table. "I make a regular ceremony of wrapping each gift. You would think that I was wrapping up a *Show Boat* broadcast with each one," she added, laughing merrily.

Miss Jepson really gave me the idea of including a list of perfumes in my Christmas letter to you, through her discussion of selecting fragrances to suit personalities. I have made a little list of some of my perfume favorites for you, each perfume with an imaginative tag-line after it, describing the personality-type of perfume I think it is. Drop me a line and I shall be happy to send it to you.

"I'm an atomizer addict," confided Miss Jepson. "I use atomizers for perfume, brilliantine, cologne and astringents."

Some day, when you're very fatigued, try Miss Jepson's way of applying cologne. First, put the cologne in the refrigerator to have it ice-cold; then spray on the fragrant refreshment in cool blasts from the atomizer, concentrating on the back of your tired neck.

Give your throat, especially if it's inclined to be flabby around the chin-line, a thorough spraying with an astringent, as part of your nightly routine; then slap vigorously, especially under your chin, with the back of your hand. If you are on a reducing regime, you will need plenty of astringents to tone up the flesh that will get flabby if you let it and there is no better way of doing an efficient job of astringent application than with an atomizer. And it's so much easier!

Miss Jepson's figure is so superb as to make all of us green with envy, even though it be the season of good-will and generosity. We had better make war on our own indulgent instinct, however, now that Thanksgiving and Christmas confront us. Oh, I'm not going to be so mean as to suggest that you cut down on turkey or your favorite dressing on the feast days, but I am going to suggest that, as Miss Jepson phrases it: "If you err today, do penance tomorrow." One or two days out of the holiday week or weeks, you can devote yourself to a regular orange juice "bat." Cut out all solid food, and drink nothing but orange juice (and water, of course) all day long. About a dozen oranges a day will sustain you and, in fact, will provide you with around twelve hundred calories, the minimum number of calories that is considered safe for dieting. Remember, I'm not suggesting any such diet for more than one or two days at the most; a one-food diet for a longer period of time than that is foolhardy, and certainly not conducive to healthful reducing. (I have a safe, well balanced reducing diet for you that averages around 1200 calories a day, if you want to go in for a regular, daily reducing regime.) Perhaps you had better put a crate of fancy oranges on your Christmas list. A basket of fruit always makes a desirable gift, whether it be for Christmas or for "Bon Voyage" on the *Show Boat*.

Now that we are on the subject of

fruit, a very smart luxury gift for yourself or for any other woman is a "strawberry cocktail" cream. You can get it in a special gift set that comes in a beautiful box, along with cleansing tissues and a special strawberry lotion. The strawberry cream comes in a new kind of air-tight jar that is really light as a feather. And you feel so refreshed and rejuvenated when you use this fragrant strawberry stimulating cream that you could almost sprout wings yourself.

Another smart complexion gift is a special treatment kit that comes in a silver covered box and is packed with the specific items recommended for the care of dry or oily skin. The dry skin treatment kit contains a tissue cream, skin tonic, cold cream soap and special beauty cream; the oily skin treatment kit contains a night cream, liquefying cream, skin tonic and cold cream soap. The price puts it well within the reach of all of us who want to do over our skins, as well as our present figures.

For the problem friends you have, who live quite a distance away, and whose wishes and preferences you can't very well jot down in a notebook, Miss Jepson suggests a safe, conservative gift such as bath powder; a gift box of soap (those with monograms are nice,) a guest room cosmetic set, or a set of cleansing tissues and fluffy powder puffs. Did any woman ever have too many cleansing tissues, fresh immaculate powder puffs or too much scented soap?

Before we leave our helpful gift hostess, of course you want to know how Miss Jepson takes care of her glorious platinum hair. I asked her if she would give me her recipe for keeping her hair so soft and silky and she said that her only recipe consists in plenty of brushing, doing her own shampooing and using a special rinse which dissolves all the soap residue left in the hair. She gives the rinse a lot of the credit for keeping her hair in such soft, lustrous condition. (If you want the name, just write me.)

The gift that I would like to wrap up for you—all of you—is a very happy holiday season, from Thanksgiving right up through New Year's, with a lot of grand excursions on NBC's *Show Boat*. I can't do that, but I have wrapped up a lot of helpful suggestions in my holiday bulletin, which is yours for the clipping of the coupon, and a stamped addressed envelope. Send for it today.

Mary Biddle,
RADIO STARS,
149 Madison Avenue,
New York, N. Y.

Please send me your bulletin,
"Going Beauty Shopping."

(P.S.—I would like your Reducing Diet, too ☐)

Name.....

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Kindly enclose stamped addressed envelope.

Do you take hearts by storm?



WHAT IS BEAUTY FOR —
if not to set masculine hearts
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songs of happiness in your heart
when he admires? Make-up's so
important—especially your rouge!

There's nothing beautiful about
rouge that looks painted, that outlines
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utterly *natural* color. Your rouge—unless
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There's an undertone that blends
with an overtone, to change magically
on your skin. It becomes richly beautiful,
vital, *real*—no outline. The almost
incredible, astounding effect is that
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glamorous person with Princess Pat
rouge—irresistible. Try it—and see.

PRINCESS PAT ROUGE

RADIO—"A Tale of Today" with Joan Blaine and
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Get this make-up set—special

The popular Princess Pat rouge, powder and lip rouge, easily two weeks' supply, in a novel, attractive Collegian Kit — for this coupon and 10c coin.

PRINCESS PAT, Dept. 62-C, 2709 South Wells Street, Chicago.

Enclosed find 10c for which send me the Princess Pat Collegian Make-up Set.

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in our January issue a story that will amaze you!
One of moviedom's most popular stars takes some pot shots at radio.
RADIO STARS for January

Here's How I Get
10 WINDOW SHADES
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"AND SUCH WEAR FOR 15¢"

I GET 10 lovely CLOPAYS for the price of a \$1.50 cloth shade—and I like CLOPAYS better! They look as good as the costliest—give up to two years wear. And I can replace soiled shades or patterns I tire of without hurting my pocket-book. No wonder millions are buying 15c CLOPAY Window Shades. Made of patented fibre material that does not crack or pinhole. And only 15c, mind you! Charming patterns and solid colors. See them in leading 5c and 10c and neighborhood stores. For FREE color samples, write to CLOPAY CORPORATION, 1284 York Street, Cincinnati, Ohio.

KATE SMITH'S OWN COOKING SCHOOL

(Continued from page 13)

replied, pleased as punch: "If that's the case, I'm the gal who'll give them more!"

And so I will, too—more and still more until you cry, "Enough!" But don't let that be too soon, for I know a lot of grand dishes that I want to tell you about. I'm going to take them right out of my own recipe files and I promise to give you only the things I've tried myself. So that when I tell you they're good, I'll know they're good and won't just be guessing.

I'm going to tell you how to prepare some of the desserts for which my dear Grandmother is so well known—and which she's taught us all to make. I'm going to choose for you some of the most famous dishes of that master cook and caterer, George Rector, which he himself told me about so that I, too, can make them now in a manner to do him credit. I'm going to give, to those who want them, the cookie recipes that I've persuaded my cook to part with—reluctant though she was to share her secrets with anyone!

And those are just a few of the food treats of every sort and description that I have in store for you—for there are countless others which have been sent to me by radio listeners who know of my genuine interest in new foods and flavors. So stick along friends, for not only can I promise you these recipes (which Nancy Wood, the Radio Hostess, is going to check over with me) but, what's more, the Editor of RADIO STARS MAGAZINE assures me that each month my recipes will reach you in an attractive little leaflet, with my face smiling at you from the cover! And all you have to do to get a copy, is to send in the coupon that appears at the end of this article, right after I "sign off." Imagine that! So, André Barouche, how about announcing it: "Kate Smith, Chef and Director de Cuisine, presents—HER RECIPES!"

With these little formalities over, let's begin. It is my great pleasure to start right off with Thanksgiving. Now there's a meal to talk about in the most glowing terms! Who is there who doesn't get hungry just thinking about the "groaning board," the crisp brown turkey, the mountains of mashed potatoes, the giblet gravy, the vegetables, the trimmings and finally the pun'kin pie? And it's always been and always will be pun'kin and not pumpkin pie to me. (Why, I'm getting positively poetic at the very thought!)

Here then is the complete menu for the Thanksgiving dinner we will enjoy this year. And when I say "enjoy" I'm putting it mildly, for I'm planning to go back home, to Virginia, right after my regular Thursday evening broadcast, to be with my family for the traditional holiday feast. And although our dinner won't be served until Friday, you can just picture the smiling faces of seven happy people sitting down to enjoy the following bounteous meal—their appetites and anticipation all the greater because of the necessary postponement.

MY THANKSGIVING DINNER MENU

Tomato Juice
Crisp Cheese Crackers
Cranberry Jelly Olives and Celery
Roast Turkey, Giblet Gravy
Bread Stuffing
Mashed Potatoes Candied Yams
Mashed Turnips Broccoli, Mousseline
Chiffonade Salad
Grandmother's Pumpkin Pie
Sharp Cheese Mints
Coffee

This will all be served "Family Style." That is, the tomato juice and crackers will be at our places when we come in and there will also be, on the candle-lighted table, nuts and mints, plenty of celery and olives and two glass dishes of cranberry jelly.

The turkey will be carved at the table, of course. Who'd have it any other way? We always rub the entire surface of the turkey generously with butter, so that the skin is brown and crisp and shiny. But we dust only the pan with flour—and not the bird itself. Then, with the browned flour in the roaster and with the turkey giblets, cooked and minced very fine, we make a copious quantity of gravy. I even use a little—a very little—onion in the gravy when I make it, but some folks prefer it without.

The turkey stuffing I favor is quite moist, so those of you who like a very dry dressing may not care for my way of making it. However I do wish you'd try my directions just once. It's one of the recipes I'm giving you in that free recipe leaflet that I was telling you about. Another card will tell you how I fix candied yams (or sweet potatoes) so that, when they come to the table in one of our large Pyrex baking dishes, they are brown and glazed and tempting beyond words. As for the mashed potatoes, on my menu, you can omit those, of course—although personally I can't imagine having giblet gravy and no mashed potatoes to go with it! When I make mashed potatoes I drain the cooked potatoes well and then go to work. I beat 'em and I beat 'em, adding rich milk and lots of butter. But if you're not the energetic type you can simplify the job and lessen the labor involved by first putting the potatoes through a sieve or ricer.

It isn't necessary to say anything much about the turnips except that they also need plenty of butter—and don't forget to season them well, too. But I do want to take a second to tell you that the Mousseline Sauce that I suggest serving over the Broccoli is easier than Hollandaise, goes farther and is every bit as good. That recipe is in the leaflet, too; and so are my directions for making Chiffonade Salad, with which I serve a special dressing and in which the cucumbers, generally included in this salad, are conspicuous by their absence. (I simply can't eat cucumbers. I like them—but they don't like me!)

I'm going to give you my favorite Cran-

berry Jelly recipe right here, too, because there is no reason why you shouldn't be making up a generous supply right now. I suggest storing it in the longest, thinnest jars you have so that you can slice it across into thin rounds and then cut these rounds into fancy shapes with regular cookie cutters. The kids will love them—and it's really no bother at all.

PLAIN CRANBERRY JELLY

4 cups cranberries
2 cups boiling water
2 cups sugar

Wash cranberries in several waters and pick over carefully. Place in a saucepan with boiling water. Boil twenty minutes. Press through a sieve. Add sugar and cook five minutes longer. Turn into jelly glasses or fancy molds.

That about brings us to the dessert course, doesn't it? And for that I can't imagine serving anything but a golden brown, spicy pun'kin pie. "Them as wants them" can have their mince pies or hot puddings. But not for our family, no indeed! Because every year, without fail, we serve a special pun'kin pie made according to Grandmother's recipe. And every year, with equal regularity, we declare singly and in chorus that it can't be beat! Would you like to try it? Well, the recipe is in my Thanksgiving Dinner leaflet and includes directions for the crust and also the filling.

This pie is not complete unless served with wedges of sharp store cheese. And

KATE SMITH'S OWN COOKING SCHOOL

will be a regular monthly feature

in RADIO STARS MAGAZINE

Read it and give yourself a treat!

at just about the same time that the pie makes its appearance I want a big cup of steaming hot coffee. Now wouldn't you just know I'd say that, folks? But honest, I mean it. *You* can be stylish if you want and have a demi-tasse served after dinner in the living-room. But in my family, pie without coffee would be like Hollywood without the movies!

So there you have my idea of a good Thanksgiving dinner. Now all you need are my recipes, which I'm told will be printed up and all ready to go out to you as soon as you send in for them.

But before I leave I want to describe to you a new idea for a grand Thanksgiving table decoration, which I'm going to fix up myself, this year. (*The Editor tells me that he'll try to get a picture, too, so that you can also see just what I mean.*) Well, I'm going to hollow out a big pump-

kin and put it in the middle of our dining-room table, with small branches of bright autumn leaves under and around it. Then I'm going to fill that pumpkin to overflowing with fruits—big grapes and purple plums, oranges, pears and shiny red apples. And I'm going to place lots of those long Rainbow Tapers between the pieces of fruit. The candles will be lighted, just before we come in, and will shine down on the colorful leaves and fruit. Say, folks, I'll bet that's going to be stunning, don't you?

So now you have my entire "Thanksgiving Dinner Program"—and a promise of the recipes for those of you who would like to have them. This is Kate Smith, signing off, until next Thursday night *on the air* and next month in my Cooking School.

KATE SMITH

c/o RADIO STARS Magazine

149 Madison Ave., New York, N. Y.

Please send me your *Thanksgiving* recipes—at absolutely no cost to me.

Name

Street

City State

Afraid of "dyeing"? ... Just try RIT!



NEW COLOR—"NEW" DRESS

Only you and Rit will know it's an old dress—your mirror will say it's lovely today!

FADED LINGERIE SPARKLES

Tint underthings quickly and beautifully, with Rit colors that resist washing!



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Save odd stockings by matching their color with Rit... or revive faded hose with new shades.

GLOWING TABLE LINEN

Rit makes luncheon and bridge linens so gay and festive. You can *change* them at will.



SMARTLY COLORED BED LINEN

Spreads, sheets and pillow cases can have the loveliest shades—and still launder beautifully!

TO FRESHEN CURTAINS

French Ecru Rit gives curtains the sunniest color that never seems to wash out! Not a "surface color" that has to be renewed each time!

Never say "Dye"—say RIT!

• Rit has changed home dyeing unbelievably! A patented penetrating agent in Rit (*found in no other tint or dye*) causes the color to set evenly, quickly, through-and-through every thread—without fear of streaks and spots. Amazingly different from the muss, the dreariness and the uncertainty of old-fashioned dyeing.

Rit's cost is a matter of pennies—its value means many dollars to you. Just be sure you get Rit—and not an ordinary tint or dye.

• *Dissolves instantly!* Rit is a powder wafer—easier to measure, won't sift out of the package like *loose powder dyes*. Not a soap!

• A single drop of any ordinary dye, on dry material, can't get past the oil-coated fibres—remains a drop on the surface like a dew-drop on a leaf—requires boiling to make it penetrate the fabric.

• Rit (which contains a patented penetrating ingredient) soaks in as soon as it hits the fabric like a drop of ink on blotting paper. Rit is the *only* household dye with this feature! It does *not* require boiling to make it penetrate.

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FAST COLORS
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Follow Simple Directions
on Package



RIT

TINTS & DYES

ALSO WHITE RIT COLOR REMOVER

The safe, sure way to take OUT color, remove stains, really whiten white goods... harmless as boiling water!

FATE CAN BE CRUEL

(Continued from page 39)



THIS BEAUTY SAYS:

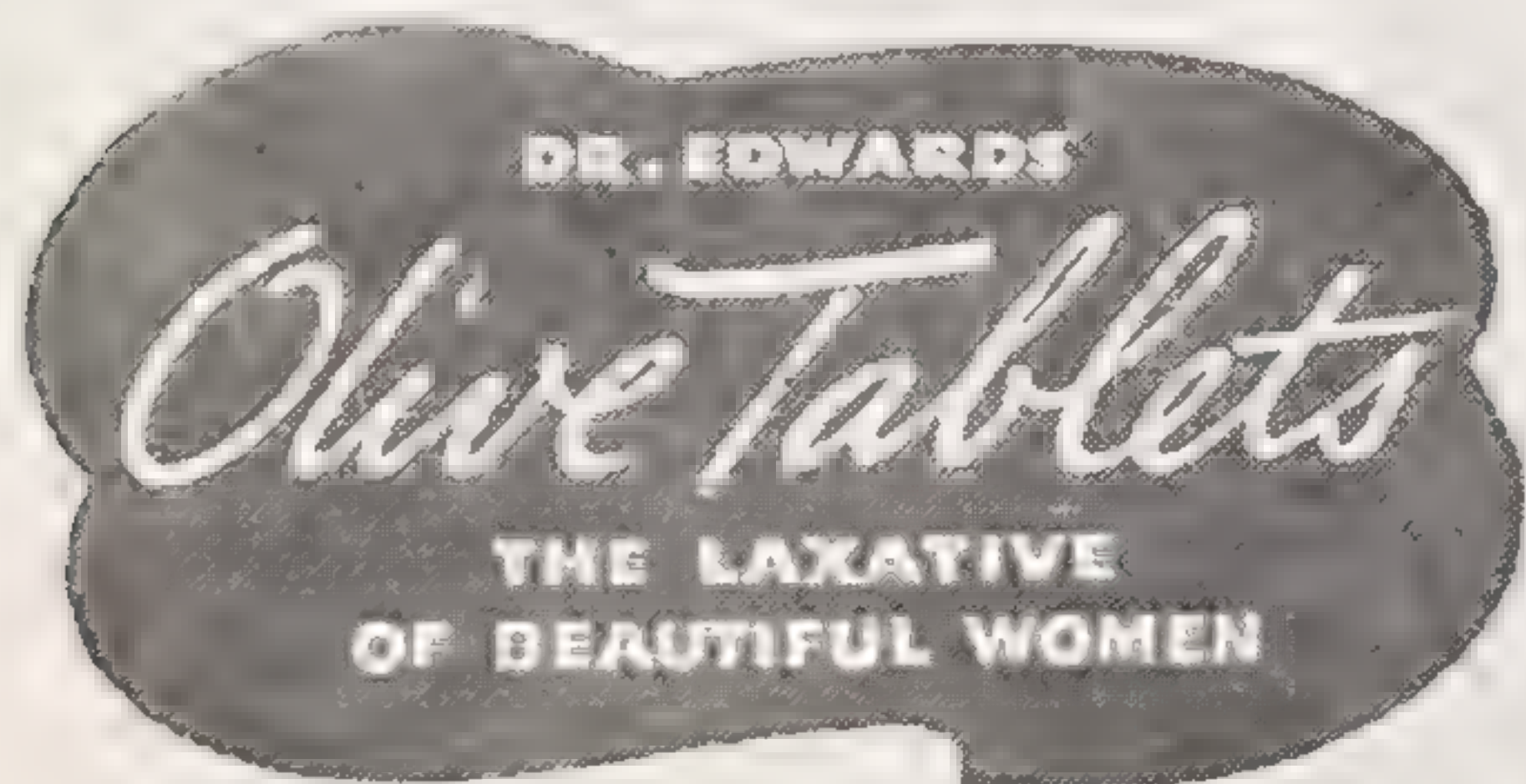
*"When nature's lax
I take Olive Tablets"*

Most people would rarely have to resort to harsh purges if they kept tabs on Nature.

Usually a mild laxative like Olive Tablets is all one needs to assist Nature on the second day.

Once the exclusive prescription of a practicing physician, Olive Tablets are now an established proprietary, welcomed by millions because they are so easy to take and so mild.

It is simple to keep tabs on yourself. Always have Olive Tablets on your bathroom shelf as a reminder on the second day. Three sizes, 15¢, 30¢, 60¢. All druggists.



Lovely blonde Helen Jepson, Show Boat prima donna and opera star.

are still with him today.

They decided to launch the band at a dance. But the campus then was flooded with orchestras giving dances and they knew another ordinary dance wouldn't draw flies.

So Heidt hit on a novel promotion scheme. He had posters tacked about the campus, high up on trees, on telegraph poles. Under each poster he stationed a member of the band with folded arms. Whenever anyone approached, the band member, without saying a word, would raise one hand, pointing to the poster.

Soon it was the talk of the campus and on the night of the dance, they played to a turn-away crowd.

That was the beginning of Horace Heidt and his Californians. They soon had all the dance engagements they could fill. But Heidt saw that the possibilities for a dance band were limited, so he began to train them into a stage band. Every member had to master several instruments, to sing, to do a specialty, a comedy bit, a trick song number, or instrumental number.

Before long they began to get bookings and pretty soon they were appearing regularly on the western circuits.

But in order to be really on top, a band had to have that eastern reputation. So Heidt set to work to get New York bookings.

At last he arranged for a week at the Palace. He hadn't expected that! What a build-up he gave the boys!

Then, when they arrived, they found they were set in that dread spot next to closing. At last the moment came for which they had waited so long. When the band came on it was just like a signal for the audience to walk. The house was clearing fast and there didn't seem anything they could do to stop it. But the faster people walked, the harder the boys tried.

Finally the boys stood up to sing a novelty number, in hopes of holding the crowd. They did it with gestures, putting everything they had into it. In fact they put so much into it, that the whole last row fell over backwards with a resounding crash.

That accident turned the tide. People who were already in the aisles lingered to see what was happening. When the boys in the back row got up and went right on with the act, the audience appreciated their gameness, anyway, and began to applaud.

They closed with a whirlwind finish that took away that heartsick feeling they had had at the opening and gave them courage to go on.

For a while after that the band did all right. They were booked into the best places. They toured Europe, where one night they nearly found themselves the subject of an international incident.

They were playing on the Riviera, when one of the diners threw a hard roll at the tuba player. It bounced off and hit the King of Denmark.

Immediately the place swarmed with gendarmes. The entire aggregation wound up the night in the hoosegow, suspected

of a dire plot to assassinate the King with a hard roll!

They returned to this country to find vaudeville practically finished, as a result of the coming talking pictures.

It seemed that they barely had reached their goal when it disappeared, all the work, the preparation, the long hours of rehearsal, of singing lessons, of instrumental study, all gone for nothing. Forces they could not possibly have foreseen had licked them. There was no place for a stage band any more.

The boys went back to California, where they were known, where they at least could make a living.

When Heidt sat down to analyze the situation, he realized that even when they were at the peak, they never were as big as they should have been. Then he realized it was partly on account of the dog.

You may remember the dog, Lobo, who appeared on the stage wherever Heidt and his Californians were featured. Well, the dog stole the show. People were so interested in its antics that they remembered the Californians chiefly as "that band with the dog."

The first thing he did was to send the dog to retirement on a ranch. As he looked about him he realized that he had to start again from scratch. The stage band field was washed up, definitely. Everything he and the boys had learned, had trained themselves for, was useless.

But another entertainment medium was coming along. That was radio. However, he knew he didn't have a radio band. The boys knew nothing about instrument balance, or distinctive specialties that would go over the air. They had developed on the basis of visual appeal.

There was nothing to do then but to start from the bottom all over again. He got a steady booking at the Golden Gate Theater to pay the freight and he and the boys started out to become a radio band.

They rented a small studio with a microphone and control panel. Every moment they could spare away from the theater they worked and studied, building up a radio band.

For three years, as far as the country at large was concerned, Horace Heidt and his Californians dropped out of sight. They were taking a long chance. People forget quickly in show business. Whispers went around that Heidt was through. But he knew what he was doing.

He had an idea for a band that would be a combination dance and entertainment band, that would give people music they really could dance to and interspersed with the same sort of novelty he had given the public on the stage, only designed for the ear instead.

Finally, after three years, Heidt thought he had what he wanted. Then he set out to sell what he had developed. To his amazement, no one would listen to him. They wouldn't even give him an audition.

"But you've got a stage band," they would declare with finality, and that was that.

He wheedled, he coaxed, he yelled and

pounded on desks. It was no use. Disappointment piled on disappointment. People told him he had just better forget it and go on making a living, in San Francisco. Some of the boys began to grumble, wondering what they were going to have to show for all those long hours of extra-curricular sweating.

But Heidt just stuck his chin out a little farther and kept on making the rounds. By now he had had two strikes on him for so long that it didn't feaze him a bit

Then, at the very last minute when hope was wearing to a thin shred, like the U. S. Marines galloping over the hill to the rescue, came the Stewart-Warner people with the *Alemite* program.

At last Heidt and his boys were rewarded for their gameness. They took a new lease on life as *Horace Heidt and his Alemite Brigadiers*. Everything clicked—even the name.

And very swiftly Heidt and his boys moved well up in the ranks of commercial programs. He went to the Drake Hotel in Chicago and became a sensation there. This fall he is preparing to take New York by storm.

Heidt himself, denied the chance of becoming a great athlete, has become what is next dearest to an athlete's heart, a great coach. For he runs his band like a team.

All duties, in addition to the actual playing and singing, and these are many in such an intricate business organization, are duly apportioned among the boys, worked out on a strict organization chart. Each has his responsibilities on which he must report.

One of these is keeping physically fit. Every band member may elect a sport, swimming, golf, tennis or handball, but he must work at one sport regularly every day.

All differences between members are brought out into the open and threshed out at an informal weekly conference, modelled on the fraternity house "bull session" of college days.

If the tenor saxophonist thinks the tuba player is drowning him out, he gets up and says so and they argue it to a decision. If the tuba player doesn't like his arrangements, he tells the arranger what he thinks about it. If the arranger thinks he's doing all right, he says so.

Heidt sits in on these sessions, offers advice and counsel when necessary. But he doesn't preside. He doesn't hand down final decisions. He feels that the only satisfactory way to clear these things up is to let the boys do it for themselves.

Like any good coach, he realizes that success depends on the work of the team as a whole. He always is on the lookout for new talent to develop and bring to the fore.

This summer at the Drake, on Sunday nights, he has been conducting his own new talent show for young people, both amateur and professional, around Chicago.

One of his finds has been pretty little Dorothy Russell, who now sings regularly with the band. She had bought an expensive dress for her amateur night performance and Heidt let her work a week with the band to pay for it. In that week she drew such applause that he let her stay on as a permanent member.



Glamorous

GARDENIA

NO perfume thrill you've ever had will equal your first acquaintance with Park & Tilford's new Gardenia. Born for success... triumph... applause, with an heritage of super-quality, this newest fragrance has met with instant success and acceptance from the women who know and like good things. You'll like, Gardenia, because men like it, too. Its dainty pastel fragrance has unexpected power... and allure. There's that about Gardenia which goes with youth and romance. Try it the next time you shop at your local 5 and 10c store.

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If you have not yet tried this loveliest of perfumes, Park & Tilford now asks only for your discovery and approval. Until you do, you'll not realize how devastatingly individual and appealing you *can* be!

Two other Park & Tilford Faen Perfumes
No. 3 An exotic clinging oriental fragrance.
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PARK & TILFORD *Gardenia*

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Use medicines that have been proved safe and effective. Sergeant's Dog Medicines are made of the finest ingredients, carefully compounded. Known and trusted by dog owners since 1879.

There are different types of worms and a Sergeant's medicine for each. For round and hook worms in large pups and grown dogs, use SERGEANT'S SURE-SHOT CAPSULES; for pups and toy breeds, use SERGEANT'S PUPPY CAPSULES. For tape-worms in puppies and dogs, use SERGEANT'S TAPE-WORM MEDICINE. Sold by dealers everywhere.

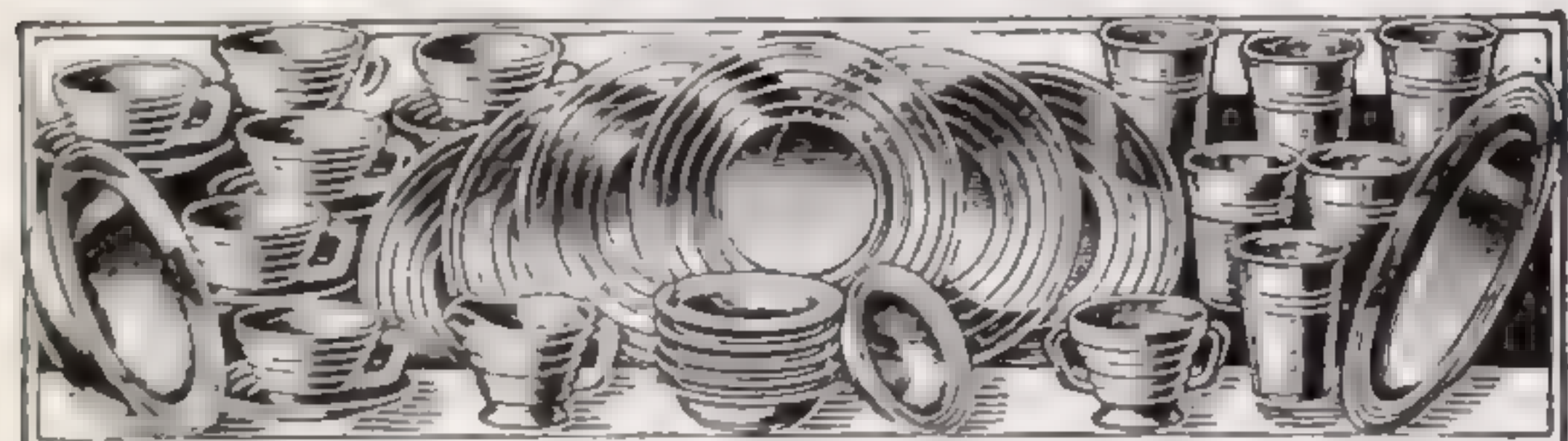
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GIVEN LADIES! 34-pc. SAPPHIRE BLUE GLASS SET
Latest design, or Big Cash Commission. Send No Money. Send name and address. You can easily get 6 plates, 6 tumblers, 6 cups, 6 saucers, 6 nappies, 1 each, sugar, cream, vegetable and platter (other Sets, different design, color. Given) or one of nearly a hundred other articles featured in our big plan book, which we give for **SIMPLY GIVING AWAY FREE** beautiful art pictures with famous WHITE CLOVERINE SALVE, for cuts, burns, sores, chaps, etc. which you sell to friends at 25c a box (giving picture FREE) and remit as per new premium plan book—one to three boxes sold most every home. 42nd season. We are fair and square. Write for order of Salve and pictures, postpaid.
WILSON CHEM. CO., INC., DEPT. 10-G TYRONE, PA.

HAPPY RELIEF FROM PAINFUL BACKACHE

Caused by Tired Kidneys

Many of those gnawing, nagging, painful backaches people blame on colds or strains are often caused by tired kidneys—and may be relieved when treated in the right way.

The kidneys are Nature's chief way of taking excess acids and poisonous waste out of the blood. Most people pass about 3 pints a day or about 3 pounds of waste.

If the 15 miles of kidney tubes and filters don't work well, poisonous waste matter stays in the blood. These poisons may start nagging backaches, rheumatic pains, lumbago, leg pains, loss of pep and energy, getting up nights, swelling, puffiness under the eyes, headaches and dizziness.

Don't wait! Ask your druggist for Doan's Pills, used successfully by millions for over 40 years. They give happy relief and will help the 15 miles of kidney tubes flush out poisonous waste from the blood. Get Doan's Pills.

Fate, perhaps out of appreciation for his gameness, seems to have let up on Heidt now. Things are coming his way.

But he has one unrealized ambition that he's pretty intense about. He wants to sing. Professionally.

He tried it once, but comments from the house manager were such that he didn't try it again. However, he hasn't given up. He takes his lessons faithfully every day and my hunch is that with his stubbornness, he'll sing yet, and the public will like it. In the meantime, he bellows

in the bathtub to his heart's content with no protest, except from an occasional neighbor.

Oh, yes, he has one other ambition, too. He wants to beat Bing Crosby at golf, the first time they happen to be in the same town. And that should be a match to see.

There's the story of a guy who has had two strikes on him most of the way. All in all it's a pretty good batting average. So watch out for that home run when he gets set in New York this fall!

LOVE COMES TO BETTY LOU

(Continued from page 37)

She would be a star in the theater! The glamour of grease-paint superseded the glamour of life, and sentimental suitors sighed in vain. Betty Lou was absorbed in local Little Theater activities. And presently she went to Chicago to study dramatic art at the Goodman Theater.

In Chicago she met Joseph Ainley.

"But I didn't make the least impression on him," she explained. "He was older than I and the most eligible bachelor around. But I liked him a lot!"

For a while Betty Lou taught dramatic art in the Boguslawski School in Chicago. But after watching some of her pupils go on to success in the theater and in radio, Betty Lou decided that she was neglecting her own best interests. So she presented herself at WGN for an audition.

There the studio officials were quick to recognize that Betty Lou had something more than merely a beautiful face and figure. And her successive radio engagements so justified their faith in her that when June Meredith went on her vacation, Betty Lou was given her rôle—the leading rôle in *The First Nighter* dramas, playing opposite Don Ameche—a rôle many more experienced actresses were seeking.

"It was a tremendous thrill," Betty Lou confessed with glowing eyes. "I haven't got over it yet! Later Miss Meredith left the company and I was given the lead again. And when, last spring, *The First Nighter* company went out to Hollywood, so that Don Ameche could make a picture, I went with them."

Betty Lou went out to Hollywood torn by conflicting emotions. She wanted to go. Hollywood was a glamorous, exciting place. Who wouldn't want to visit the fantastic movie capital? But—she didn't want to leave Chicago. Not just then. . . . She had met a man who seemed to her to be the ideal man—even beyond the ideal her youthful imagination had confided to her diary. The man was Joseph Ainley.

In a city and in a profession that attracted innumerable lovely and talented girls, a man might forget one who had gone away!

"I had loads of competition," sighed Betty Lou. "I felt sure that, if I went away, I'd lose him!"

But she went. And her youthful charm, her glowing dark beauty impressed even Hollywood. Hollywood saw in this lovely young Southern girl a sure bet for pictures. But, oddly enough, here was one

girl who didn't want to go into pictures!

Betty Lou was older now than the girl who wrote in her diary that a career must come first. She still wanted a career—but there was something more that she wanted from life. Something infinitely dear that secretly, passionately, she desired. And in Hollywood, she felt, she would not find it.

Perhaps she would not have felt that way if it had not been for that tall, red-headed young man in Chicago—who, surprisingly, had found time to write letters to her. And perhaps the fact that Joseph Ainley was connected with radio made radio seem, to Betty Lou Gerson, the ideal career. In radio, said Betty Lou to herself, one can have a normal life—a home . . . And her eyes were deep with dreams.

"I was offered a contract in Hollywood," Betty Lou told us. "But—another contract that was offered to me appealed to me more!" She smiled shyly.

Apparently Betty Lou's Hollywood absence had made two hearts grow fonder. Joseph Ainley must have spent considerable time in thinking about the little dark-eyed Southern girl. In writing to her. When she returned to Chicago, he was at the train to meet her. And, seeing her again, he felt, passionately, that he had wasted precious time. Why, he might have lost her! He would take no further chance of such a disaster! Whisking Betty Lou off the train, he drove her away in his car to a church—where they were married.

When a girl to whom a career "should come before anything else," spurns a Hollywood contract for a matrimonial one—that's love!

"So the career lost out to Cupid," we suggested.

Again Betty Lou's shy smile curved her sensitive lips. "I feel," she said softly, "that for us marriage and career fit together perfectly. My career means as much to my husband as it does to me. The theater still is my ambition," she mused dreamily. "I want to play a good dramatic part in a good play—and Joseph is as eager as I am to see that dream realized.

"We study together," she went on. "We read plays aloud, nearly every evening. He criticizes me, coaches me as he would any pupil. When it comes to casting, if he thinks I can do it, I get the part—but not otherwise. Where I am concerned, he is as unbiased as he was when we first met. When I get his approval," she smiled, "I

know I've really earned it! I'm playing now in the *Flying Time* series."

They don't work all the time, however. Sometimes they spend an evening dancing. Often they enjoy music together, for Joseph Ainley is himself a musician. He is a fine violinist and formerly was a music director. Often he and Betty Lou walk together, or ride, or play tennis.

"We share the same interests," said Betty Lou happily. "And we understand the demands of our respective jobs. It makes for a deeper sympathy between us. Joseph now is radio director of a large Chicago advertising agency and is very busy. Often we just sit quietly at home, reading or listening to the radio.

"Home has been Joseph's bachelor apartment—and he had preëmpted all the closet space! You know how it is!" Betty Lou grinned. "But now we are moving to a new place. This will be *ours*." Her eyes shone softly. "They are going to decorate and furnish it according to our own specifications. I love the planning and designing—it's so exciting to watch one's ideas take concrete form."

"Do you plan," we asked her, "to be a real housewife—cook and what not?"

Betty Lou shook her head. "I'm not in the least domestic—I don't even know how to cook!" She spoke apologetically, but we felt that she had much more to contribute to a happy marriage than a prize recipe!

"You can see," Betty Lou added after a moment, "why Hollywood doesn't appeal to me. Marriage is built upon companionship. Long separations are dangerous. And we've been married only three months. I couldn't bear to leave—to take the chance of our growing apart instead of together!

"I want children," said Betty Lou softly. And she was silent for a moment then, while cherished dreams stirred in her heart. "Children—and a home . . . I want every room to be lived in, every chair sat in, every bed used! Home—not a show place!"

Love, it would seem, has caught up with Betty Lou. And her brash, youthful dreams and ideals have matured, merged with those of her older husband. They are very much in love, these two. And if Joseph Ainley's red hair indicates a tempestuous temper, Betty Lou hasn't discovered it yet.

"Anyway, he has a sense of humor!" she chuckled, recalling the stipulation of her diary. "We have a grand time together . . . And," she added with wisdom beyond her twenty-two years, "I think it will last. Understanding each other, helping each other, sharing the same interests, the same dreams—it all makes for stability, for security—for happiness."

And what Betty Lou seeks from life, she surely will find. To her marriage she brings devoted love, charm, intelligence and a rare wisdom. To her work she brings imagination and the divine spark that makes the real actress.

Betty Lou is young, but she is well started on the way to the attainment of her ambitions and the fulfillment of her dearest dreams—for love and a career.

WHO IS SHE?

Long successful in musical comedy, she now wins new laurels in radio. Read her story in the January issue of

RADIO STARS



Miss Helen Bernard—New Permanent Wave by Walter & Sisters, fashionable New York Hairdresser.

"MY SECRET OF LOVELINESS—
I use Marchand's Golden Hair Wash," says Miss Helen Bernard, of Wheeling, W. Va.

CHARMING Miss Bernard, NOVEMBER winner of MARCHAND'S BLONDE-OF-THE-MONTH Contest, tells us how she improved her *whole appearance*. "I keep my hair soft and lustrous with Marchand's," says Miss Bernard. Blonde or Brunette, you too can gain new attractiveness your friends will admire. How? Develop fully your one *natural* charm, your hair!

BLONDES—To have your hair a lovely golden shade brightens your whole appearance. Evenly restore youthful lustre to dull, faded or streaked hair with Marchand's.

BRUNETTES—Just a rinse with Marchand's adds a sparkling, glowing sheen to your hair. Or if you wish, using Marchand's full strength you too can lighten your hair to any golden shade.

BLONDES AND BRUNETTES—End worry over unsightly hair on arms—and legs. Women everywhere are now using Marchand's to make "superfluous" hair *unnoticeable*. Invisible through even sheerest stockings! Start today! Get a bottle of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash at any drugstore. Use it tonight, at home.

Would You, Too, Like to Visit New York—FREE

Full details of Marchand's Blonde-Of-The-Month Contest in your package of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. At your druggist. Or mail coupon below.

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ASK YOUR DRUGGIST FOR MARCHAND'S TODAY, OR USE THIS COUPON

MARCHAND'S GOLDEN HAIR WASH, 521 West 23rd St., NEW YORK CITY
Please let me try for myself the SUNNY, GOLDEN EFFECT of Marchand's Golden Hair Wash. Enclosed 50 cents (use stamps, coin or money order as convenient) for a full-sized bottle.

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TATTLING ON THE STARS

(Continued from page 47)



EVELYN KNAPP, Movie Star

HANDS THAT ALLURE

Sofskin Creme Brings Quick, Soft, Beauty... So Different

WE WANT YOU TO TRY IT FOR 10 DAYS FREE!

The instant this delightful emollient Creme touches your hands, you know you've found the secret of youthful hand beauty. Your skin absorbs it as a flower absorbs life-renewing dew.

SOFSKIN freshens and beautifies with incredible swiftness. Delicately youthifies the skin. You can fairly see your hands whiten; lines and roughness smooth out.

SOFSKIN vanishes entirely. Leaves no shine, no stickiness. You can wear gloves at once. Go from dishpan, typewriter, counter, or shop, to an important date, knowing your hands have the fragrant whiteness, the soft allure, that all men adore.

Already 12,000 Beauticians recommend SOFSKIN, use it themselves. Gives arms and shoulders enchanting whiteness, too, without powder; yet a perfect powder base. But results are so swift on your hands, which need it so badly, we want you to try it there first! Generous 35c and 60c jar on sale at your Beauty Shop, Department or Drug store. Or, send for FREE 10-DAY JAR right now!



SOFSKIN COMPANY, DEPT. J, Findlay, O. Please send me FREE jar Sofskin Creme. (3c enclosed to cover handling.) This offer not good in Canada.

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DARLING, WILL YOU PLEASE BE MINE?
I GUARANTEE TO TREAT YOU FINE!
FOR INSTANCE, LOVE, IF
HEARTBURN COMES...
I'LL OFFER YOU MY ROLL OF TUMS!

YOU'LL LOVE THIS
FAST RELIEF
FOR ACID INDIGESTION

WHY WAIT for relief when you're troubled with heartburn, sour stomach, gas? Keep your relief right with you always, for unexpected emergencies. Carry Tums... like millions now do! Tums are pleasant-tasting... only 10c... yet they give relief that is scientific, thorough. Contain no harsh alkalies... cannot over-alkalize your stomach. Just enough antacid compound to correct your stomach acidity is released... remainder passing unreleased from your system. For quick relief

Carry Tums, 10c at any drug store, or the 3-roll ECONOMY PACK for 25c.

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TUMS ARE ANTACID... NOT A LAXATIVE

FREE: Beautiful Six-color 1937 Calendar-Thermometer. Also samples of Tums and NR. Send stamp for packing and postage to A. H. Lewin Co., Dept. 25T-72, St. Louis, Mo.

a story is concerned. But, in spite of the frank criticism he dishes out, he is a builder-upper, not a tearer-downer. There's nothing mean or vicious about him. In fact, he's often guilty of sentiment.

"That's the Irish in me," he laughs.

That sentiment is what made him wage a determined fight for jobs for the movie's old-timers. He kept plugging for them to be given the first chance until Central Casting made an exception to its rule that no particular actors could be asked for.

It's also what makes him unafraid to tackle the big shots. When Carl Laemmle sold Universal, Jimmy thought the Association of Motion Picture Producers should give him a testimonial dinner. They didn't think so and demanded that he keep quiet.

"Why, Laemmle not only is an old-timer in the moving picture business; he is the moving picture business," exclaimed Jimmy indignantly and started ballyhooing.

P. S. They gave Laemmle the dinner.

"There's a lot of grief to a gossip column besides having to watch your soup for poison!" Jimmy sighs. "Many a good story I've had to let go by because of friendship. And I miss a lot because they break too early or too late for my broadcast. There was Helen Twelvetrees. She called me on a Friday night to say that she and her husband had split. Well, of course, I couldn't use the story until Tuesday and asked her if she could keep it bottled up until then. She promised to try and virtually locked herself in her hotel room. But Monday morning a reporter saw her in the dining-room and the story was out. Four days is a long time to keep a secret in Hollywood!

"Don't misunderstand. I don't ask to have a story exclusively. All I pray for is that a story will break on Tuesday night and I get it the same time the papers do. That way I'm still first with it. Exclusive stories are not fair to the stars. They get the other writers down on them and no star can afford that. Randolph Scott had a bad time when he gave the story of his secret marriage exclusively and ignored the writers who had been nice to him when he first came here."

Bribes? Oh, yes, he's been offered bribes.

"I'd be a fool to take them," he says simply. "I'm no moralist. I'm just practical. I've built a reputation for being on the square—nobody can buy an opinion. If I lose that, what have I got to sell?"

When you know the ambition and energy with which Jimmy is fired, you know there'd be nothing worse for him than to have nothing to sell. As it is, in addition to his radio program, he writes a syndicated daily news column and is the commentator for many of the Fox Movietone news reels. He's Hollywood's triple threat man and that in more ways than one.

Then there is the business of gathering the news. He does a lot of that himself but also has a staff of about twenty news-sniffers, to say nothing of the tip-offs in the various cafés and resorts frequented by moviedom—and there always are volunteers.

Born in St. Louis, Missouri, August 24th, 1900, and spending his early years in Mississippi and Tennessee, he early displayed that boundless curiosity which gives him such a zest for life and makes for his success. Near his home was a spring which, legend said, was bottomless. Jimmy investigated and a growth of weeds nearly cut short his career.

"As far as I'm concerned," he laughs, "that spring still is bottomless!"

After being mustered out of the Marine Corps, for which he had volunteered at seventeen, he came to Hollywood and joined another army—that of the extras. Soon he had some good parts, one as the brother of Wallace Reid in *Always Audacious*. When his resemblance to Reid is commented on, Jimmy quickly denies it, not so much because of modesty, I gather, as because he'd rather be himself than even that now legendary screen idol.

Jimmy's hopes for stardom were cut short when he was caught in the first big movie shutdown. His eating also was considerably curtailed until he got a job as dish-washer in exchange for meals. It was then that his fighting spirit showed itself. If, he said to himself, he was not going to be a success as an actor, he'd better get into something else and be quick about it.

"I decided I wanted to be a writer," he says, "so I talked myself into a cub reporter's job on a Los Angeles newspaper." Just like that!

From there he rose rapidly, eventually landing in the publicity department of the old Famous Players-Lasky studio.

"My worst moment on that job," he says, "was when I was assigned to do publicity for Gloria Swanson. She was highly temperamental and had a reputation for being very difficult with her publicity men. Everybody in the department began to treat me like a condemned man. Their stories of how many had lost their jobs because they failed with her didn't help my peace of mind. (I was only a kid of twenty-two.) Finally I decided to risk everything in a frank talk with her.

"If you'll help me," I told her, "I can make good on this job. But if you won't cooperate, I'll fail. It all depends on you." She stared at me a moment while I waited for the storm to break. Then she burst out laughing. "I'll do everything possible," she said, holding out her hand. And she was as good as her word."

Eventually Jimmy graduated to his own publicity agency and soon the money was rolling in, but, as in the case of a good many other people, most of it disappeared in the crash.

"But—I'm Irish and German, sentimental and stubborn," he says.

He needed that stubbornness then—money gone, marriage to Dorothy Lee on the rocks and, to make everything complete, a nervous breakdown. But that determined chin of his isn't for nothing. After eight months at the beach, eating raw cabbage and avocado, he was back, this time in the rôle of a writer for motion picture magazines.

Jimmy's radio career began in 1933 when

he was asked to appear as interviewer on an NBC program, *Hollywood on the Air*.

"In spite of being scared silly by the microphone," he says, "I liked it and decided that there was a place for me and a Hollywood gossip column in radio." And so there was.

"There has been a lot of criticism of me as a scandal monger. I'd like to say right now that word of some humane act is more welcome to me than the juiciest bit of gossip. I think attention should be called to people's faults but their good qualities also should be made known. I try to do that and I sincerely believe my program's frankness has been beneficial to the picture industry."

Jimmy says that very earnestly and you know he does believe it.

"When I take a slap at someone in an open letter, I'm trying to help. A timely warning is a good thing. There was Robert Taylor, whom I had picked as the outstanding newcomer of the year. After a little success, he started running around to night clubs with a different girl every night. I pointed out that many a promising career had been ruined by too much high life. He was pretty annoyed but after awhile he quit play-boying. He's going around with Barbara Stanwyck now. She's a nice girl and it looks like a romance."

One of Jimmy's outstanding characteristics is his fairness. He never uses his power to hurt people maliciously, a thing that would be very easy to do and he must be tempted often, for people don't always play fair with him.

"Joan Crawford told me that she was going to leave Douglas Fairbanks, Jr., months before she did but she asked me to keep it a secret. Of course I did, but when the story finally broke she didn't let me know and I missed out completely.

"However," he smiles, "there was one scoop I was pretty sure of getting—the announcement of my own engagement."

Even the Mrs. drew an open letter:

"Notes, from my little black book. Open letter to the future Mrs. Jimmy Fidler: My dear Roberta Law: Tomorrow, you'll face the minister with me—and thereafter we'll face the music together . . . You're about to marry Hollywood Public Gossip Number One and I think you're a brave girl! Don't be alarmed if you come home some late afternoon and see a gang of tough guys waiting at the front door. They won't be looking for you. They'll be waiting for your husband. And by the way, when we return from our honeymoon, remind me to transfer my insurance policies to your name . . . Another thing, you have many friends among the motion picture stars. Please tell them to be very careful of their actions in the future because I don't want to start any family war by writing open letters to your friends . . . And one more thing: I'm very finicky about my reviews of pictures. I review them as I see them. No back seat driving, if you please. No elbow punches in the theater to tell me that you do or don't like the pictures we see . . . That's all, Miss Law, except I wish you luck. You'll need it . . . Your Ham Reporter,

JIMMY FIDLER."

So far Jimmy never has been sued. (Loud knocking on wood!)



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"I'm sure of my facts before I use them," he explains. "They're checked and re-checked. Then, of course, there are the lawyers—my own, the station's and the sponsor's—to check my script for wording and so on. That's to take care of the ambulance-chasing shysters always waiting to make a few dollars somehow.

"Fan mail? It looks as if I'll have to run an *Advice to the Lovelorn* Column! I get hundreds of letters confiding love troubles, asking me what to do because somebody's sweetheart looks like Jean Harlow and thinks more about her appearance than about him.

"Romance? Anyone connected with pictures, newspapers and radio is up to his neck in romance! After four years on the air, there's nothing that beats the thrill of that moment of waiting for the go-ahead signal that starts the broadcast."

Watching Jimmy broadcast, you feel his tenseness as he bounds into the studio, runs through his script quickly, gulps a glass of water. Everybody in the studio catches fire from him.

"Are you still talking about romance?" he answers my persistence. "Well, how will this do? I have a habit of stopping to make a note whenever something occurs to me. The other day, coming down Yucca, a thought struck me. I pulled up at the curb and was writing, when I heard a hail. Looking up I saw a woman, no longer as young as she used to be, leaning from an apartment window. 'Writing me a love note, dearie?' she asked."

And that is absolutely all that I can get out of him on that subject!

Ambitious, eager, determined, earnest, sincere and kind—Jimmy Fidler. But when he fiddles, Hollywood dances.

LADIES CRAVE EXCITEMENT

(Continued from page 50)

attracted to story tellers and men of action. And Tim Healy has seen plenty of action—and he's a natural story-teller.

The Irish in him may have something to do with that. His father and mother left Ireland for Australia, where Tim was born and grew up in the wild sheep country of the interior. He was completing his education in Sydney University when war was declared and he immediately enlisted in the Australian Imperial Forces. He was a member of the original Anzacs at Gallipoli, serving also in British Intelligence in Egypt, Belgium and France.

It was in Egypt that Captain Healy first encountered King Edward, then the Prince of Wales.

"I'll never forget the first time I met him," Tim says. "I was on General Cox's staff, stationed at Moascar. We marched across the Egyptian desert and he came to greet us, riding a smelly camel, same as the rest. You know the usual procedure in an inspection is to stand in the broiling sun for about two hours, waiting. Then they drive right past.

"But Wales didn't. He walked down the lines, talked with many of the men and his sincere, personal interest was obvious. Nothing false or assumed would have registered with those Anzacs. As it was, every man's heart warmed to him and he was cheered to the echoes."

"You knew him in France, also?" I prompted.

"I did," Tim nodded. "It isn't only the ladies who loved the Prince of Wales. Every man over there loved him as a man and a soldier. He got no more favors than any other young subaltern and he was forever driving the staff crazy with the way he'd go into real danger zones. There was one time, I remember, when his father, the late King George, was visiting the front..." Tim's eyes lighted and he grinned reminiscently.

"King George was the grandest feller in the world! And this time Wales sneaked his father off through a communication trench, right to the front line. When they found out, the staff had a fit. Imagine, the King of England and the Prince of

Wales under fire within a few yards of the enemy!

"But Wales was under fire plenty, and don't you think he wasn't. There was another time we were at a casualty clearing station on a road about half a mile behind the lines. The road was heavily banked, for protection against the enemy's periodical shelling. Three Australians were in charge of three German prisoners, one of the Germans wounded in the arm, and they were standing out in the open when a sudden heavy shelling began.

"Everybody ducked for cover, but one of the Germans was hit and lay out there in the midst of the fire. First thing anyone knew, Wales had jumped out into the shelling, picked up the German and carried him to safety. He was always doing things like that—not for publicity, because most of the time nobody ever heard of it. But the soldiers knew it and it was one of the reasons they loved 'im. He considered himself, above everything else, a soldier and he was deeply sympathetic to every man in the fight.

"He spent a lot of time visiting the hospitals, talking to wounded men, trying to help them or cheer them up. One hospital had a very bad case—some poor feller that was hardly more than a lump of torn flesh. He was in a private room and when word got around that the Prince was to visit the hospital, orders were to keep him out of that room.

"After he'd been around the wards they led him past this door, but Wales stopped. 'What's in there?' he asked. 'You don't want to go in there, sir,' they said, and finally told him about the case. 'Why not?' says Wales. 'This chap is a soldier like myself—and I mean to see him.'

"They couldn't stop him and he went into the room and over to the bed on which the man lay. He looked at him without a word, then knelt beside the bed, kissed what had been the poor man's face and slowly came out of the room with tears streaming down his cheeks."

Captain Tim's voice died away to a whisper and he was silent for a moment.

"But there were funny incidents, too,"

he chuckled. "In London, when Wales was coming to some diplomatic reception or other, a crowd was gathered by the door, watching the notables arrive. The Prince's car drove up and Wales alighted dressed in cutaway, silk hat and so on. As he got out some Red standing there sneered: 'There goes one of the idle rich!'

"Wales stopped a moment and looked at him. 'I'm rich, maybe,' he says, 'but I'm damned if anyone can say I'm idle!'

"He's a real feller all right. The Australians called him 'Digger Wales'—that's the highest compliment they can pay."

I wondered if Tim Healy, having known the present King Edward so well, could venture an observation on the possibility of the King's marrying soon.

"There's no mystery about it," Tim said, "to those who know something of the British Royal Family. They're not only royalty, but they're fine, real people. King Edward was brought up very strictly and simply by Queen Mary and the extent of his devotion to his mother isn't generally realized.

"He has a great respect for her judgment and understanding as a Queen, besides his very deep love for her as his mother, and he won't marry in her lifetime—because he won't replace her as Queen. I think that, more than any other reason, prevents him from marrying. Sure—he has a sense of duty and obligation to his country; that, alone, would make him marry whether he wanted to or not. And while Queen Mary might like to see him married, she probably understands and appreciates his affection and the knowledge that as long as she lives she'll be the only Queen in England."

Not knowing the King, I can't check that. But Tim Healy ought to know and he's very positive about it, so, with such a logical explanation, I'm willing to take his word for it.

Another incident that happened to Healy in wartime is interesting. After the Armistice, Captain Healy was brought to the Royal Palace to be decorated by the late King George with the Order of the British Empire.

A crotchety, fussy old chamberlain was giving him instructions at great length on just how to behave; principally mentioning that after the King had decorated him and shaken hands he was to move right along and not hold up the ceremony.

After bestowing the order on Tim the King stepped down, put his arm around the Healy shoulders and talked to him a few minutes in friendly fashion. When Tim finally left the throne room the chamberlain hurried over and glared at Tim.

"You were instructed to shake hands and move along," he fussed. "What were you saying to the King?"

And Tim who, after all, could hardly have pushed the King away, answered solemnly:

"I told His Majesty that you had been very impertinent to me!"

**DON'T MISS KATE SMITH'S
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(on Page 12 of this issue)
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NOT A FASHION COPY CAT

(Continued from page 15)



Helen Hayes—alias Bambi—on the NBC networks. Helen is wearing her Iceland hat. It's grand for tea dates, says Helen, but its dangling tassel does have a tendency to get tangled up with the microphone!

The jacket is fingertip length, made on box lines; the skirt quite straight with a pleated detail. With this she wears a little cotton challis blouse in green, printed all over with houses and peasant figures. A brown felt hat of the typical high-crowned Tyrolean style, goes with this.

She bought quite a number of the peasant clothes, made by Lanz of Salzburg, for her daughter. Mary wears long braids and consequently the peasant style of costume suits her to a T. It is Miss Hayes' opinion that little girls look charming in just such simple, colorful clothes.

"Don't you have any trouble keeping those braids?" I asked, referring to Mary's crowning glory. "I thought young girls hated to be different."

"I expected to," she confided. "I really dreaded the day when Mary would come to me and ask to have her hair bobbed. I didn't know what I would do. Luckily the situation has been averted for the time being. Although she was the only child in her school to have braids, at first, there are several others now. And instead of my having a situation, I understand from several mothers in Nyack, that they have one—their bobbed-haired children are asking for long braids like Mary's!"

Mary's favorite Salzburg outfit is a navy flannel dress with a flaring skirt laced up the front with red thongs. Over this she wears a typical tight-fitting Tyrolean jacket fastened with silver coin buttons.

We talked about the new hats and how giddy they are, both in shape and trimming. Helen said that she had rather deserted her favorite milliner this season because she thought she should stay away from hats that are too extreme. She thinks

they are "too much of a challenge," and she explained this by saying that extreme lines and trimmings should be attempted only when you feel rested and have lots of time to get dressed. But when you are busy and more than likely tired, you need a hat that has flattering lines.

She thinks that women have a special talent for hats that are kind to the face—flattering ones. She likes to wear tailored English felts—the round-crowned, turned-up brimmed ones—with her man-tailored suits. They are very becoming to anyone who is petite, like Helen. She has a haze-blue tailored suit in a hard finished worsted which she wears with handmade handkerchief linen blouses, sable furs and orchids, plus the little hats just mentioned. She's very careful about furs, flowers and jewels—always wants them to be subordinate, such as flat furs, only one orchid and small jewels. This is an excellent tip for all small girls and women—everything in proportion to your size.

There could be a perfect revolution in silhouette, color and fabric, as far as Helen Hayes is concerned, and it wouldn't bother her. She is a complete individualist when it comes to what she wears. A dress can be two years old, or more, but if she likes it and it suits her, she'll continue to wear it until there isn't a shred left! She loves to experiment with colors especially—often combines odd shades of red and rose, or lavender and blue. The results, which might be unbecoming to some, are charming and effective on her. She bought a print in London that was done by the famous artist, Berard, and in it he combined her favorite colors—pale pink, lavender and gray—the design was a pattern of flowers interspersed with

delicate feminine faces. A really lovely thing!

She told me, ruefully, that she had a mad on with clothes. All because she has to have twenty-four changes of costume on matinee days in *Victoria Regina*. And can you blame her? She said if it weren't for people seeing her, she'd go around in a blanket rather than buy any new clothes! She also looks upon fittings for clothes as the supreme nuisance of life.

She likes American clothes best, with the possible exception of imported novelties and British tweeds—the latter she adores. She thinks American designers know best how to suit American life. And, speaking of novelties, she described several new gadgets she particularly dotes upon.

One is the tiniest cap you've ever seen, which she brought back from Iceland. She wears it with cocktail and dinner clothes and it looks perfectly charming on her. It is a cap actually worn by women in Iceland—a circle of black jersey, not much bigger than an after-dinner coffee cup saucer. From it a thick cord hangs down to her shoulders, and ten inches from the cord a thick black silk tassel, fastened on with a silver band. It is so tiny that it has to be held to her head with several hairpins. It sounds bizarre but is enchanting and a gadget that all young things would jump at for a new cocktail hat fad.

Another Hayes' invention is tiny cowbell earrings to be worn with her Tyrolean outfits. It seems that Helen found a tiny gold cowbell which gave her a grand idea, so she had it copied and then had the two of them made into earrings. The original bell was an antique of Victoria's reign, she told me. The tinkle they make as she walks, is delightful.

She told me that one of her favorite sports costumes is an all-leather one in mulberry suede. A thong-laced jumper in powder-blue suede goes with this and she matches gloves to the blue—her ox-fords and hat matching the mulberry.

As you can see, originality is the keynote to Helen Hayes' entire fashion viewpoint. She never follows a style just because it is "in" at the moment. And she wouldn't wear the most elaborate or expensive costume, if it didn't measure up to what she thinks suits her type. It is a formula that everyone should follow.

And just a word about my *December Shopping Bulletin*. Don't fail to send in for it because it is going to be chock-full of Christmas gift hints. As usual, everything will be available to you in your own shops. Fill in the coupon below and it will be sent to you free of charge.

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What does a radio star think about? See **NOTHING BUT THE TRUTH?** (Page 53)

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RENO BE DAMNED!

(Continued from page 45)

head, either. No one cares about me. I meet people in the street and they never ask me how I feel. It's always: 'How is Gracie?' I could be dead and they wouldn't care, so long as Gracie is getting along all right!

"But it's mostly," said the astute Mr. Burns, "it's mostly a matter of husbands and wives working together in radio. Our hours are the same. We go out and go home at one and the same time. Even if a husband and wife do not work on the same program, they always attend one another's broadcasts.

"We have a scheduled and mutual home life. We get plenty of domesticity. When Gracie goes home of an evening, or when she takes care of the babies on the nurse's day off—and she always does take care of them herself, won't have a substitute nurse come in—when Gracie is at home, she can and does get down on the floor and roll and tumble with the babies—she can and does bathe and feed and dress and undress them—and it's okay. It doesn't matter what happens to Gracie's nail polish or to her permanent wave. No one will see her, anyway.

"They have kept sex off the radio. Husbands and wives work together and for a common cause. There is no rabid pursuit of the radio stars as there is of the picture stars. Jealousy is ruled out. These, I think, are the real reasons why radio stars remain married happily ever after. . . ."

"Oh, Georgie," sighed Gracie, "you do say such beautiful things! Georgie, do you know, I've changed my mind. When I meet up with Clark Gable, I'll say goodbye to him and hulloa to you!"

And Gracie's heart was in her blue eyes. I knew that she meant it.

* * *

Dixie was packing to go to Honolulu. Bing, Ltd., was answering five telephones, conferring with several brothers, secretaries, publicity men, chauffeurs and office boys. The entrance hall was armored with luggage.

In between brothers and secretaries, Bing, Ltd., answered my question.

He said: "First place, radio marriages last, where some movie marriages fail, because radio doesn't take people out of their homes. Radio doesn't transplant us to a false environment where values are all lopsided.

"In movies there seems to be a theory that when a couple are married, romance is at an end. On the radio a great many of the most famous stars are happily married couples. Radio should prove that the public likes happily married couples, does believe that there is romance in marriage.

"Then, too, there is the time element. I was brought up to believe that Satan finds mischief for idle hands to do. I still believe it. In movie studios there is too much time. Hours pass and not a scene is shot, perhaps. There are waits between scenes. The stars and players may begin to work at seven one morning and never get through until seven the next morning. Radio, even when you're doing a big national program, requires one half day's work per diem at the most. After which

the radio star, man or woman, goes home. When we're rehearsing or broadcasting, we're working every second, every split second. For the timing is such that every split second counts.

"There are no location trips on the radio. When a radio star takes a vacation, it is because he is not working and his wife can and does go with him.

"I think, too," said Bing, his blue eyes serious, "that radio artists remain truer to themselves than picture stars can do. They remain, the radio stars, more in character. Their own character. Gracie Allen doesn't attempt to be a Garbo on the air. I croon and keep on crooning and am not likely to fling myself suddenly into a Lawrence Tibbett rôle! Bob Burns is always just Bob. Jack Benny doesn't fancy himself as Clark Gable. But in pictures the stars are cast out of their true characters. They play parts which are far from being what they actually are as human beings. And, after a while, the public accepts them as the characters they play. After a while they, themselves, accept it. They get into the picture emotion and come to believe that they are in pictures all of the time, perpetually playing a part. They are fictional characters and they begin to act like characters in fiction.

"Radio, too, is mostly comedy. The darker passions do not hover over the mike. It's informal, radio. It's down to the earth. It's folksy and homey. We're invited to dinner, so to speak. We're a part of the family, of many families. We go into the homes.

"There are fewer problems, less grief in radio work than in picture work. Which helps toward peaceful, happy home life, too. A home which is constantly harassed by problems is not so liable to survive as one where things go smoothly. In pictures there are casting, costuming, lighting, billing rushes, previews—all manner of things to cause mental stress and strain. Radio work is cleaner cut. There are fewer angles to consider, to worry about.

"And there is, too, a sense of propriety on the radio. There are more things you cannot say than there are things you can say. You are hedged about with proprieties and conventions and Thou-Shalt-Nots. Which is healthy for Hymen!

"When you work on the air, you don't get to know people so well. If the cast of a broadcast changes from week to week, the new members of the cast know each other only for that one week, usually. When they are working together they are working violently against time. There isn't any time to form attachments.

"You play in your own backyard when you're on the air," smiled Bing, "and it gets to be a habit. . . ."

"Bingggg!" called Dixie's voice from above, "have the trunks gone?"

"No, dear," called Bing, "but I'll attend to them."

I went out with the trunks.

I talked to Jack Benny in the mirrored and foliage-walled living-room of his home in Beverly Hills. The home he leases from the Countess di Frasso.

RADIO STARS

Jack said: "When I come home late at night, there are times when I feel like a big game hunter! All these murals of blue trees and things . . . I get a gun and there are the mirrors and then there are several Jack Bennys pursuing the unicorn! Don't know that it is just the right setting for me!

"But you want to know why I think radio marriages succeed where movie marriages, some of them, let's say, succumb.

"I've never thought about it. And that's your answer. We have no time to think of 'other men' or 'other women' on the air. We don't have time to think of anything but the weekly program. We haven't time to think of ourselves, let alone the other fellow—or his wife. There's none of this: 'I can have a love affair if she can,' or vice versa. None of it!

"Radio is too much of a worry. Most of us have only the capacity for one big, absorbing worry at a time. No sooner are you done writing your stuff for one week's program (I write all of our programs, with the help of a couple of gag men, as we all have) and rehearsing and broadcasting that week's program, than you begin on the next week's. And you're much more concerned with how good your program is than with who is on it with you.

"And when you are doing a broadcast, you do it once and that is that. In pictures, on the other hand, if a love scene is being shot and the first take is bad, it must be done over and over again—until the 'lovers' get to like it!

"There isn't any second chance in radio. No alibis. No retakes. In picture work there are so many to whom you can pass the buck. The director. The cameraman. The recording. The dialogue writer. You can see the rushes and if you've done anything wrong you can yowl for a chance to do it over again. You can catch the previews and see where you have erred and rectify your mistakes in the next picture. But on the air you get one chance and only one. And while that tends to make the same two hearts beat as one, it is a drain on the endurance.

"One thing is sure—if I want to live longer as an entertainer, I'll stay on the air. If I want to live longer as a human being, I'll stick to pictures!

"George is right when he says that there is no sex on the air. Bing is right when he says the proprieties are observed. There have been a few times when I have written a sort of love scene for Mary to play with another man. You'd be surprised (I have been) at the letters of indignant protest I receive. We never announce ourselves as man and wife on our broadcasts but most of the fans know that we are and resent any implication of 'other' men or women. This is quite a different atmosphere from that of movies. And all of us react to our working conditions.

"There is less fevered competition on the air. Less jealousy. Not only among husbands and wives but among radio artists as a whole. The only rivalry is what the newspapers and critics stir up. Burns and Allen have their time. Mary and I have our time. One doesn't conflict with the other. We are not all hurled into one big production, to struggle for close-ups and top billing as we may. We are separate entities doing our separate jobs—just as



Charles Butterworth, comedian on the Fred Astaire Packard program.

the radio 'lovers' stand apart at separate mikes, even when billing and cooing.

"It simply comes down to the fact that the life of the radio artist is more normal than that of the screen artist and so marriage is more normal, that's all. The radio couples work together in their profession as they work together, toward a common cause, in their homes. The husband is still the Head of the House and the wife knows it. Which is not only the way it should be but the way it is.

"It seems that a movie star does not want to be known as *Mrs. So-and-So*. She wants to preserve her own individual identity. Radio wives just don't feel that way, that's all. Most of us started together. Some of our wives were not professionals when we were married. Mary wasn't. I met Mary when she was working in the May Company Department store here in Los Angeles. She had no idea of doing anything on stage or screen or radio. But she always had a marvelous sense of timing, of comedy value, of situation. When she first went on the air with me, it was with the single idea of helping me out for that one broadcast. She never dreamed of staying on the air. And then there was such a definite reaction from the fans, everyone liked her so much, her voice went over so well, that she has stayed on the air with me ever since.

"But she hasn't the slightest objection to being known everywhere as Mrs. Jack Benny. She says she would certainly rather be known as Mrs. Jack Benny than as Mrs. Joe Doakes, for instance! She still is primarily concerned with how *I* am doing. She still feels—and how right she is!—that she is 'helping Jack' . . . Which is," said the business-like, horn-rimmed-spectacled and very good-looking Mr. Benny, "the way a wife should feel. We train 'em right—on the air! Fred Allen's wife feels the same. And so does Gracie, make no mistake about it. She occupies the foreground on their broadcast but she knows that George writes the stuff and that 'he plays the thing.' And that's what counts, that's what keeps marriage stable—what your wife knows.

"We work too hard. We worry too hard. And we work and worry *together*, which doesn't allow any loopholes for the roaming eye or the restless heart. That's my answer."

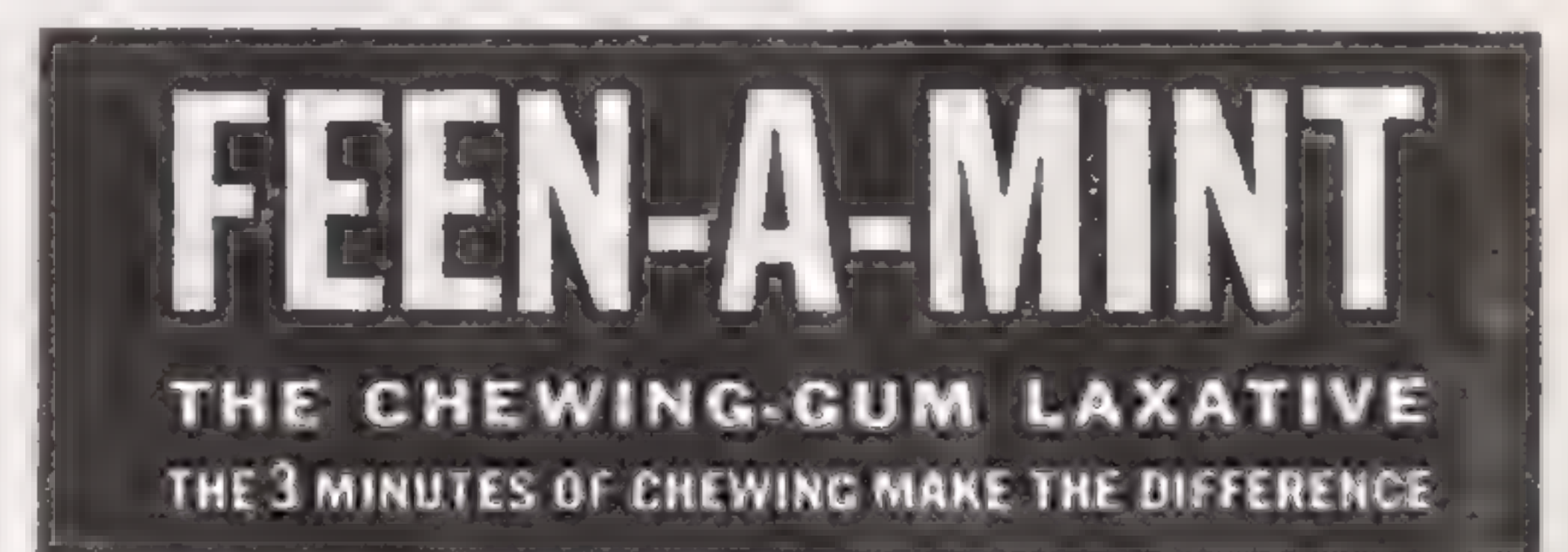
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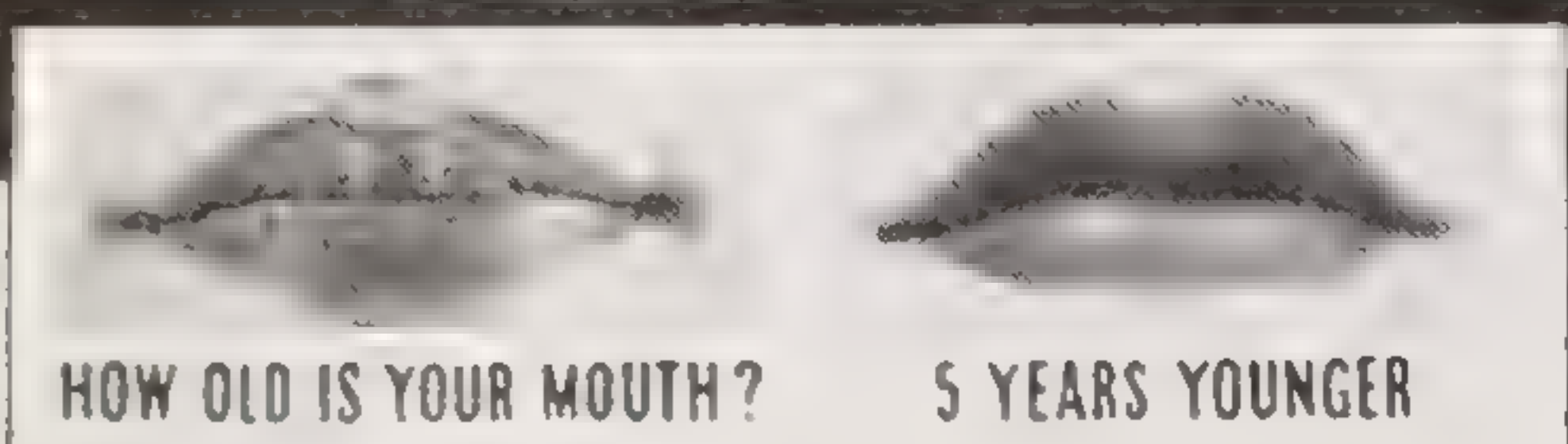
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THIS BUSINESS OF BEING ROMANTIC

(Continued from page 31)



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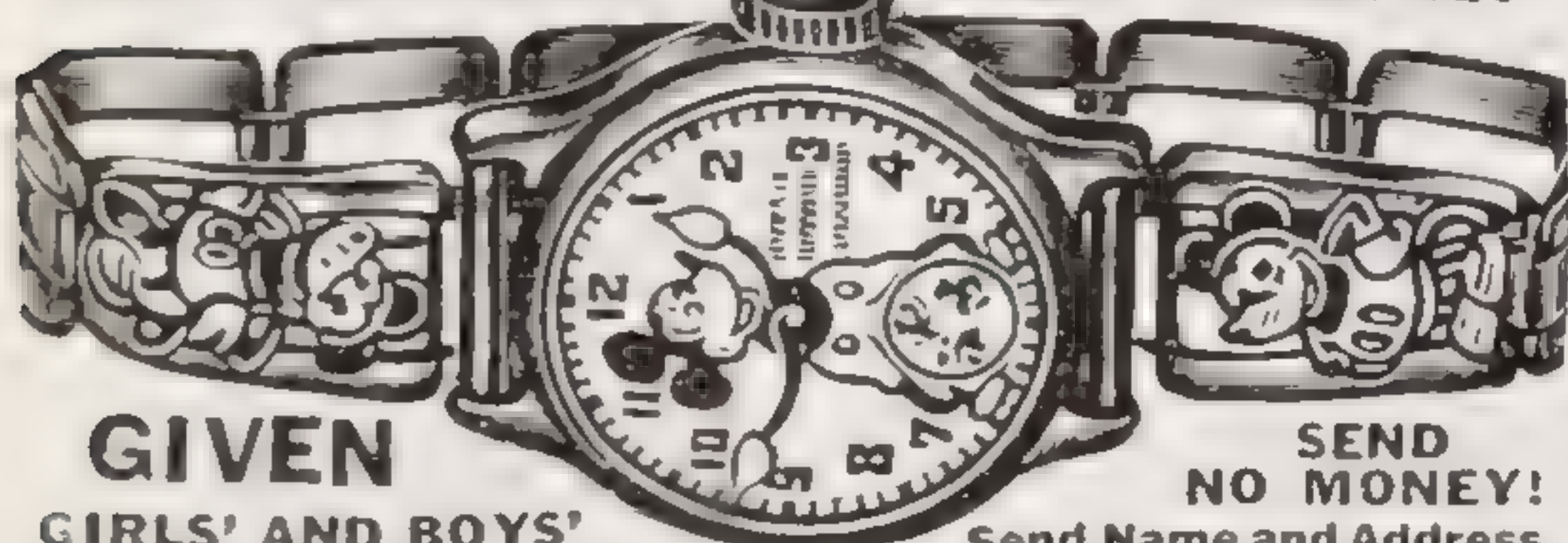


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warm-hearted, they did not hesitate. Maybe a young band-leader, with fame and fortune still to be won, wouldn't make a successful husband. Maybe a bewitching blonde girl with little experience, little knowledge of life, wouldn't make the sort of wife a struggling musician should have. It didn't matter. They loved each other. Whatever came, of joy or sorrow, of success or hardship, they had to share it. Whatever happened, love would not fail them.

Maybe the music he played had something to do with it. Those soft, beguiling strains that echoed the yearning of their hearts. To these young lovers, as to many others, "*Music I heard with you was more than music—and bread I broke with you was more than bread.*"

And so they were married. And romance, they found, was not just the quickening heartbeat to tender music, not merely moonlight and magic of a summer's night. Romance was living together, doing things together, sharing little things and big. Romance was marriage.

"Is Lily Belle a musician?" I asked Guy.

He smiled indulgently. "No. . . . Oh, she plays the piano a little, by ear. . . . But we like the same things. We enjoy doing anything together. She likes fishing, as I do. She has landed some mighty big tuna, too! We both like to swim. We are fond of anything connected with the water. Like to be on it as much as possible. We have two boats," he said modestly.

Boats? Rowboats? Yachts? I inquired for particulars.

"One is a speedboat," said Guy, grinning. "It's great fun. Its name is *Tempo*."

"And the other?" I probed.

"It's named *Tempo*, too!" He laughed. "We live on it whenever we can—near where I am broadcasting, or cruising around."

"How big is it?" I asked. "And do you carry a crew?"

"It's around fifty feet—and the crew is only the Captain and a boy." He smiled. "Lily Belle did all the decorating on it," he added proudly.

"Radio," I mused, "makes the romance of life more enduring, doesn't it? The togetherness, the sharing things you love—not torn apart by your career, as movie stars so often are."

"Radio," Guy agreed fervently, "is marvelous. Nothing else can equal it."

"Would you like to do more movie work?" I asked, remembering that he had made a picture in Hollywood last year. "Or would it change too greatly the way of life you like so much?"

"I liked Hollywood," he conceded. "I'm going out in the spring to make another picture. Going there for the first time was an experience. . . . Seeing all the movie stars. . . . But it won't have that same thrill a second time. I worked hard there—" he smiled, "had to get up at five-thirty, to be on the set, all made-up, at seven-thirty.

And we worked till seven at night. After that we were too tired to gad about! We did go out some, of course—Lily Belle and I—we went often to Palm Springs, with one or two friends. The sea . . ." he murmured reminiscently.

"And Hollywood didn't give you a wandering eye?"

He laughed. "If you have a wandering eye, there's plenty of opportunity there for it! There are plenty of temptations, if you are looking for them." But he said it indifferently, as one for whom the words had no reality. "I think," he considered the subject of movie matrimonial tangles, "that marriage is a difficult proposition for two people with careers. It's more secure with only one career in the family."

For careerists, we agreed, the ruling passion seldom is love. Fame and fortune come first. Love and romance take a lesser place.

"Radio," Guy reiterated, "gives you a much more normal life. You can have your home and enjoy it. Wherever we are," he said earnestly, "we have a home."

"And where do you live," I asked him, "when you're not on the boat?"

"We keep an apartment in town. . . . But my father and mother have a home in Connecticut now and we all—my brothers and their wives and Lily Belle and I—get together out there a lot. My father is raising horses now. We have some good riding horses. We all love to ride."

Lombardo Senior was born in Italy. When he settled in Canada he followed the tailoring profession. But, like all Italians, music was his birthright. And the little Lombardo boys sang as soon as they could talk, played as soon as they could handle an instrument. Old, tender, sentimental songs, classical and opera music and new and popular airs—all were, in a sense, their native tongue.

But instrumental music appealed to the boys, Carmen, Victor, Leibert and Guy. And when Guy, the oldest of the brothers, was twelve years old, he organized a band with his brothers and half a dozen other boys. The Canadians, they called themselves. And later, proudly, the Royal Canadians. As they grew up they developed their organization, playing in concerts, in road-houses, earning a lean living, but carrying on with ambition and eagerness.

Carmen Lombardo is the soloist of the band, and the only new members of the organization in six years are Frank Vegeneau, pianist, and Dudley Fosdick, mellophone player.

The band made its 1936 debut on September sixth in the new program, *Lombardo Time*. It still is known as the *Royal Canadians*, however, and still plays for its theme song *Auld Lang Syne*. In addition to this program it is playing its second season at the Roosevelt Grill and broadcasting two dance schedules over the CBS network. Not to mention frequent engagements for concerts, for college proms and other affairs.

It was in Cleveland that they had their



The speedboat "Tempo" races out of New York harbor with Skipper Guy Lombardo on the bow. The romance and rhythm of the water never fail to thrill Guy—an emotion his wife, Lily Belle, shares with him.

first radio engagement. In Cleveland where Guy met Lily Belle. And there's a tender note in his voice when he says Cleveland. Guy remembers. It's significant, I think, that the Lombardo theme song is *Auld Lang Syne*. Guy never forgets old tender moments. Old familiar music always is a part of his repertoire.

"People like to hear it," he says. "Even young people. When we play for college dances, they always request some of the old songs. Some of the new ones are good, too," he commented. "I think *Smoke Gets in Your Eyes* will always be popular. And *Did I Remember?* is a beautiful song. But the old songs bring back memories—even if they're not personal memories. They recreate a happier time, when life was not so complicated.

"Life," Guy mused thoughtfully, "is involved, difficult, now. . . . There are great problems facing all of us. I don't agree—maybe I'm wrong—with the people who are trying to frighten us with the idea that this country is going to disaster as some others have. But it is a time for serious thought . . ."

"Are you going to vote in November?" I asked him. "Or aren't you an American citizen?"

"I am," Guy said proudly, "an American citizen—all but the final word. We all are. Our papers are all in—but I'm afraid they won't go through before November. I never have voted," he went on. "I left Canada before I was twenty-one. I wish I could vote now—I know how I would vote—but I won't be able to this fall."

A thoughtful young man, I reflected, this eldest of the Lombardo brothers. One who takes life seriously, sure of its values. Not a playboy. A successful musician. A proud and contented husband. A home lover. A father?

"How is it," I asked him, "that you are not raising up another generation of the Lombardo band?"

He looked away. "Victor has a little boy," he said presently. "A fine boy—three years old. And we have a little sister, ten years old," he added eagerly. "It's almost as good as having a daughter.

"Her name is Rose Marie," said Guy. "She was born when *Rose Marie* was first playing. Father and Mother told us we could name her—so we named her, over the radio—Rose Marie." He said the name lovingly.

"Every year, on her birthday," he went on, "we play *Rose Marie* . . ."

"She's very musical, too—" his eyes glowed softly. "She won two prizes for singing—and not on her name, either. And she had no help from the family in winning them. She was given a song to learn in an hour. And the judges who listened didn't know the names of the singers. They just had numbers. She won a prize when she was eight and another when she was nine."

Such a warmth of affection, of devotion, of pride in his voice! He ought to be a father, I thought. Again I ventured to probe. And again he looked away for a moment. His smile, when his eyes came back to me, was a trifle wistful. "I'd like to . . . We want a child. Lily Belle is crazy about children . . . If we can't have any—we're going to adopt one—maybe two . . ."

So unaffected all his answers are. So honest. It's easy to see the measure of the man. Easy to believe that his life essentially is as harmonious as the melodies he loves to play.

If this is the business of being romantic, surely it warms the heart. A great guy? Why not? Certainly a genuine, frank, sincere and friendly man, this Guy Lombardo of the *Royal Canadians*.

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TECHNIQUE AFTER MARRIAGE

(Continued from page 28)

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It's all done with mirrors," says comedian Joe E. Brown, as he trains his camera on Ethel Merman, popular blues singer. Ethel returned aboard the "Queen Mary" recently, from a European vacation.

"To keep the man—that is the hard theeng—not to get heem in the first place. The man, he theenk like this: What you have not got, that is what you want more as anytheeng else. You see? So he have not got some other woman. He want her, then, more as anytheeng else. He have got hees wife; he do not want her like he want her before he get her. You see?"

It required some mental effort—but I saw. I tried to get a question in edgewise, but it was like trying to bail out the Hudson river with a bucket.

Fifi went on explosively:

"When the woman is the sweetheart and she is waiting for the man to propose, she shows him always her most charming self, and she *theenk* and she *theenk* all the time how she make herself desirable so he will want to marry her. Then, after she get heem, she no longer bother to theenk. She say to herself: 'I am desirable, because does he not wish to marry me?' And she theenk she stay always just as desirable. You see?"

I said no, I didn't see exactly, because I wanted to hear Fifi say "desirable" again. She pronounced it "daisy-robble" and it sounded delicious!

"Now ever'body know that cee not so. Ever'body know mos' husbands they—what you call?—cheat. Is that not so? You say do I trust my Maurice? Sure. I trust my Maurice. But I don't trust all the other women in the world. You bet you life! I love—ooh, I adore my Maurice! Maybe

some other woman, she adore heem, too. Maybe she do not even mean to make trouble. Maybe she just want to flirt weeth my Maurice. But flirt, it ees like the dynamite. You start it and where it feeneesh? Nobody know that."

Fifi paused to let the point sink in. "So maybe I better not go on the road. Maybe I better stay home. Eef Maurice he have no chance for get in trouble—maybe he stay out of trouble."

"But don't you think husbands and wives ought to be apart for a little while, sometimes?" I ventured, for I had heard that from eminent authorities.

"Oooh, yes. Sure. You bet you life! For a *leetle* while. For one week, two weeks, three weeks—no more. Never no more. You leave your husband more as three weeks—and he find out he *can* leevie wizout you, after all. Maybe he even have a good time, eh?"

Fifi winked roguishly.

"Sure, he mees you. He mees you ver' much the first week, he mees you the second week, maybe he even mees you the third week—but not no more. After that he do not mees you. He say: 'All right. She is go away. Ho-hum! I see what I can find to do wiz myself tonight.' Then he go out—and maybe he never come back. Maybe go out wiz ze boys. Maybe ze boys zey have ze girl friend. Maybe ze boys' girl friend, she like your husband. She say: 'Ooh, la la, see who is here!' But sure, it is good sometimes the wife go away—if she do not go away longer as three weeks.

"Maybe the husband, he is getting tired of her. He sees her around all the time, every day. Now the wife, she notice that. Eef she is smart, then she say to heem, she say: 'I theenk maybe I go see my mamma. I do not see my mamma for a long while. I do not know how long I stay. Goodbye, *mon adorable*,' and she give him the beeg hug and the beeg, beeg kiss. Then, when she come back, he look at her weeth new eyes.

"Then, of course, the wife she must watch always the appearance. Sure, maybe she does not have the *chic*. But she can change the appearance, so the husband, he will not always look at her and see the same face. It is very simple, oh, so simple, to change the appearance."

I agreed wholeheartedly, for Fifi was a living example of the truth of her own statement. She has never looked more ravishing. She has let her hair return to its natural soft russet brown, clustering around her face in feminine waves instead of the old artificial lacquer black. She has a new make-up; her eyebrows are reshaped in gentle arches. I'd have had to look twice to recognize her if we'd met on the street.

"The hair, you let it grow long, if it was short. If it was long, you cut it off. You go to the hairdresser and the hairdresser he cut the hair different. But the American women, they know that. The American women are the mos' *chic* in all the world. But you know what the American woman does?"

Fifi had the air of one about to impart the dark secret of where Lord Desmond Montague has hidden the papers. She leaned over and whispered:

"The American woman, she dresses more to make the impression on the other women than to please her husband! She is wrong! I tell you something, something that is very important. When the bride makes her trousseau, she buys pretty underwear and pretty nightgowns. Then she is married. So when she buys more underwear and more nightgowns, what does she say? 'Ah, those are pretty nightgowns, and those are pretty underwear,' she say, 'but they do not last long,' she say. So she buy the underwear and the nightgown that are not so pretty, but they last longer. Ah, she make the beeg mistake there! Her husband see the ugly underwear and the ugly nightgown. He say to her, he say: 'That is right. You buy the underwear and the nightgown that last a long time.' That is what he say. But what he theenk? Ah, that is different! He theenk: 'Hmmm,' he theenk: 'Seems to me she looks prettier when we are married.' Oh, yes, I tell you a treeck! A good treeck!

"Some night you are staying at home with your husband. Just you and your husband. You are all alone, you two together. You go into your bedroom and you lock the door. He sits down. He reads the paper. Then, a little while, you come out and you sit down. Then after while, maybe he looks up and he sees you. You do not say anything. He looks and he looks and he looo'ks! 'Ooh, la la,' he says. 'But *ma cherie*, my sweetheart, you are *tres charmante*!'

"For, while you are in the bedroom, and the door is locked, you have put on a beautiful *négligée*, you have made up your face so pretty, you have put the perfume behind

the ear, you have come out where he is reading the paper and you have surprise him!

"You are maybe shocked I tell you that treeck? Ah, that is the trouble with the American women. They are ashamed to be sweethearts. They theenk to be the sweetheart is not—what you call?—not respectable. They want to be just the wife. That is bad."

Fifi shook her head pityingly.

"That is not their fault, maybe. They are so brought up. They hide their head in the sand like the ostrich and they pretend that because their husband is married now, no longer is he a man! They theenk they cook, they sew, they be the good little wife and he will always love them because they are the good little wife. But *non*! Sometimes the husband, he—what you call?—he fall for the bad little girl! Is that not true?"

Fifi spread her hands outward, palms up, in an expressive gesture.

"*Le bon Dieu*, he made the men that way," she declared piously. "Now my Maurice—"

That, incidentally, was the longest I'd heard Fifi talk since her marriage without mentioning "my Maurice."

"My Maurice, he love me even if I cannot cook the cake and bake the pie. I am not the good housekeeper. But that I can learn. In schools I can learn that. But I am the good sweetheart to my Maurice. That is why he love me. All men want first the sweetheart, who will love them and be tender.

"Too, they like the woman who satisfies their ego. All men have the beeg ego. They want to be proud of their wife. Maybe she can play golf so-o-o good—but never, never better than he can play golf—or maybe she can do something else very, very good. The man, he likes that. Inside himself, he is theenking: 'This wonderful, wonderful person, who can play golf so-o-o good, she belong to me!' That please heem very much. 'But I am her master,' he theenk. That please heem very much more. Then the man, he theenk: 'I am the beeg shot!'

"And when the man theenk he is the beeg shot, he go out and he is smarter than all the other men and he make a lot of money and he buy for thees wonderful woman the fur coats and the diamond reengs and the motor cars and he is very pleased with himself because he do this. You know how the men always brag to the other men about their love affairs? You know why they do that? Because that makes them feel like the beeg shot.

"Now the wife, she must always *show* the man she love heem very much. She must be tender, sweet, hug heem, kiss heem with the beeg kiss. But she must do this only when he is in the mood. The man does not like the woman who nags heem because he does not remember to kees her. Not always does the man remember that. Sometimes he is so busy theenking how he will be more smart as the other man in his business, he will forget. The wife she must not mind that. She must not nag heem—not ever!

"Ah, there is so much the woman must know! So many things she must do and so many things she must not do if she wants to hold the man! It is a hard job. You see?

"Now my Maurice—" Fifi resumed.

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THERE'S A SONG IN HER HEART

(Continued from page 41)

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Appearance just doesn't mean that much to Kate Smith. She goes in for fundamentals, that girl.

"Being big, the way I am, hasn't kept me from anything I ever wanted yet," she says. "It hasn't kept me from dancing or walking or playing golf and tennis or any of the things I love doing. I've never been short of wind or felt hampered in any way. If I did, it would be different. If I began to feel tired all the time, or if my health were threatened, I'd do something about it immediately. But as long as I feel the way I do, strong and alive, there are other things that seem much more important to me than losing weight.

"And if the time ever comes when I feel that I should reduce, I won't do it by diet. That would be unnatural for me, anyway, because it's a question of glands with me. I was a skinny kid, the kind mothers worry about and try to fatten up. Then, in my middle 'teens, suddenly I began gaining. Now that doctors know more about glands, they've told me the reason for it. In the beginning it was a mystery to the whole family.

"I didn't spend much time in thinking about it, though. I was in high school then and my principal concern was getting the leads in the school plays and trying to keep up with my studies in the best way I could. They didn't mean much to me. Geometry and languages and shorthand seemed awfully unimportant beside singing."

Some girls, gaining weight like that at a time when they're just beginning to grow up, at a time when parties and beaus are beginning to be so all important, would have been downed by that experience. They would have grown into themselves, carried a chip on their shoulder. Their whole lives might have become thwarted because of it. But not Kate Smith. And because she didn't care, nobody else did either.

She never knew what it was to be unpopular. A party? Why it wasn't anything without Kate there to sing those songs of hers and give her big friendly greeting to everyone. Beaus? She never lacked them any more than she lacked friends. And every term, when the school play was given, there was Kate singing her heart out and making everybody feel warm and happy just in listening to her.

It didn't stop her from making a sensation at the Capitol, either, when she first came to New York, singing there a summer through at a period when one-week engagements were the rule, or from getting a silver loving cup from the Palace to commemorate the longest run ever given to a star, in the days when the Palace was the old Palace and the ultra in vaudeville. And it didn't stop her from going on into musical comedy and repeating her triumphs and from becoming tops in radio and holding that position for seven years.

Nor did it stop men from being interested in her, in spite of her evident lack of interest in them, except as friends and business partners. And that ring she wears on the third finger of her left hand—the platinum one with the huge square-cut, blue diamond—it doesn't mean a thing, to hear her tell it.

"No, I'm not engaged." Her eyes twinkled in quick amusement. "I bought it for myself. No, it really doesn't mean a thing!"

It was a simple statement of fact, but there have been other statements denying possible engagements, made just as casually, by women seemingly as unconcerned as Kate was now. Statements that were to be disproved in short order by the sound of wedding bells. So, your guess is as good as anyone's and that includes mine, too.

There are men who have loved Kate Smith. To hear her tell it, there's nothing to it. But listen to what she says and see what you think.

"There's a man down South who's been sending me letters. I haven't read them, because all my fan mail is taken care of by my secretary and by Ted Collins, my manager, and they don't give me letters they feel might upset me. But they've told me about him. This man is evidently a crank, for he writes to me as if I were his old sweetheart and claims Ted Collins won me away from him. At first there were only the letters. Then he began sending me jewelry, very good jewelry, too, and we were afraid he might have stolen it. So we got in touch with the Postal Authorities and they decided to investigate it.

"The man proved that he had bought the jewelry and refused to take it back, saying it was mine and I was to have it. We have it in a safe deposit box now, hoping that some day he will allow us to return it. Certainly I don't feel that it belongs to me."

There have been other men, men Kate Smith thinks of as pitiful. One waited for her after a broadcast one night and insisted she was the wife who had left him a few years before.

"Don't you know me, Rebecca?" he asked and became so bewildered when Ted Collins tried to convince him, that he finally had to be sent to Bellevue for observation. But there was nothing wrong with him. Only that obsession about the wife who had deserted him and the substitution he had made for her in the woman who represented love to him. The woman you all know as Kate Smith.

There is the man in Poughkeepsie, too, who never has revealed his identity and writes her letters such as Romeo might have written to Juliet. And there was the letter from a man mourning his dead sweetheart, telling Kate he was going to commit suicide the next time he heard her sing a certain song over the air. For the girl he loved had sung that song.

Of course, Kate didn't sing that song. Even though there had been many requests for it and it had been scheduled for her



George Burns and Gracie Allen make merry at the microphone. (Left to right) George, Vocalist Jimmy Newell, Gracie and Maestro Henry King of the gay Wednesday night program heard at 8:30 over the WABC-Columbia network.

next broadcast. It was very popular at the time. Every singer included it in his repertoire. The man must have listened to it over and over again and yet he could endure hearing it sung by these other singers. But he knew he would break if Kate Smith sang that song.

Again a man's love for another woman was tangled into a dream in which Kate Smith became at once the beginning and the end. To all these men she was caught up in an emotion that, neurotic as it may seem to others, was very real to them.

There are other letters from men in her fan mail. From young boys telling her how they tune in to her program when they are with the girl they love and how they sit there together listening to her and how their love grows with her song.

These are the letters that make Kate Smith the happiest. These buoyant, normal letters that prove how she is loved by those she sings to.

"You know I'm very proud that I've never received a poison-pen letter nor a threatening one," she said. "I take that as a tribute. Most of my mail comes from mothers telling me that Johnny's whooping cough is better now, or that Fred forgot his toothache listening to me sing the other night, or that Nell has named her new doll for Aunt Kate. And sometimes the children write to me and it's almost as if I know them all, as if I'm really the Aunt Kate they usually call me.

"Once our office was thrown into an uproar when a letter came from a little boy who had scarlet fever. The letter came

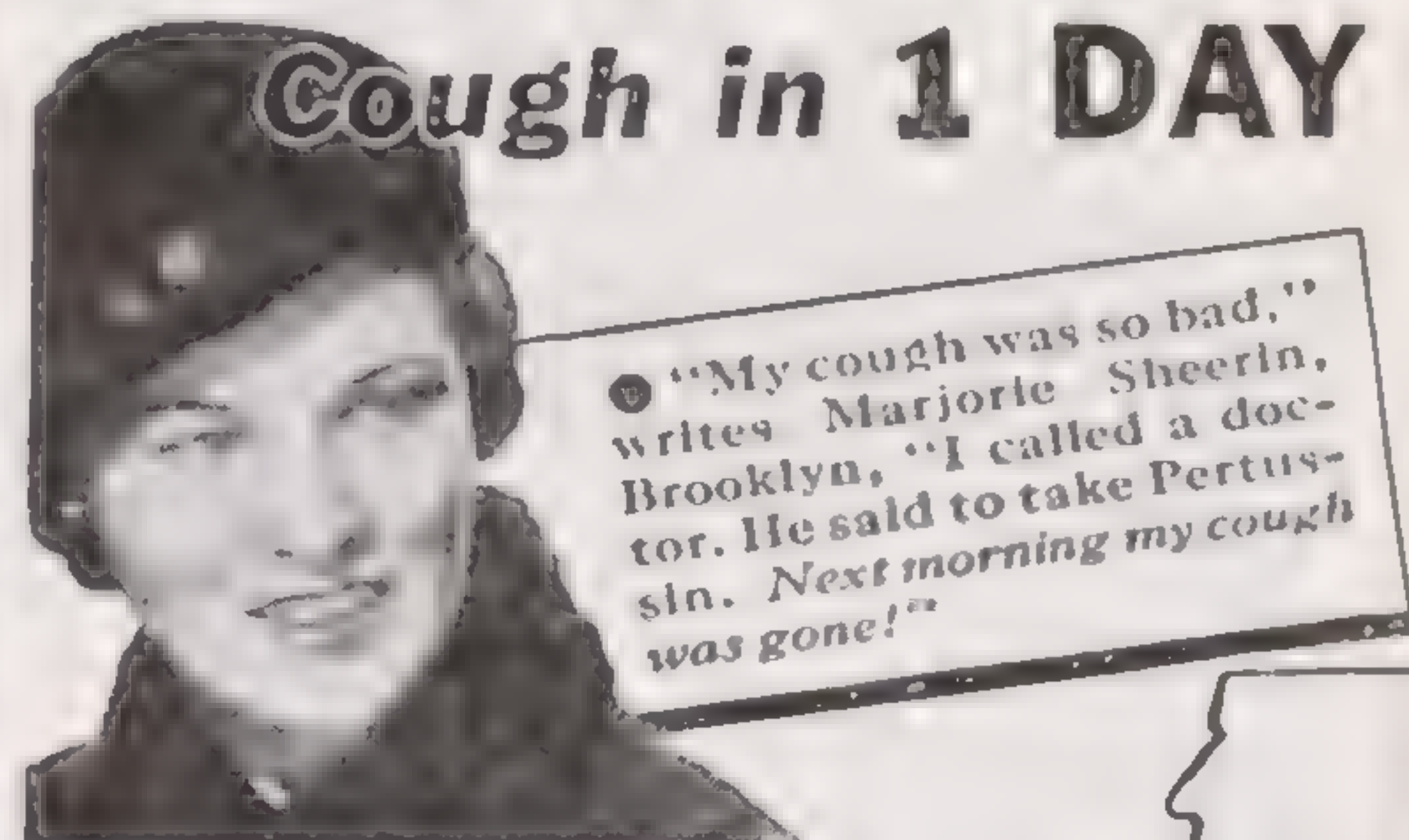
to the office straight from his sick bed and I was worried about my secretary, who had opened it and handled it. We celebrated, the day we knew that she had passed the period of possible contagion. It really was an awful time for us to go through.

"I love my fan mail and I love the people who send it to me. Only sometimes letters make me unhappy, for there are so many asking for money and help. I don't think these people can know how many requests like that come in. That, if they were all to be helped, it would take many times the amount of money I could possibly earn to do it. Sometimes, when these letters have been awfully urgent, we have investigated the cases and, when they've proved to be really in need, we've done something. But for the most part I give what I can to people I know who need help and to organized charities who have the facilities for dealing with these things. But it makes me terribly unhappy that I can't help everyone."

That's one of the penalties of being Kate Smith, of having more than her share of sympathy and understanding and generosity. Of being so vulnerable where other people's tragedies are concerned. For girls like Kate, as easily moved to tears as they are to laughter, as open to heart-break as they are to gladness, can feel as much for others as they can for themselves.

Maybe it's a good thing Kate Smith is a big girl. It takes a big girl to carry a heart as big as hers.

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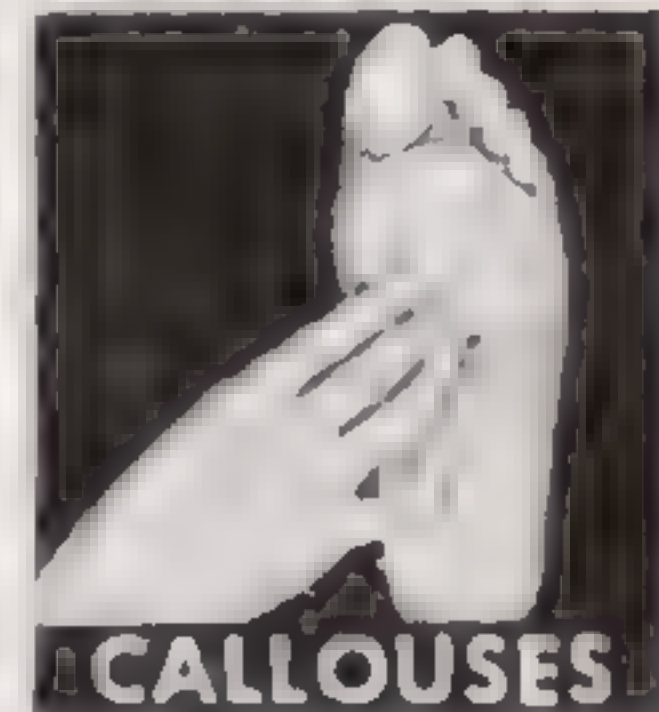
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RADIO RAMBLINGS

(Continued from page 18)



Margaret Speaks, Firestone soprano, after her concert triumph in London, was congratulated by Rose Bampton (left), Metropolitan Opera contralto.

Nelson Eddy sings on the *Vick's Open House* program. The reason given is that the singer likes to shed coat and tie and collar when he sings, but it's whispered that it really is because of Nelson's prospective concert tour. And it would be unfair to expect some people to pay to see and hear the popular singing star when others can freely enjoy the privilege in the studio.

Because of her splendid coloratura soprano, Eddy chose Francia White from a score of feminine vocalists to assist in the new *Vick's* series.

CONCERNING KOSTELANETZ

Andre Kostelanetz, who has made frequent week-end plane trips to Hollywood since Lily Pons has been there making her second RKO-Radio movie, directs the largest dance orchestra in radio—forty-five musicians—for CBS' Wednesday and Friday evening Chesterfield programs. Andre is said to be one of radio's most intellectual melody makers. He reads and speaks seven languages and has an extensive library in his Manhattan apartment, featuring books on music, biography and history.

Born in Petrograd, Russia, thirty-five years ago, of a wealthy family, Andre made his debut at the age of five, as a concert pianist, before the late Czar. He grew up to be one of Russia's first ranking conductors and director of its Grand Opera. He came to America in 1922 and has been with CBS since 1928. Andre is five feet five inches tall and weighs around one hundred and fifty-five pounds. His blue eyes are alert, keen and kindly. He's fond of tennis and swimming, when time permits.

WHAT PRICE GUEST STARS NOW?

It seems that the movie exhibitors are looking askance at the practice of bringing this or that movie actor into radio programs, merely to lend the glamour of

a name. When they're shopping for pictures, said exhibitors are inclined to reject those featuring players who make too frequent microphone appearances. We hear that they have asked the movie makers to shut down on radio appearances of film folk. So if movies representing an investment of millions become hard to sell, something is likely to be done to check this guest-starring. And then those sponsors who have built successful programs minus movie names will pat themselves on the back!

AND WHAT PRICE GOOD MUSIC?

We hear that many of the greatest maestros in radio are minus jobs because the program makers choose someone who will work cheaply. A swing sextet and a moaning trombone can be had for very little and it doesn't matter much what or how they play. So Elmer and his Elegant Eight get a job for a few hundred dollars, while high-priced conductors and orchestras lie on the dusty shelf—and some of us listeners sigh in vain for good music on the air.

The influx of *Community Sing* programs, in which the audience does most of the work, may solve the whole thing. After you've heard enough of yourself and others like you, you may discover a marked preference for good music. Unless, of course, you happen to sound like Nelson Eddy, in your best moments!

DREAMS DO COME TRUE!

So says Margaret Speaks, returning from a triumphant concert tour of Europe to share honors on the Firestone program with Richard Crooks, famous Metropolitan Opera star.

Margaret's duets with Crooks and Nelson Eddy on this program last winter won her country-wide recognition as a singer of exceptional ability and her success as prima donna during the summer season of Firestone concerts brought her invita-

RADIO STARS

tions to sing concerts in the great musical centers of Europe, thus fulfilling Margaret's long-cherished secret dream.

London, Paris, Vienna, Amsterdam, Zurich, Rome and Milan all asked to hear her. And her reception abroad was most enthusiastic, with high praise from critical audiences on the sincere quality of her voice and her melodic and sure range of tone.

DOORS

If you're waiting for Opportunity to knock at your door, never fear it will not find you, even in the least likely place. Consider these doors, through which some of radio's shining stars welcomed Opportunity:

Rudy Vallee clerked in his Dad's drug-store in Westport, Maine.

Phil Duesy was night clerk in a New York hotel.

Loretta Clemens was a hosiery model.

Igor Gorin studied to be a surgeon.

Stella Friend, of Waring's Pennsylvanians, was a dress designer.

Ross Graham, of *Show Boat*, was a bank teller in Hot Springs, Arkansas.

Chester Stratton, of the O'Neills, found various jobs, as newsboy, washing machine salesman, packer in a crockery store, railroad man and truck driver.

Virginia Payne, of the *Ma Perkins* cast, once taught draymah in a Cincinnati high school.

Morton Bowe was a typesetter and newspaper man.

Frank Black, musical director of NBC, made piano rolls and records.

DROPPING IN ON DRAGONETTE

We learn that the *Cities Service* singing star doesn't diet but she does believe in "Early to bed, early to rise. . . ." Jessica has a middle name. It's Valentine, because she was born on St. Valentine's Day. Although born abroad, she received all her musical training in this country. She has written poetry, but no music. Some of her poems have been published. Jessica attributes her success to "some talent, much hard work, plus good luck."

PARTING THE PICKENS SISTERS

Patti, Helen and Jane Pickens, long popular as a singing trio in radio, may break up the trio. Jane has launched her solo career as prima donna of the *Ziegfeld Follies* at the Winter Garden, along with Fannie Brice, Bobby Clark and Gypsy Rose Lee. Patti is contemplating a musical comedy career and Helen aspires to be a radio comedienne.

MIKE FRIGHT

Rosario Bourdon, conductor of the *Cities Service* program, starring Jessica Dragonette, is scared to death every time he steps on to the podium to go on the air. He's been on this program only ten years. When he gets a little used to it, he may get over his mike fright!

LOOKING BACKWARD

In January, 1910, a radio program went on the air from the attic studio of Dr. Lee De Forest, in the old World Tower in New York City. Over the microphone, which was shaped like an inverted gramophone horn, came the voice of a woman—the first woman to be heard on the air.

The voice was that of Vaughn DeLeath—still broadcasting over NBC.

On October 11th, 1921, Billy Jones and Ernie Hare made their radio debut as *The Happiness Boys*. They were the first team on the air, the first radio artists to receive pay (and fifty dollars was a lot of money in those days!) and the first air entertainers to use an identifying theme song. Remember: "How Do You Do, Everybody, How Do You Do?"

Before radio skyrocketed them to fame and fortune, Ernie Hare was an obscure singer understudying Al Jolson in *Sinbad*. Bill Jones, later to be his partner, was a telephone and cable repair man!

The boys now are song leaders on the *Gillette Sunday Evening Community Sing* programs.

NUMBERS

Benny Rubin, ringmaster of the Mutual network's original National Amateur Night, was told by a theater manager, who practices numerology on the side, that everything connected with his life would involve the number 7. When Benny signed his renewal contract with the amateur program on September 7th, he found fourteen amateurs present for auditions and discovered that he had then been on the air for seventeen weeks. Later Benny flew to Boston on transport plane Number 7, which carried seven passengers. He's convinced it's his lucky number!

Ken Darby yelps with joy at the sight of the number thirteen.

It was on the thirteenth that he was notified to join Paul Whiteman. Ken and the other members of the King's Men Quartet left California on the thirteenth in a car whose license tag bore the number 13. And Ken's name—Ken Lorin Darby—contains thirteen letters.

THIS AND THAT

Paul Whiteman's favorite dish is chile con carne, served good and hot. . . . Ted Fiorito's mother was a star of Italian light opera and his father played in a symphony orchestra. . . . Dorothy Russell, sixteen-year-old jazz singer with Horace Heidt's Brigadiers, has a chow dog named Brigadier. . . . Wayne King was born in Savannah, Illinois. . . . Tiny Ruffner hails from Crawfordsville, Indiana. . . . Claudia Morgan, of the David Harum cast, is the daughter of Ralph Morgan, well-known actor. . . . Smiling Ed McConnell traces his ancestry back to Captain John Smith. . . . John Roventi, whom you know as Johnny the Call Boy on NBC's Philip Morris program, has been given a contract for life. A car goes with it, too. . . . Lucy Laughlin, of the Hammerstein Music Hall, has one of the most extensive repertoires of songs of any soprano on the networks. . . . Carmela Ponselle, of the Broadway Varieties, calls a rustic lodge in the pine woods of Maine her real home. . . . Marion Talley was born in Nevada. . . . Vivian Della Chiesa was named for Vivian Martin, the movie actress. . . . Henry King, orchestra leader on the Burns and Allen show, was born in Newark, New Jersey, in 1903. His hobbies are flying, polo and tennis. . . .



ITCH

... STOPPED IN ONE MINUTE...

Are you tormented with the itching tortures of eczema, rashes, athlete's foot, eruptions, or other skin afflictions? For quick and happy relief, use cooling, antiseptic, liquid **D.D.D. PRESCRIPTION**. Its gentle oils soothe the irritated skin. Clear, greaseless and stainless—dries fast. Stops the most intense itching instantly. A 35¢ trial bottle, at drug stores, proves it—or money back.

WAKE UP YOUR LIVER BILE—WITHOUT CALOMEL

And You'll Jump out of Bed in the Morning Rarin' to Go

THE liver should pour out two pounds of liquid bile onto the food you swallow every day. If this bile is not flowing freely, your food doesn't digest. It just decays. Gas bloats up your stomach. You get constipated. Your whole system is poisoned and you feel sour, sunk and the world looks punk.

A mere movement doesn't get at the cause. It takes those good old Carter's Little Liver Pills to get these two pounds of bile flowing freely and make you feel "up and up". Harmless, gentle, yet amazing in making bile flow freely. Ask for Carter's Little Liver Pills by name. Stubbornly refuse anything else. 25¢ at all drug stores.

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LET'S LOOK BACKWARD

(Continued from page 17)

to broadcasting.

The opening program of the new National Broadcasting Company was broadcast November 15th, 1926, at 7:00 p.m., over a network of twenty-five stations, *W'DAF* in Kansas City being the farthest west. Now the red and blue networks offer over five times as many outlets with one hundred and three stations in eighty-two key cities of the United States and Canada, and their western outpost, *via* short wave, is Honolulu, Hawaii. Only ten years ago there had not yet been a coast-to-coast hookup. Now two complete transcontinental networks sound the familiar *NBC* chimes and announce: "*This is the National Broadcasting Company.*"

If you tuned in on that inaugural broadcast, you heard the New York Symphony Orchestra under the baton of Walter Damrosch, whose musical appreciation programs are regularly heard in over 100,000 schools; you heard the golden baritone of Tito Ruffo of the Metropolitan Opera, Harold Bauer, concert pianist, the Goldman Band,

Weber and Fields, George Olsen and his Orchestra, Ben Bernie, B. A. Rolfe and Vincent Lopez. You heard Mary Garden sing, wonder of wonders, from Chicago, and another "startling novelty" was picking up Will Rogers from his theater dressing-room in Independence, Kansas! You probably mentioned how marvelous it was that radio could jump about the country that way, little thinking that in a few short years you would be hearing the actual voices of two daring Army men as they dropped, plummet-like, from the stratosphere until they were forced to throw their radio overboard, or that you would hear the voice of William Beebe from the depths of the ocean off Bermuda.

America thrilled to that inaugural program. It was heard by an audience that, in the space of six years, had grown from a few scattered radio "bugs" in 1920 to 10,000,000 listeners. True, as far back as 1909, there was an experimental broadcast. Enrico Caruso, on the stage of the Metropolitan Opera House, alone save for a few



Lenox R. Lohr, President of the National Broadcasting Company, which now is celebrating its tenth anniversary of "air-service."



Looking backward over a brief four years, Joan Winter recalls that she didn't like radio at first. It was such a different medium from the leading stage rôles she had played. Today, a leading dramatic actress in NBC's "Girl Alone," Joan wouldn't change places for the lead in any stage show.

stage hands and technicians, stepped up to a primitive microphone in the form of a paper cone, and poured his golden voice into it, while a young scientist named Lee DeForest, in a laboratory on the Harlem River, hurled it into space with a spark-gap transmitter. Two hundred wireless operators on ships at sea reported hearing parts of it. But it was 1920 before anything approaching regular broadcasting began.

If you were one of the early radio fans, you fiddled with a catwhisker on a crystal, earphones on your head, and heard the election returns of the Harding-Cox election sent out by *KDKA* in Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, the first broadcast station operated by the Westinghouse Company. To you now, as a member of the studio audience in *NBC's* huge auditorium at Radio City, those early broadcasts would have seemed queer. All broadcasting had been single performers or phonograph records. On the occasion of *KDKA's* first band broadcast, a tent, outdoors, was used because none of the studio rooms was large enough to hold the band, to say nothing of the tubas, trombones and other instruments. Trying a large room, the acoustics made proper pickup impossible, so a tent on the roof of the building was used. This solved the problem temporarily, until one night, in the middle of a program, a storm came up and blew the tent away! If a tent gave proper acoustics, engineers reasoned, why not a sort of tent indoors? And from that came the idea of draping the walls in burlap, then in monk's cloth, until eventually the sound-resistant wall material was developed.

Perhaps you plugged in extra earphones for your friends and family to hear the Dempsey-Carpentier fight, broadcast from Boyle's Thirty Acres, in July of 1921, by the Radio Corporation's special transmitter set up in Hoboken; then, a few months later, heard *WJZ* from Newark, New Jersey, as the first station in the New

RADIO STARS

York metropolitan area, with *KYW*, Chicago, and *WGY*, Schenectady, following closely after. Radio, quickly as it moved, was the stepchild of the entertainment arts in those days. *WJZ*'s "studio" in Newark was a partitioned-off section of a cloakroom, about ten feet square, with the transmitter on the roof. Microphones were "dishpans" or "tomato cans," for the familiar old carbon mike had not yet been developed. When some professional singer with a big voice had been inveigled into a broadcast, frantic phone conversations between the studio and the roof ensued, as the transmitter operator wildly endeavored to keep the volume of sound from blowing the station off the air. There were no glass-panelled control-rooms and usually the singer wound up in one corner of the tiny studio with the mike in the extreme opposite corner. All sorts of inducements, too, were offered to entice talent. The artist's fare on the Hudson Tubes was paid and a car picked him up at the station, took him to the studio, with a dinner usually preceding the broadcast to cement good-will.

In 1922, *WEAF* went on the air from studios atop the Western Electric building on West Street, New York City, and in September of that year the Queensboro Corporation became the first radio sponsor. You heard, too, in '22, the first gridiron broadcast of the game between Princeton's "Team of Destiny" and Chicago.

In 1923, *WJZ* moved to Aeolian Hall in New York and, in June of that year, you heard the first multiple-station hookup with *WEAF*, New York, *WGY*, Schenectady; *KDKA*, Pittsburgh and *KYW*, Chicago. You heard ex-president Wilson's only public address after leaving office, on Armistice Day, over *WEAF* and, in February, 1924, English listeners heard the first short-wave re-broadcast from America over *KDKA*.

There was a friendly informality to radio programs then; announcers were jacks-of-all-trades who, often as not, would announce a number and then dash to the piano, play the accompaniment and sing the number.

Radio progressed in leaps and bounds



Billy Jones and Ernie Hare look back over many years of broadcasting. As "The Happiness Boys," they were one of the very first radio teams.



Wide World

Looking forward, these two! The wedding party of Joan Blondell and Dick Powell, aboard the liner *Santa Paula*. (Left to right) Regis Toomey, best man, Joan, Dick and Ruth Pursley, bridesmaid.

until 1926. Development of high-powered transmitters led to moving the transmitters to suburbs and outlying sections, distant from the interference of the metropolitan centers. New stations were forming almost daily and the air became literally cluttered with a chaos of overlapping broadcasts. A gentlemen's agreement among the larger stations was the only factor controlling wave-lengths and time-sharing on the air, but some stations failed to behave like gentlemen. On February 23rd, 1926, President Coolidge signed the Dill-White Radio Bill, creating the Federal Radio Commission and by drastic regulation ended the bedlam caused by radio's too rapid growth.

About this time a small group of men—David Sarnoff, General James G. Harbord, the late H. P. Davis, Owen D. Young and Gerard Swope—were discussing an unheard of idea, that of organizing radio to offer a better service, finer programs, chains and other innovations. That idea became the National Broadcasting Company, organized on November 1st, 1926. Owen D. Young was, in those early days, radio's oracle; as Chairman of the Board he handled public relations network formation and organization in general. David Sarnoff was the prophet, with his scientific background and knowledge contributing to the detailed problems and technical development.

On November 15th, the new and first regular network offered its inaugural program on the largest group of stations ever assembled up to that time.

Radio was going places now! Each year—each month, in fact—brought programs of greater magnitude, new innovations, so that innovation became commonplace and

listeners began to accept each startling development as the normal state of affairs. If you were listening in then—and 'most everybody did—you heard the first coast-to-coast hookup, broadcasting the New Year's Day football game at the Rose Bowl; you eavesdropped on the two-way radiophone conversation between Adolph Ochs, publisher of the *New York Times* and Geoffrey Dawson, editor of the *London Times*; you heard the coast-to-coast broadcast of *Faust* from the Chicago Civic Opera; you thrilled to the broadcast of Lindbergh's arrival in the United States after his epochal flight. In September of 1927, the Columbia Broadcasting System was organized, with *WABC* as its key station; in 1928, one hundred and seven stations carried Hoover's official notification of his nomination; in 1929, the first scheduled short-wave re-broadcast brought you a symphony from Queen's Hall, London and you heard King George of England speaking over his gold microphone. The first pack transmitter was developed by *NBC* and you heard a parachute jumper tell his sensations as he plunged through space; your set caught the flash from Little America, Antarctica, that Byrd had flown over the Pole and a few months later you listened in on two-way conversations between members of that expedition and their friends in New York. You were entertained by Olga Albani, by William Daly, the Voice of Firestone; by Welcome Lewis with the Landt Trio and White; by Gladys Rice, Frank Parker, Sigmund Spaeth, Erno Rapee and John S. Young. In June, 1930, plans were announced for a \$250,000,000 project to be called Rockefeller Center and the first round-the-world broadcast, flashed from

RADIO STARS

Schenectady through Holland, Java, Australia and back to the point of origin in less than one second.

Radio miracles became daily events . . . Mussolini spoke from Rome; Pope Pius XI addressed the world, Mahatma Gandhi explained India's plight; *Amos 'n' Andy* had been on the air for three years; you enjoyed the *Tastyest Jesters*, Soconyland, Rudy Vallee and others as radio shows took on a greater scope and the era of the radio comedian began.

In 1932 you were among the millions who listened while radio's facilities were mobilized to aid in the search for the Lindbergh baby's kidnapers and you heard the German election returns that made Hindenburg president, with one Adolph Hitler runner-up . . .

Then the stratosphere balloon of Auguste Piccard . . . Governor Franklin D. Roosevelt's acceptance of the presidential nomination, and later his fireside chats, after an inaugural broadcast that was heard by the largest world-wide audience of all time . . .

But it would take volumes to cover radio's history in the past ten years, for it would be a history of the world. Milton J. Cross, who still conducts the oldest continuous program on the air—the *White Rabbit Bus* children's program—which has

been going since May, 1924, reminisces a wee bit sadly:

"We really worked back in those early days," he says. "When *WJZ* was in Aeolian Hall, with windows right on Forty-second Street, there were many times when fire engines went screaming by and we solved the problem very simply by just throwing a switch and cutting the station off the air for a few moments!"

Imagine doing that now! Imagine any street noises penetrating the sound-proofed, air-conditioned studios at Radio City!

"Now," Cross laments, "after fifteen years on the air, I've graduated to button-pushing! Some nights an announcer is not on the air at all."

It is a lot different from the days when Cross, along with other announcers of his time, ad-libbed announcements, worried about filling in for talent that failed to show up, played piano and sang. Perhaps you remember his persuasive voice conducting the *Slumber Hour* program and singing its lovely theme?

The anniversary program, this November 15th, will commemorate more than ten years of existence for the National Broadcasting Company; it covers a thrill-packed era, a dizzyingly rapid development . . . truly, a Century of Progress in a decade.



Ken Murray, popular comedian of stage, screen and radio.

BOARD OF REVIEW

(Continued from page 8)

67. U. S. ARMY BAND.....60.0 NBC 6:00 P.M. EST Mon.	93. CAVALCADE OF AMERICA IN MUSIC.55.0 CBS 8:00 P.M. EST Wed.
68. HEINZ MAGAZINE OF THE AIR.....60.0 CBS 11:00 A.M. EST M-W-F, 12:00 Noon PST M-W-F	94. TEA TIME AT MORRELL'S.....55.0 NBC 4:00 P.M. EST Thurs.
69. NATIONAL BARN DANCE.....60.0 NBC 9:30 P.M. EST Sat., 8:00 P.M. PST Sat.	95. SUNSET DREAMS.....54.7 NBC 7:45 P.M. EST Sun.
70. GANG BUSTERS.....59.6 CBS 10:00 P.M. EST Wed.	96. CLEM McCARTHY—SPORT SHOTS..54.5 NBC 11:00 P.M. EST T-T-S
71. COME ON, LET'S SING.....59.1 CBS 9:30 P.M. EST Wed.	97. IRENE RICH.....54.0 NBC 8:00 P.M. EST Fri.
72. LUM AND ABNER.....59.0 NBC 7:30 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F, 8:15 P. M. PST M-T-W-T-F	98. THE WONDER SHOW—CHRISTIE ORCHESTRA.....53.6 MBS 9:00 P.M. EST Sun.
73. SINGIN' SAM.....58.7 NBC 8:15 P.M. EST Fri., 8:30 P.M. PST Fri.	99. PICK AND PAT.....53.5 CBS 8:30 P.M. EST Mon., 8:30 P.M. PST Mon.
74. KALTENBORN EDITS THE NEWS.....58.6 CBS 6:00 P.M. EST Sat.	100. PORTRAITS OF HARMONY.....53.5 NBC 10:30 P.M. EST Tues.
75. WILDERNESS ROAD.....58.5 CBS 5:45 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F	101. VAUGHN DE LEATH.....53.4 NBC 10:05 A.M. EST T-T-S
76. VOX POP.....58.2 NBC 9:00 P.M. EST Tues.	102. PEPPER YOUNG'S FAMILY.....53.0 NBC 3:00 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F
77. EDWARD Mac HUGH—THE GOSPEL SINGER.....58.1 NBC 11:45 A.M. EST M-T-W-T-F	103. MOLLY OF THE MOVIES.....52.5 MBS 1:45 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F
78. FIBBER McGEE AND MOLLY.....58.0 NBC 8:00 P.M. EST Mon., 9:00 P.M. PST Mon.	104. BENNY FIELDS.....52.2 CBS 7:30 P.M. EST W-F
79. THE JERGENS PROGRAM—WALTER WINCHELL.....57.8 NBC 9:00 P.M. EST Sun., 8:15 PST Sun.	105. NATIONAL AMATEUR NIGHT— BENNY RUBIN.....52.0 MBS 6:00 P.M. EST Sun.
80. REVUE DE PAREE—THE HOWARDS, FIFI D'ORSAY.....57.8 NBC 8:00 P.M. EST Wed.	106. DAVID HARUM.....52.0 NBC 11:00 A.M. EST M-T-W-T-F
81. SMILING ED McCONNELL.....57.3 NBC 5:30 P.M. EST Sun.	107. THE RHYTHM BOYS.....52.0 CBS 12:15 P.M. EST T-T
82. TODAY'S CHILDREN.....57.0 NBC 10:45 A.M. EST M-T-W-T-F	108. POPEYE, THE SAILOR.....51.6 CBS 7:15 P.M. EST M-W-F
83. JAMBOREE.....56.8 NBC 8:30 P.M. EST Sat.	109. HOW TO BE CHARMING.....51.2 NBC 11:30 A.M. EST M-W-F
84. BROADWAY VARIETIES.....56.7 CBS 8:30 P.M. EST Fri.	110. KALTENMEYER'S KINDERGARTEN..51.2 NBC 5:30 P.M. EST Sat.
85. JUDY STARR AND THE CHARIO- TEERS.....56.5 CBS 7:30 P.M. EST Mon., Thur.	111. VIC AND SADE.....50.6 NBC 3:30 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F, 11:30 A.M. EST M-T-W-T-F on WJZ, WSYR, WLS, WHAM, KDKA
86. PROFESSOR QUIZ AND HIS BRAIN- BUSTERS.....56.5 CBS 9:30 P.M. EST Sat.	112. ALLEN PRESCOTT.....50.5 NBC 11:45 A.M. EST T-T
87. GREATER SINCLAIR MINSTRELS...56.4 NBC 9:00 P.M. EST Mon.	113. RENFREW OF THE MOUNTED.....50.2 CBS 6:45 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F, 8:15 P.M. PST M-T-W-T-F
88. UNCLE EZRA'S RADIO STATION...56.4 NBC 7:15 P.M. EST M-W-F	114. HORN AND HARDART'S CHILDREN'S HOUR.....49.5 CBS 10:30 A.M. EST Sun.
89. ROYAL FOOTBALL ROUNDUP— EDDIE DOOLEY.....56.3 CBS 6:30 P.M. EST Thurs., Sat.	115. GIRL ALONE.....49.5 NBC 12:00 Noon EST M-T-W-T-F
90. ECHOES OF NEW YORK TOWN.....56.2 NBC 6:00 P.M. EST Sun.	116. BOBBY BENSON.....49.5 CBS 6:15 P.M. EST M-W-F
91. VIVIAN DELLA CHIESA.....56.0 NBC 7:45 P.M. EST Tues.	117. THE O'NEILLS.....49.2 NBC 3:45 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F
92. MARY MARLIN.....55.2 NBC 12:15 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F	118. MA PERKINS.....49.2 NBC 3:15 P.M. EST M-T-W-T-F
	119. JACK AND LORETTA CLEMONS....49.0 NBC 11:30 A.M. EST M-F
	120. THE HONEYMOONERS.....47.2 NBC 11:30 A.M. EST T-W-T

STATEMENT OF THE OWNERSHIP, MANAGEMENT, CIRCULATION, ETC., REQUIRED BY THE ACTS OF CONGRESS OF AUGUST 24, 1912, AND MARCH 3, 1933

Of RADIO STARS, published monthly at Dunellen, New Jersey, for October 1, 1936.

State of New York } ss.
County of New York }

Before me, a Notary Public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Helen Meyer, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the Business Manager of RADIO STARS and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management (and if a daily paper, the circulation), etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, as amended by the Act of March 3, 1933, embodied in section 537, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

1. That the names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business manager are: Publisher, George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Editor, Lester Grady, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, None; Business Manager, Helen Meyer, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

2. That the owner is: (If owned by a corporation, its name and address must be stated and also immediately thereunder the names and addresses of stockholders owning or holding one per cent or more of total amount of stock. If not owned by a corporation, the names and addresses of the individual owners must be given. If owned by a firm, company, or other unincorporated concern, its name and address, as well as those of each individual member, must be given.) Dell Publishing Company, Inc., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; George T. Delacorte, Jr., 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.; Margarita Delacorte, 149 Madison Avenue, New York, N. Y.

3. That the known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: (If there are none, so state.) None.

4. That the two paragraphs next above, giving the names of the owners, stockholders, and security holders, if any, contain not only the list of stockholders and security holders as they appear upon the books of the company but also, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as trustee or in any other fiduciary relation, the name of the person or corporation for whom such trustee is acting, is given; also that the said two paragraphs contain statements embracing affiant's full knowledge and belief as to the circumstances and conditions under which stockholders and security holders who do not appear upon the books of the company as trustees, hold stock and securities in a capacity other than that of a bona fide owner; and this affiant has no reason to believe that any other person, association, or corporation has any interest direct or indirect in the said stock, bonds, or other securities than as so stated by her.

5. That the average number of copies of each issue of this publication sold or distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to paid subscribers during the twelve months preceding the date shown above is: (This information is required from daily publications only.)

HELEN MEYER, Business Manager.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 29th day of September, 1936.

(SEAL.)

ALFREDA R. COLE,
Notary Public, Nassau Co., 1849.
Certificate filed in New York County,
N. Y. County Clerk's No. 858.
Reg. No. 8C518.
Commission expires March 30, 1938.



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